



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

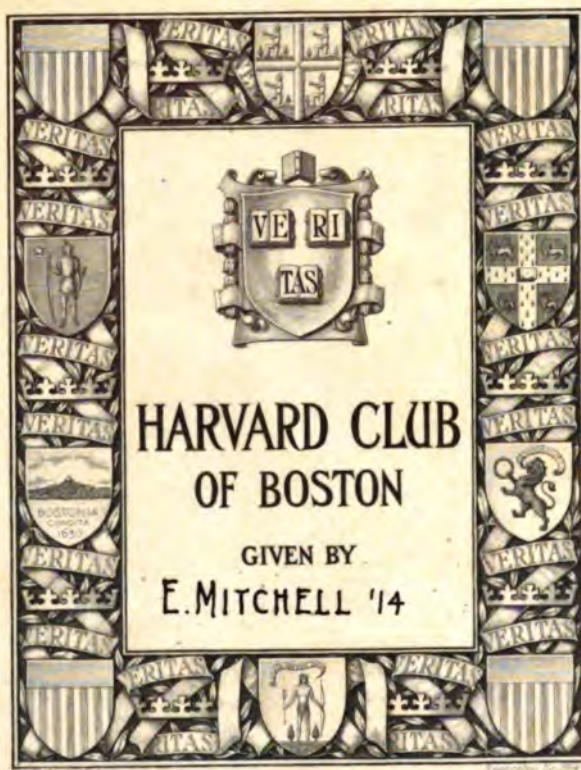
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

SONGS OF HARVARD



Mus 560.11 B.

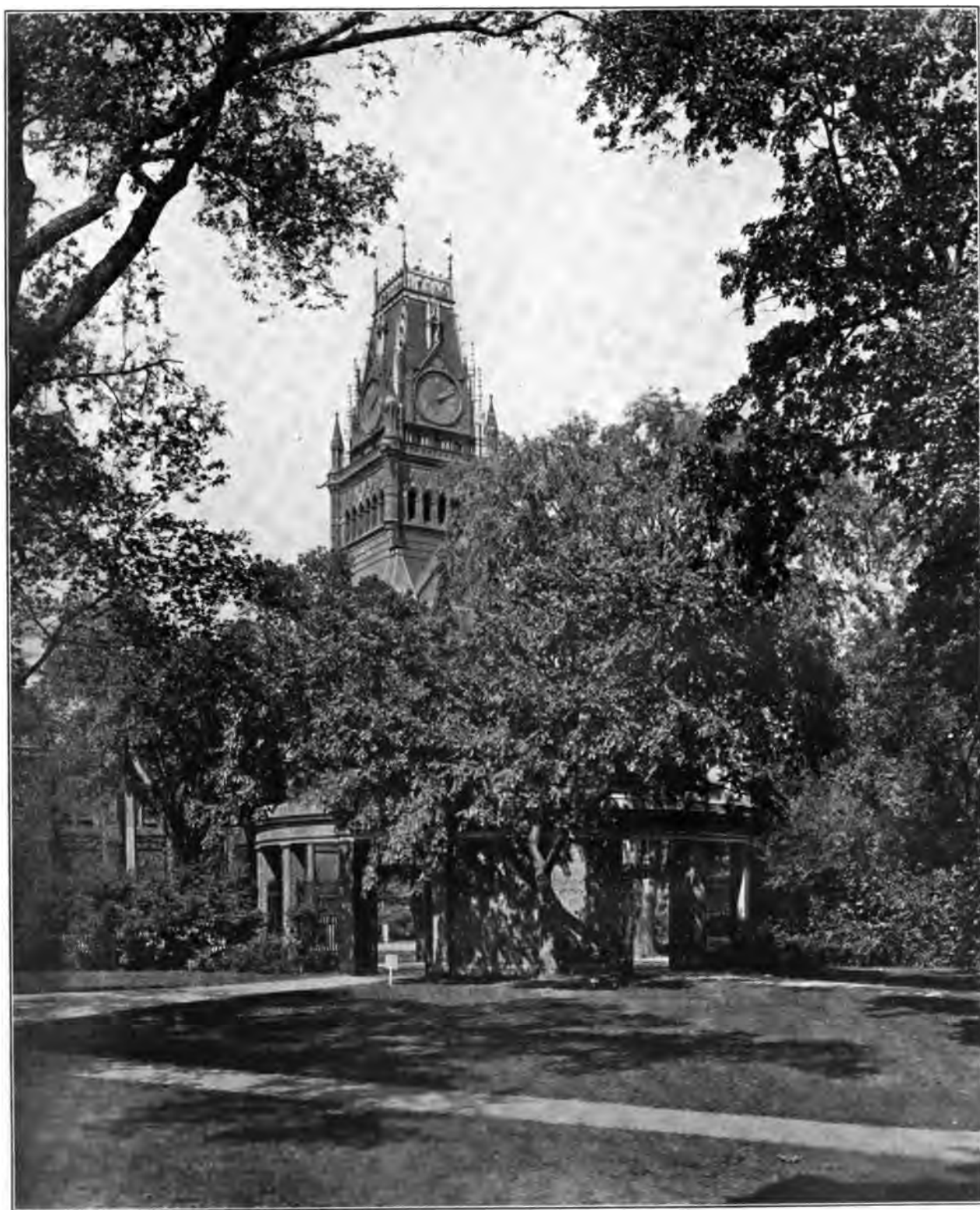


HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

MUSIC LIBRARY

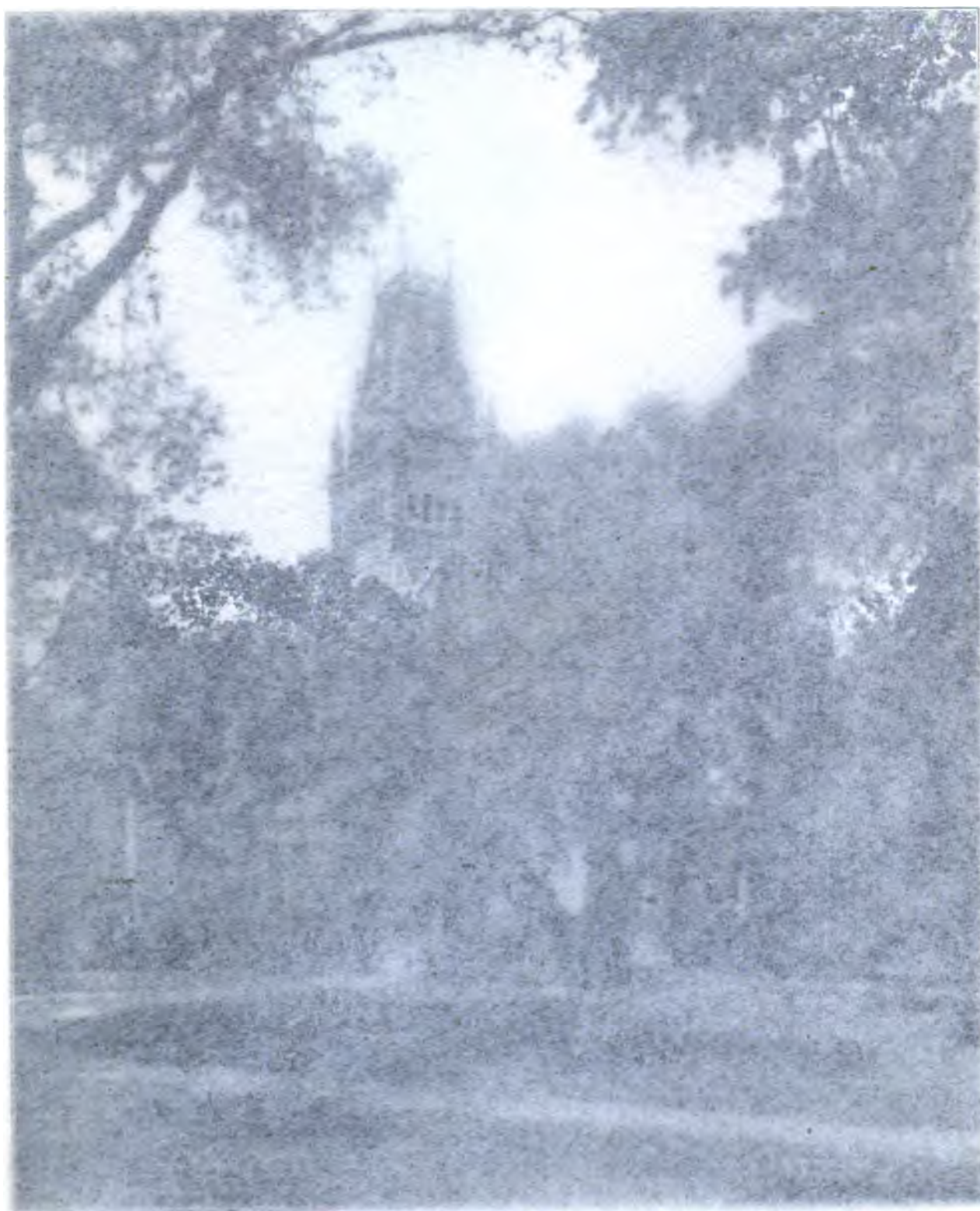
[illegible]

Digitized by Google



SOUTHERN HAROLD





SONGS OF HARVARD

COMPILED BY
LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE, 1914



HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE, Publishers
NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

Ms. 260.11
B

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF THE
HARVARD CLUB OF BOSTON
March 1, 1913

Copyright, 1913, by
LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE

First Edition, Copyrighted, 1912, by Lloyd Adams Noble

PREFACE

THERE has been an insistent need during the past few years for a revision of the previous Harvard Song Books, for something modern, for something to keep pace with the rapid strides of musical advancement of the college. And it is toward the satisfying of this need that the editor of the present volume has striven.

Every production stamped specifically with the name of Harvard is presented here in a tangible form as a part of the present collection. Nearly every one of this class of songs has been hitherto accessible only as sheet-music, each being published separately. The first and most important duty of the compiler of this volume has been to make a complete and standardized collection of these songs, such as can be duplicated in no other publication. The music has been carefully revised, and the words are printed here, often for the first time, in full.

But along with these songs that belong both by their tradition and by authorship solely to Harvard, to the stadium, to the torch-light procession, and to commencement-day, there is a large number of songs not originating at Harvard, but which belong to Harvard through long use and familiarity. Every student and every alumnus is familiar with most of them, and it has been the aim of the compiler to make this volume embrace every song that is dear to the hearts of Harvard men. It is almost unnecessary to say that the earlier and less voluminous so-called song books are no longer adequate, if ever they were, nor in any sense truly representative.

The editor wishes to thank those who have assisted him in the compilation of this work, Messrs. Ralph L. Blaikie, '14, Frank Hancock, '12, Douglas G. Field, '07, John W. Johnston, '05, C. Lawrence Smith, '97, Robert W. Atkinson, '91, Albert Kanrich, and others who have requested that they be remembered only collectively as members of the great host who are willing at all times to do what they can to perpetuate the revered traditions of Harvard.

We are indebted for the football pictures included in this volume to Andrew J. Lloyd & Co., of Boston; for the stadium views to S. Arakelyan, of Boston; for the views of the Harvard Yard, etc., to The Harvard Illustrated Magazine, to the firms of J. F. Olsson and, especially, F. A. Olsson of Cambridge.

LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE

A WORD *from* DEAN BRIGGS

College songs have a value far beyond their intrinsic merit. Their words may be puerile, trivial, sentimental, vulgar; their music may have little to commend it but "go"; as criteria of artistic taste in the educated man they are misleading enough. Yet he who has heard them sung at a meeting of the Federation of Harvard Clubs or at a mass meeting before a great game of football, must be a cold man indeed if he is not stirred with the spirit of everlasting youth and with the love of that college which means to him more than any words can tell. It is good to bring our songs together, in their strength and in their weakness; for as a Class Day odist said long ago,

*Oh, dry with the dryness of ashes shall be
The heart that remembereth not.*

L. B. R. Briggs.

Cambridge, Mass.

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Amici	190	H ₂ SO ₄	111
And Then	173	Ham Bone Am Sweet	136
Annie Laurie	55	Happy Are We To-Night	16
At the Hop	34	Hark, I Hear a Voice!	78
Auf Wiedersehn	149	Harvardiana	46 ✓
Aura Lee	43	Harvard's Day	139
Australia	137	Harvard Every Day	32
Ba-Be-Bi-Bo-Bu	164	Harvard Hymn	181
Bavarian Yodel	20	Harvard Spirit	38
Bingo	26	Harvard's Victory	106
Blow, Ye Winds, Heigh-Ho!	88	Harvard Yard, The	27
Bohunkus	143	Health to All Good Fellows, A	13
Breakfast	151	Here's to You!	35
Bring the Wagon Home, John	75	Honey Dat I Love So Well	172
Broke! Broke! Broke!	149	I Arise from Dreams of Thee	166
Bull-Dog, The	96	I Doubt It	81
Canoeing Song	155	Imitation of a Bagpipe	65
Chant	147	Institute Song	123
Ching-a-Ling	152	Integer Vitæ	149
Co-Eds' Chant	65	I've Lost My Doggie	120
College Bell, The	178	Jingle Bells	58
College Days of Old	177	John Brown's Body	127
College Proverb, A	176	Johnny Harvard	21
Commencement Hymn, A	190	John Harvard, Here's to You!	18
Crimson Triumph	115	Jolly Boating Weather	158
Crow Song	114	Jolly Golfing Weather	30
Dance with Me	36	Juanita	70
Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina	54	Last Night	61
Dear Old Pals	13	Levee Song	118
Demonstration, A	35	Little Old Red Shawl, The	135
Dixie's Land	126	Lizette	186
Down by the Stream (Rebecca)	165	Lone Fish-ball, The	150
Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes	72	Long Live Harvard	29
Dutch Company, The	97	Loreley, The	160
Ecce Quam Bonum	105	Love's Old Sweet Song	62
Elixir Juventatis	144	Maid of Athens	50
Fair Harvard	1	Man Who Has Plenty of Good Peanuts, The	98
Fair Radcliffe	170	Meerscham Pipe	83
Fight, Fight for Harvard	68	Mermaid, The	82
Floating ' Mid the Lilies	161	Midshipmite, The	84
Forsaken	71	My Bonnie	79
Forty-nine Bottles	103	My Last Cigar	104
Good-Bye, Sweetheart, Good-Bye	37	My Old Kentucky Home	132
Good-Night, Ladies!	189	Nelly Was a Lady	134
Good Old College Days, The	3	Noah's Ark	103
Gridiron King, The	92	Old Black Joe	125
Guadearmus	148	Old College Chum	3
		Old College Clock in the Tower, The	175

	PAGE		PAGE
Old Folks at Home	124	Sun of Victory, The	76
On the Chapel Steps	180	Sweet and Low	167
On to Victory	64	Sweetheart, I Wait for Thee	63
Onward to the Goal	56		
Our College Cheer	141	Take My Love to Rosalie	42
Our Director	69	Tarpaulin Jacket	159
Over the Banister	66	There's Music in the Air	17
		There Were Three Books	203
Parody Song, A	102	Three Blind Mice	111
Polly-Wolly-Doodle	138	Three Little Kittens	113
Polyglot's Wooing, The	174	Toast, A	171
Pope, The	110	Toast to Harvard, A	24
		Two Hands	154
Quilting Party, The	60	Two Little Flies	120
		Two Roses, The	31
Rebecca	165		
Romeo and Juliet	168	Upidee	74
Rosalie	80	Upon the College Campus	12
Round the Old Camp Fire	185	Up the Street	121
Score	86	Vacant Stare, The	73
Scotty	142	Veritas	4
She Answered Me Nay	164	Victory	100
She Is So Fair	53	Vive L'Amour	105
She Shook Her Head	73		
Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot	191	Warrior Bold, A	44
Smoker's Anthem	146	We Meet Again To-night	14
Soldier's Farewell	51	We're Tenting To-night	182
Soldier's Field	128	We Stand by Our Classes	25
Solomon Levi	90	When First I Kissed Sweet Margaret	59
Song of Loyalty, A	145	When She is Gone	45
Spanish Cavalier, The	52	When We Fi't for Gin'ral Grant	183
Stars of the Summer Night	67	Where Has My Little Dog Gone	112
Student's Farewell, The	192	Where, O Where	188

ALMA MATER SONGS OF OTHER COLLEGES

	PAGE		PAGE
All Hail to the College Beautiful (<i>Wellesley</i>)	200	Hail, Pennsylvania ! (<i>University of Penn.</i>)	215
Alma Mater (<i>Brown</i>)	199	Hail, Stanford, Hail ! (<i>Leland-Stanford U.</i>)	225
Alma Mater (<i>Cornell</i>)	211	Hail to Denver U. (<i>Denver University</i>)	224
Alma Mater (<i>Illinois</i>)	218		
Alma Mater (<i>University of Chicago</i>)	219	Lord Geoffrey Amherst (<i>Amherst</i>)	206
Alma Mater (<i>University of Wisconsin</i>)	222		
Alma Mater (<i>Vassar</i>)	210	Oh! Fairest Alma Mater (<i>Smith</i>)	204
		Oh, Syracuse (<i>Syracuse University</i>)	213
Benny Havens, Oh! (<i>West Point</i>)	212	Old Nassau (<i>Princeton University</i>)	214
Bowdoin Beata (<i>Bowdoin</i>)	198		
Bright College Years (<i>Yale</i>)	195	Royal Purple, The (<i>Williams</i>)	208
Cheer for the Purple (<i>North-Western</i>)	220	Sans Souci (<i>Columbia University</i>)	197
Come Raise the Song (<i>Wesleyan</i>)	202	Scarlet and Gray Forever, The (<i>Ohio S. U.</i>)	216
Dartmouth, Our Dartmouth! (<i>Dartmouth</i>)	203	Technology (<i>Mass. Institute of Technology</i>)	217
Down the Field (<i>Yale</i>)	196	We Cheer for the U. of M. (<i>Univ. of Minn.</i>)	223
Golden Bear, The (<i>University of California</i>)	226	Yellow and Blue (<i>University of Michigan</i>)	221

SONGS OF HARVARD



SONGS OF HARVARD

FAIR HARVARD.

Arranged by Karl P. Harrington.

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.

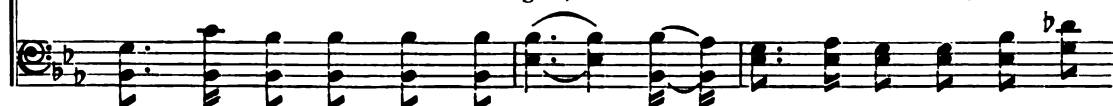


1. Fair Har - vard! thy sons to thy ju - bi - lee throng, And with
2. To thy bow'rs we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the
3. When as pil - grims we come to re - vis - it thy halls, To what
4. Fare - well! be thy des - ti - nies on - ward and bright! To thy

TENORS AND BASSES.

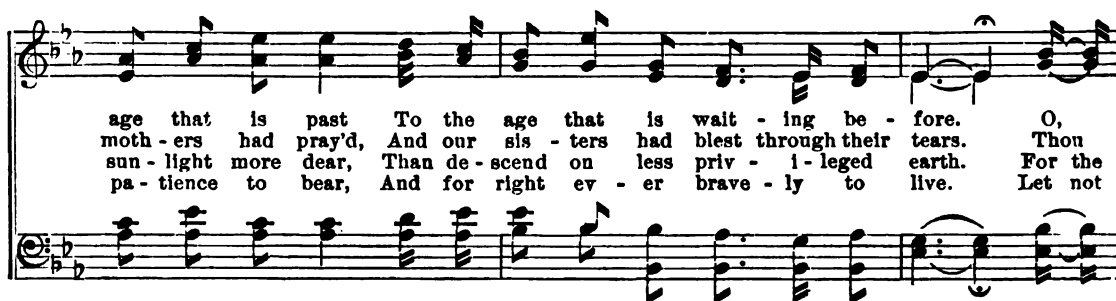


bless - ings sur - rend - er thee o'er, By these fes - ti - val rites, from the
 home of our in - fan - tile years, When our fa - thers had warn'd, and our
 kind - lings the seas - on gives birth! Thy shades are more sooth - ing, thy
 chil - dren the les - son still give, With free - dom to think, and with




Copyright, 1900, by HINDE & NOBLE.

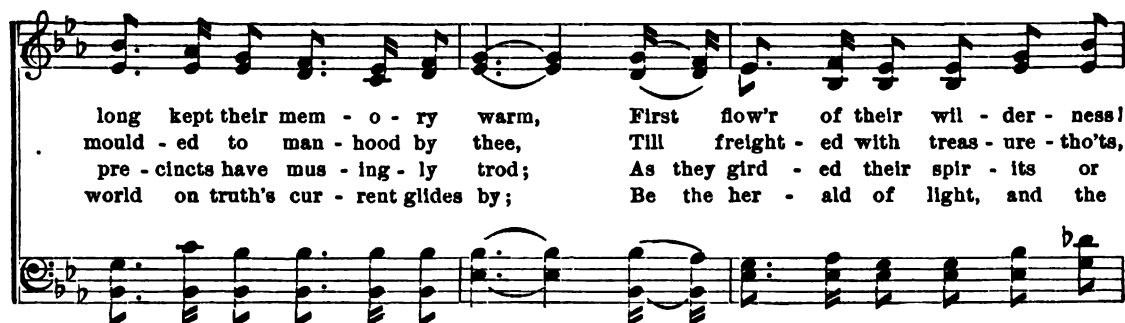
FAIR HARVARD.



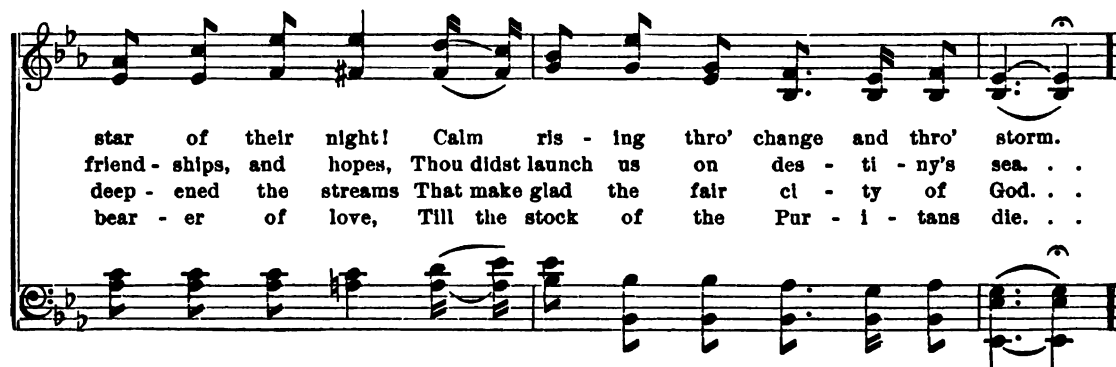
age that is past To the age that is wait - ing be - fore. O,
moth - ers had pray'd, And our sis - ters had blest through their tears. Thou
sun - light more dear, Than de - scend on less priv - i - leged earth. For the
pa - tience to bear, And for right ev - er brave - ly to live. Let not



rel - ic and type of our an - ces - tors' worth, That has
then wert our pa - rent, the nurse of our soul; We were
good and the great, in their beau - ti - ful prime, Thro' thy
moss - cov - er'd er - ror moor thee at its side, As the



long kept their mem - o - ry warm, First flow'r of their wil - der - ness!
mould - ed to man - hood by thee, Till freight - ed with treas - ure - tho'ts,
pre - cincts have mus - ing - ly trod; As they gird - ed their spir - its or
world on truth's cur - rent glides by; Be the her - ald of light, and the



star of their night! Calm ris - ing thro' change and thro' storm.
friend - ships, and hopes, Thou didst launch us on des - ti - ny's sea. . .
deep - ened the streams That make glad the fair cl - ty of God. . .
bear - er of love, Till the stock of the Pur - i - tans die. . .

OLD COLLEGE CHUM.

Words by Lloyd Adams.

Arranged for Male Voices.

p TENORS.

1. Old col - lege chum, dear col - lege chum, The days may come, the days may go, But
 2. Thro' youth, thro' prime, and when the days Of har - vest time to us shall come, Thro

BASSES.

p

cres. still my heart to mem - ry clings, To those col - lege days of long a - go.
p rit. all we'll bear the mem - ries dear Of those go'd - en days, old col - lege chum.

cres. *p rit.*

Melody used by permission of Wm. A. Pond & Co., owners of the copyright.
 Copyright, 1900, by Hinde & Noble.

THE GOOD OLD COLLEGE DAYS.

Then while our hearts beat warm and true, Tho' life may
 Then while our hearts beat warm and true,

part, may part our ways, We love the
 Tho' life may part, may part our ways,

dear old col - lege scenes, The good old col - lege days.
 We love the dear old col - lege scenes,

Used by permission of CLARENCE R. SMITH, owner of the copyright.



VERITAS MARCH.

By John H. Densmore, '04.

Alla marcia, con spirito ♩. = 126.

f *ben marcato sempre.* *sfz sfz sfz sfz*

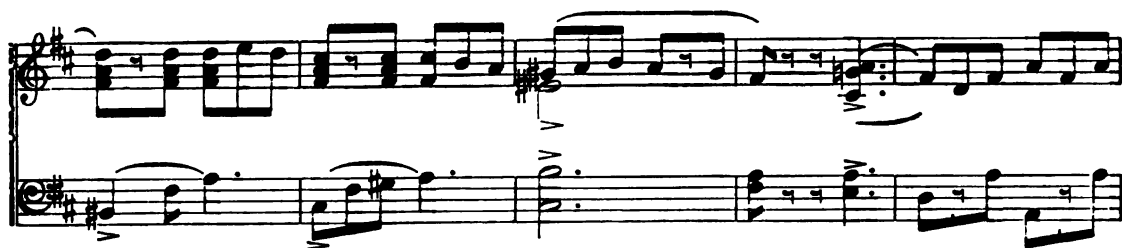
Ped. *

Ped. *

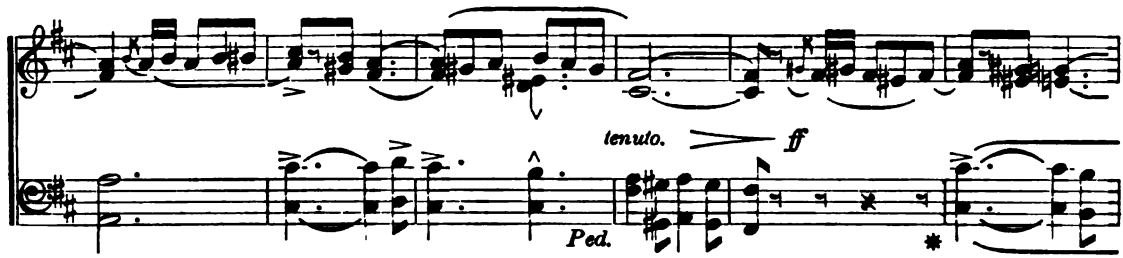
sf sf sfz

Copyright, 1903, by JOHN H. DENSMORE, for all countries. Used by special permission.

VERITAS MARCH.



VERITAS MARCH.



VERITAS MARCH.

DRUMS.

TRIO. *f*

f

We say, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! There's nev-er an E-li can

CHORUS.

Ped. *v* ***

Cheer—To be shouted, not sung.

teach us to play! Har - vard! HAR - VARD! HAR -

con molto espansione.
cres. molto. *sfz*

Sing.

VARD! See.. the bleach - ers blue turn pale with fright.....

sfz *f ben ritmato.*

VERITAS MARCH.

.... Send a cheer a - cross to bleach 'em nice and

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4.

white! Oh, look at the way we smash and rip 'em through..

This system contains the next three staves of music, continuing the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

.... While the Blue Bull Dog howls— "Boo - la! Boo - la!

stri - den - te.

This system contains the next three staves of music. The piano accompaniment features a prominent rhythmic pattern in the bass line.

Boo!!" Let out your voice - es now so loud and hale,....

ffz

This system contains the final three staves of music on this page. The piano accompaniment includes a *ffz* (fortissimo) marking.

VERITAS MARCH.

.... 'Tis a fune - ral ode we sing to E - li

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the first piano part, and the bottom is the second piano part. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Shout. Shout. Sing.
Yale. Oh, give us a yell— Hi! Hi! for Har - vard.....

Ped. *

This system contains the next three staves. It includes dynamic markings like *ffz* and *ffz*, and a pedal point marked 'Ped.' with an asterisk.

..... For the CRIM - SON..... to - day!.....

This system contains the next three staves. It includes dynamic markings like *ffz* and *ffz*.

..... We say, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! There's nev-er an E - li can

This system contains the final three staves of the page. It includes dynamic markings like *ffz* and *ffz*.

VERITAS MARCH.

Cheer—To be shouted, not sung.

teach us to play! Har - vard! HAR - VARD! HAR -

*con molto espansione.
cres. molto.* *sfz*

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal line with the lyrics 'teach us to play! Har - vard! HAR - VARD! HAR -' and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings *con molto espansione.*, *cres. molto.*, and *sfz*.

Sing.

VARD! See.... the bleach - ers blue turn pale with fright,....

sfz *f ben ritmato.*

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal line continues with 'VARD! See.... the bleach - ers blue turn pale with fright,....'. The piano accompaniment features a *sfz* marking and the instruction *f ben ritmato.*

..... Send a cheer a - cross to bleach 'em nice and

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal line begins with '..... Send a cheer a - cross to bleach 'em nice and'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythmic pattern.

white! Oh, look at the way we smash and rip 'em through.. While the

This system contains the fourth line of music. The vocal line continues with 'white! Oh, look at the way we smash and rip 'em through.. While the'. The piano accompaniment features several accents (*>*) over the notes.

VERITAS MARCH.

Blue Bull Dog howls—"Boo - la! Boo - la! Boo!" Let out your voice - es

stri den lo. sfz

now so loud and hale,..... 'Tis a fune - ral ode we

Shout, Shout, Sing.
sing to E - li Yale. Oh! give us a yell "Hi! Hi!" for Har - vard..

.... For the CRIM - SON.... to - day.....

sfz sfz sfz



UPON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS.

Words by G. W. Carryl and Arthur Thomas.

1. When on the col - lege cam - pus Comes eve-ning's ten - der pall, The moon-light comes to
 2. The new moon dips her cres - cent Toward Ve-nus glow-ing near; All na-ture lies qui -
 3. The deep-ning gloom marks mid-night, Yet still we sit and sing, While to the night airs

lin - ger On chap - el and on hall; When day - light dies our voi - ces rise, While
 es - cent—Yet sweet - ly on the ear There falls a low me - lo - dious strain That
 gen - tly The branch - es sway and swing; Ah! free from strife, with glad - ness rife, We

stars look down from si - lent skies, We sing our col - lege prais - es And watch the shad-ows fall.
 swells and dies and swells a-gain—A chant of col - lege prais - es Our list-'ning hearts to cheer.
 bless our care-less stu-dent life, And to our col - lege prais - es We make the ech-oes ring.

Copyright, 1903, by HINDS & NOBLE.

A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD FELLOWS.

Words and music by A. G. Chaffee.

We are all good fel-lows, Each one the oth-er's friend; We'll be good fel-lows Till

all the world shall end.... And while we're to-geth-er, We'll give a rous-ing

toast,... A health to all good fel-lows, And the one we love the most.

Copyright, 1908, by HINDE, NOBLE & ELDRIDGE.

DEAR OLD PALS.

Andante.

MELODY IN 2d TENOR.

Vivo.

Dear old pals! jol-ly old pals! Al-ways to-geth-er in all sorts of weath-er,

Andante.

Vivo.

rit.

Al-ways game, ev-er the same, Give me for friend-ship my jol-ly old pals!

WE MEET AGAIN TO-NIGHT.

QUARTET.
TENORS.

Let mel-o-dy flow, Wher

1. We meet a-gain to-night, boys, with mirth and song; Let mel-o-dy flow,
2. Where hand to hand its greet-ing so kind-ly gives, Let mel-o-dy flow,

BASSES.

ev-er we go,

Wher-ev-er we go, We dwell in friendship, ev-er so true and strong, And
Wher-ev-er we go, Where hope is nev-er dy-ing, and friendship lives, True

CHORUS.

sor-row nev-er know. We'll laugh and sing, and mer-ry be, and
hearts will ev-er know.

We'll laugh and sing, . . . and

Used by permission of THE S. BRAINARD'S SONS Co.

WE MEET AGAIN TO-NIGHT.

mer - ry be, to - night, my boys, We'll laugh and sing, and mer - ry be, and mer - ry be, to -
mer - ry be, to - night, . . . With never a sor - row near, boys, never a fall - ing

night; We'll laugh and sing, and mer - ry be, and mer - ry be, to - night, my boys, And mer - ry be, and
tear; We'll laugh . . . and sing, . . . and mer - ry be, to - night, . . . With never a sor - row

mer - ry be, and mer - ry be. Wel - come the time, my boys, we meet a - gain.
near, boys, mer - ry be. Wel - come the time, my boys, we meet a gain.

HAPPY ARE WE TO-NIGHT.

Cheerfully.

1. Hap - py are we to - night, boys, Hap - py, hap - py are we;.....
 2. Man - y will be the mile, boys, Man - y, man - y the mile,.....
 3. Wear - y we may re - turn, boys, Wear - y, wear - y at last;.....

Fine.

The hearts that we de - light, boys, With us may hap - py be.....
 That we shall rove and smile, boys, With those we ne'er be - guile.... The
 But mem - o - ry will learn, boys, To love the hap - py past.....

Friends may laugh with those who laugh, And sigh for those in pain;.....
 voi - ces we have oft - en heard, And fa - ces we have met,.....
 Age may bring us gloom - y hours, And time may make us sad;.....

D. C.

The most of us have met be - fore, And now we meet a - gain....
 Like tones of sweet - est mel - o - dy, We nev - er can for - get....
 But we to - night are free from care, And all our hearts are glad....

Used by permission.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.

p SOLO.

1. There's mu - sic in the air, . . . When the in - fant morn is nigh, And
 2. There's mu - sic in the air, . . . When the noontide's sul - try beam Re -
 3. There's mu - sic in the air, . . . When the twi-light's gen - tle sigh Is

faint its blush is seen . . . On the bright and laugh - ing sky.
 flects a gold - en light . . . On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.
 lost on eve - ning's breast, . . . As the pen - sive beau - ties die.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

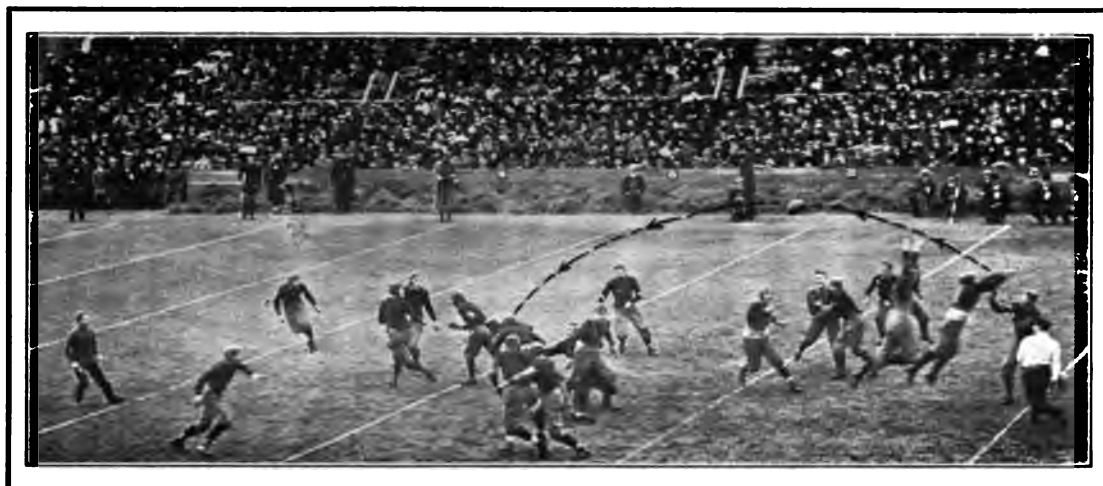
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah! Siss, Boom! Ah! Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Siss, Boom! Ah!

Man - ya harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro - found,
 When, be - neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid,
 Then, O then the loved ones gone, Wake the pure ce - les - tial song,
 TENOR AND BASS.

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Siss, Boom! Ah! With a Ti - ger Siss, Boom! Ah!

While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air.
 Sweet - ly to the spi - rit there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
 An - gel voi - ces greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.



JOHN HARVARD, HERE'S TO YOU,

Words and Music by Arthur H. Doyle, '14.

Tempo di Marcia.

Our ri - vals ev - 'ry year Hon - or some dear

a tempo.

Copyright, 1913, by ARTHUR H. DOYLE.
(18)

JOHN HARVARD, HERE'S TO YOU.

name,..... Raise it in song or cheer, Fling it

high with proud ac - claim; Some sing of Nas - san's halls,

Some shout for E - li's Blue; but, John Har - vard's name our homage

p legato. *f* *rit.* *tempo.*

calls; John Har - vard, here's to you..... you.....

The musical score is written in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p legato.*, *f*, *rit.*, and *tempo.*, as well as repeat signs with first and second endings.

BAVARIAN YODEL.

TENORS.

1. All hail to the friend-ship that binds us in one, Our hearts warm - er
2. As green as the i - vy when chill - ing snows fall, Those hearts in the

BASSES.

grow as the hap - py years run; Let sor - row's cloud gath - er, we'll laugh as it
win - ter of life shall re - call The fair hours of youth, and with heart-i - est

lowers, Light-heart - ed and gay as this war - ble of ours. Ah! . . .
praise, Shall bless thee, dear Har - vard, their hap - pi - est days. Ah! . . .

ritard molto.

YODEL.

Tempo.

Ta, la, ta, la, ta, la, ta, la.

Zum, zum, zum, zum,

ta, la, ta, la, ta, la, la. la.

zum, zum, zum, la. zum, la.

rit.

(20)

JOHNNY HARVARD.

Arranged by James Kendrick.

Vivace.

1. Oh ! here's to John-ny Har - vard, Fill him up a full glass, Fill him up a glass to his

The first system of music features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Vivace'. The lyrics are: '1. Oh ! here's to John-ny Har - vard, Fill him up a full glass, Fill him up a glass to his'.

name and fame ; And at the same time don't for - get his true love, Fill her up a bum - per

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'name and fame ; And at the same time don't for - get his true love, Fill her up a bum - per'.

to the brim. Drink, drink, drink, drink, Pass the wine - cup free, Clink, clink, clink, clink,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'to the brim. Drink, drink, drink, drink, Pass the wine - cup free, Clink, clink, clink, clink,'.

Jol - ly boys are we. Free from care and de - spair, what care we, 'Tis

The fourth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Jol - ly boys are we. Free from care and de - spair, what care we, 'Tis'.

Copyright, 1901, by HINDS & NOBLE.
(21)

JOHNNY HARVARD.

wine di - vine that gives us jol - li - ty. Then here's to John - ny Har - vard,

The first system of the musical score for 'Johnny Harvard'. It features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'wine di - vine that gives us jol - li - ty. Then here's to John - ny Har - vard,'.

Fill him up a full glass, Fill him up a glass to his name and fame; And at the same time

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'Fill him up a full glass, Fill him up a glass to his name and fame; And at the same time'.

don't for - get his true love, Fill her up a bum - per to the brim. We nev - er

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'don't for - get his true love, Fill her up a bum - per to the brim. We nev - er'.

drink, 'tis ve - ry clear, Be - cause the "fizz"

The fourth system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'drink, 'tis ve - ry clear, Be - cause the "fizz"'. The system concludes with a double bar line.

JOHNNY HARVARD.

is ve - ry dear, But roll us in a keg of

The first system of the musical score for 'Johnny Harvard'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics 'is ve - ry dear, But roll us in a keg of' are written below the vocal line.

beer, And watch us wink, wink, wink. . . Then drink, drink, drink, drink,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'beer, And watch us wink, wink, wink. . . Then drink, drink, drink, drink,'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Pass the wine cup free; Clink, clink, clink, clink, Jol - ly boys are we, Free from care

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'Pass the wine cup free; Clink, clink, clink, clink, Jol - ly boys are we, Free from care'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythmic pattern.

and de - spair, what care we, 'Tis wine di - vine that gives us jol - li - ty.

The fourth and final system of the musical score on this page. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'and de - spair, what care we, 'Tis wine di - vine that gives us jol - li - ty.' The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.



A TOAST TO HARVARD.

Words and Music by C. L. Smith, '97.

1. Stand up ye sons of Har - vard, Pour out the wine that's clear;
 2. When col - lege life is o - ver, And Cam - bridge days are past,
 3. And when we meet to - geth - er In joy - ful com - pa - ny,

We'll drink to Al - ma Ma - ter Whose name we hold so dear.
 Those mem - 'ries of old Har - vard We'll cher - ish to the last.
 The first toast and the last toast Fair Har - vard then shall be.

Lift high your glass - es rud - dy In love and loy - al - ty,
 When scat - tered thro' the na - tion, Or coun - tries far be - yond,
 So fill your glass - es, fel - lows, With wine of crim - son hue,

Copyright, 1913, by C. L. SMITH. Used by permission.

(24)

A TOAST TO HARVARD.

For here's suc - cess to Har - vard, Good luck and vic - to - ry.
 Our love for Al - ma Ma - ter Shall be our com - mon bond.
 And pledge we all to Har - vard, De - vo - tion strong and true.

WE STAND BY OUR CLASSES.

Words by Arthur Nash.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Well, we've won boys! the fight is o - ver, . . . And to us falls the vic - tors'
 2. Then with shoul - der to shoul - der stead - y, . . . Loy - al class - mates both staunch and
 3. Not a sigh for the class that los - es, . . . Not a tear for the friends that

TENOR AND BASS.

crown; All our ri - vals at last dis - cov - er . . . 'Tis a long and strong race we have won.
 true; Let us, com - rades, be ev - er read - y; . . . Ev - er ea - ger for vic - to - ries new!
 fail; And what - ev - er the test he choos - es, . . . We'll com - pel ev - 'ry ri - val to quell!

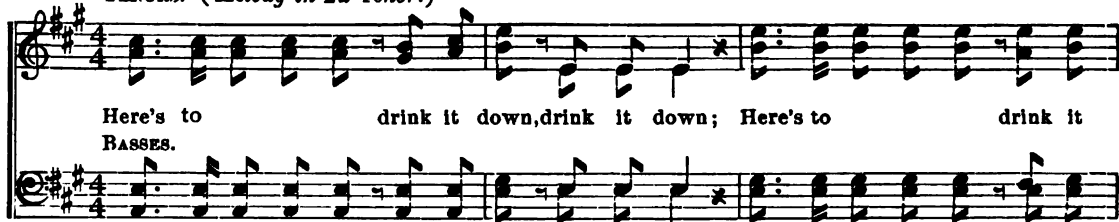
4 What care we for grinding study?
 Shall we shrink from the task severe?
 With our motto "Be ever ready!"

Triumph waits us this { Senior
 Junior
 Sophomore } year!
 Freshman

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

BINGO.

TENORS. (*Melody in 2d Tenor.*)



Here's to drink it down, drink it down; Here's to drink it

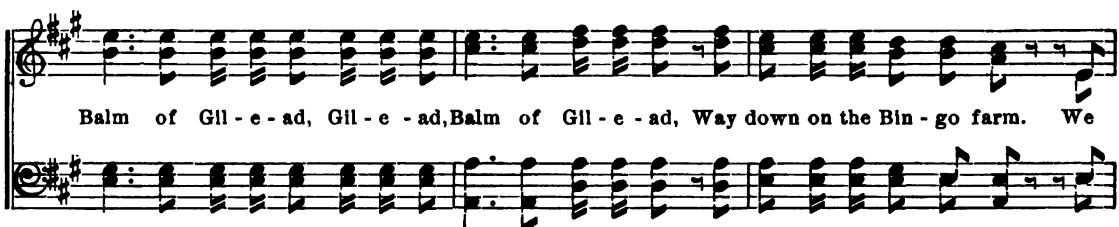
BASSES.



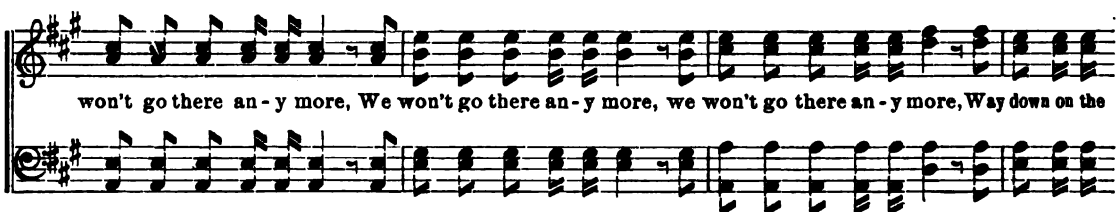
down, drink it down; Here's to Drink it



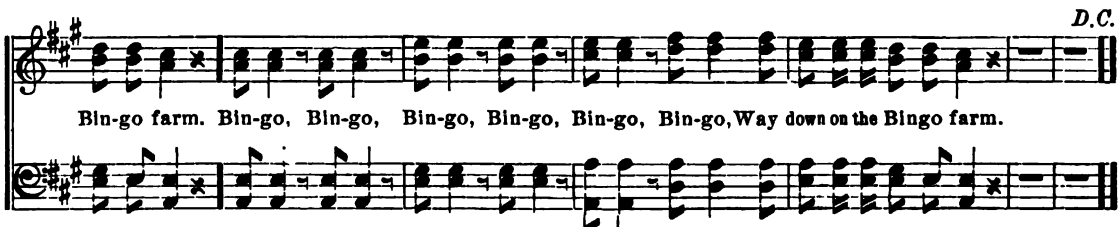
down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down. Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad,



Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad, Balm of Gil - e - ad, Way down on the Bin - go farm. We



won't go there an - y more, We won't go there an - y more, we won't go there an - y more, Way down on the



Bln-go farm. Bln-go, Bln-go, Bln-go, Bln-go, Bln-go, Bln-go, Way down on the Bingo farm.

D.C.

* The name of any college may be inserted in the blank spaces



THE HARVARD YARD.

AN ALUMNI SONG.

Words and Music by J. W. Johnston, '05.

Sehr kraeflig und aus voller Brust! Marsch tempo.

1. You may talk.... to me of cam - pus walks..... Or of glo - rious
 2. Now as loy - al sons we meet a - gain..... To... keep.... fond

land - scape views,..... But of all.... the pla - ces on this
 mem - 'ries clear,..... We'll.. live,.. as once,... in hon - ored

Inscribed to the Harvard Club of Rochester.

Copyright, 1913, by J. W. Johnston. Used by special permission.

(27)

THE HARVARD YARD.

earth There's on - ly one I'll.. choose..... It's the old
halls 'Mid scenes we all re - vere..... In the old

Har - vard yard..... en - deared by his - to - ry..... There's
Har - vard yard..... there's "Mass" and Stough - ton too..... And

Holl - is.... with her i - vy walls.. and fine, old Hol - worth -
Har - vard.. with the faith - ful bell,... its call we all well..

y..... Yes, it's good e - nough for me, boys!.. It's
knew..... Yes, it's good e - nough for me, boys!.. It's

Donnernd!

THE HARVARD YARD.

Etwas langsamer mit Freude bewegt.

good... e - nough for me,..... I am long - ing to -
good... e - nough for me,..... I'll re - mem - ber thro'

Kraeftig und nicht schleppend!

night for the Har-vard yard, As it's there I wish to be.....
life... the.... dear, old yard, Fair... Har-vard there I see.....
Sva.....

LONG LIVE HARVARD.

f TENORS.
Long may she live, our Har-vard fair! Long may she live, our Har-vard
f BASSES.
our Har-vard fair!

fair! Long live! Long live! our Har-vard fair! . .
our Harvard fair! Long may she live! Long may she live!
cres. rit. cres. rit.

JOLLY GOLFING WEATHER.

Words by Clarence Arthur.

Music by Lloyd Adams.

Lively.
Solo.

mf

1. Jol - ly golf - ing weath-er, And a smooth fair green; . .
 2. Ah, whattempt - ing mad - ness. . . . In Jeanne's glanc - ing eye! . . .
 3. Oth - ers will soon o'er - take them, Oth - ers will soon "pass through;" But .

mf

Two out to - geth - er, Jack paired with Jeanne. .
 Earth knows naught but glad - ness; John - nie's heart beats high. . .
 here's to their health, God bless 'em! . . . And here's to Cu - pid, too. . .

CHORUS.
SOP. AND ALTO. *2d time ff*

f

Tramp, tramp to-geth-er, With no cad-dy but Love, de - mure! Stroll, stroll to-geth-er, . With

TENOR AND BASS.

f

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Stroll, stroll, stroll, stroll,

f

2d time ff

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

(80)

JOLLY GOLFING WEATHER.

Cu-pid discreet-ly "fore." Stroll, stroll to-gether, . With Cu-pid dis-creet-ly "fore."

stroll, stroll, stroll, . Stroll, stroll, stroll, stroll, stroll, stroll, stroll, stroll. .

THE TWO ROSES.

Werner.

Andante.
TENORS.

mf *cres.* *p*

1. On a bank two ro-ses fair, Wet with morn-ing show-ers, Filled with dew, in
 2. This in leaves of white ar-rayed, Not a speck to dim them, So I find the
 3. Like her cheeks the blush-ing ray, Which thy bud en-clos-es; Bright-er far than

BASSES.

mf *cres.* *p*

fra-grance grew, As I, pen-sive, full of care, Gath-ered two sweet flow-ers;
 spot-less mind Which a-dorns my spot-less maid, In-no-cen-ce's em-blem
 you they are; But her charms. If I should say, You'd be jeal-ous, ro-ses.

mf *cres.* *p*

Tell me, ro-ses, tru-ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

mf *cres.* *p*



HARVARD EVERY DAY.

Words and Music by Malcolm Lang, '02.

March time.

f *ff*

1. Stand! Stand! by the Crim - son ban - ner
 2. Tramp! Tramp! from the shades of Cam - bridge

f

stream - ing to the sky— Sing! Sing! in a might - y cho - rus,
 march the Har - vard thron— Tramp! Tramp! down the road of life a

Copyright, 1908, by MALCOLM LANG. Used by special permission.

HARVARD EVERY DAY.

raise the bat - tle cry, Pledge we our - selves to keep
thous - and, thous - and strong. Fight! Fight! for the one you love,

bright the shield al - way. Shout! Shout! till the world re-sounds with
for - ward to the fray. Strike! Strike! for the truth and dear old

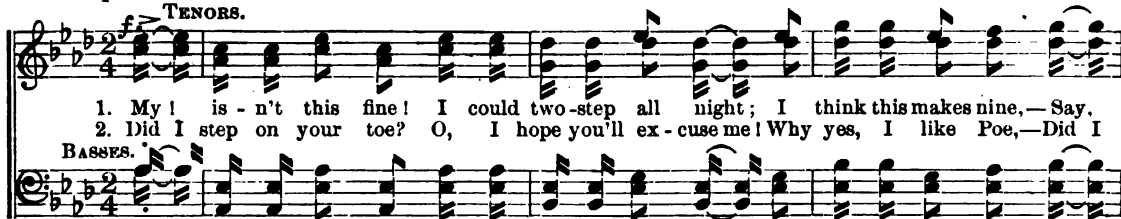
(Shouted) HAR-VARD! Har - vard ev - 'ry day.
HAR-VARD! Har - vard ev - 'ry day.

AT THE HOP.

MALE QUARTET.
Tempo di Polka.

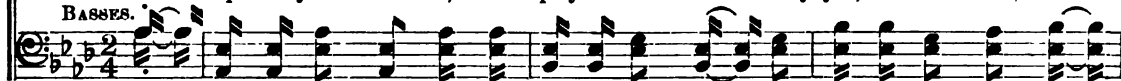
Music by Ernest Carter.

TENORS.



1. My! is - n't this fine! I could two-step all night; I think this makes nine,— Say,
2. Did I step on your toe? O, I hope you'll ex - cuse me! Why yes, I like Poe,—Did I

BASSES.




is - n't it fine? Tra la la la la, That mu - sic's di - vine, Tra
step on your toe? Tra la la la la, I'm be - gin - ning, you know, Tra
That mu - sic's di - vine, And you these
I'm be - gin - - - - - ning, you know, And these

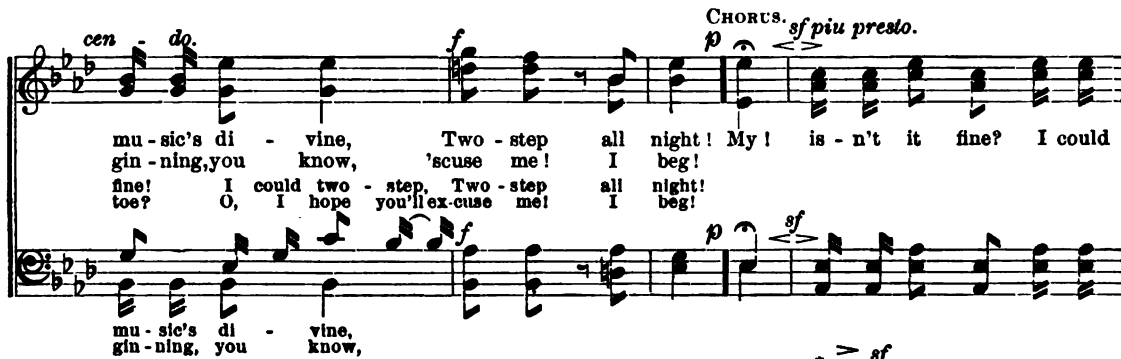
Tra la la la la la That mu - sic's di - vine, Tra
Tra la la la la I'm be - gin - ning, you know, Tra



la la la la, O! is - n't it fine? Tra la la la la, la, That
la la la la, What a - gain on your toe? Tra la la la la, la, I'm be -
dance two - - - out steps of sight. con - fuse me. What, a - gain - - - on your

la la la la la O! is - n't it fine? Tra la la la la la, That
la la la la la What a - gain on your toe? Tra la la la la la, I'm be -

CHORUS. *sf piu presto.*



mu - sic's di - vine, Two - step all night! My! is - n't it fine? I could
gin - ning, you know, 'scuse me! I beg!
fine! I could two - step, Two - step all night!
toe? O, I hope you'll ex - cuse me! I beg!

mu - sic's di - vine, know,
gin - ning, you know,



two - step all night, I think this makes nine,— Say, is - n't it fine?

*Shouted in the exultant falsetto of Tyrolese fame.

Copyright, 1901, by HINDS & NOBLE.

A DEMONSTRATION.

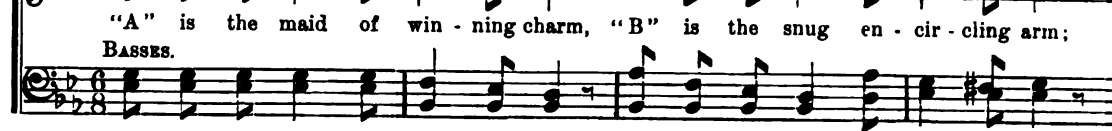

Music by Walter Howe Jones.

TENORS.

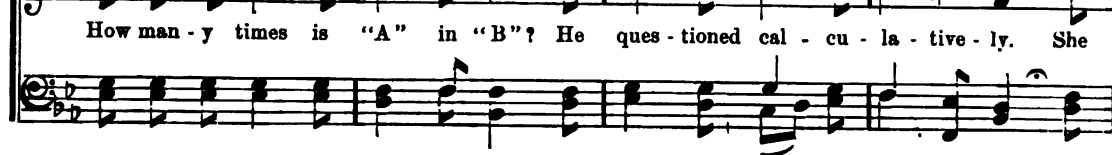



"A" is the maid of win - ning charm, "B" is the snug en - cir - cling arm;

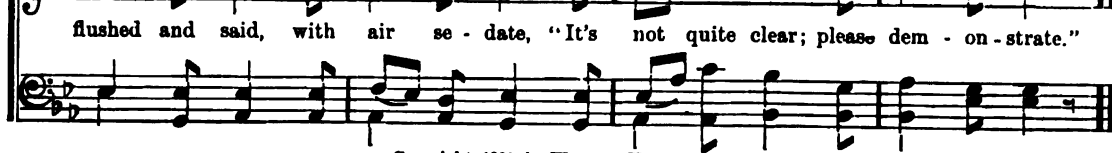
BASSES.

How man - y times is "A" in "B"? He ques - tioned cal - cu - la - tive - ly. She

flushed and said, with air se - date, "It's not quite clear; please dem - on - strate."



Copyright, 1901, by WALTER HOWE JONES.

HERE'S TO YOU!

Allegro.



Here's to the pret - ti - est, here's to the wit - ti - est,



Here's to the tru - est of all who are true;



Here's to the neat - est one, here's to the sweet - est one,



Here's to them all in one, here's to you!....

Copyright, 1909, by HINDS, NOBLE & ELDRIDGE.

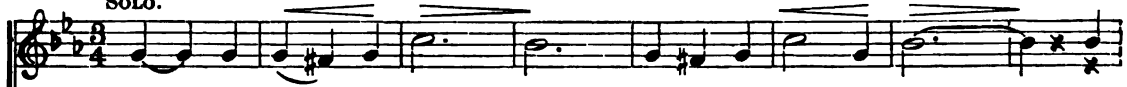
DANCE WITH ME.

Words by Arthur Adams.

Music by Karl P. Harrington.

Tempo di Valse.

SOLO.



1. Dance with me, dear - est maid - en, Do not re - fuse me now! . . . The
2. Lost in maz - es en - chant - ing, Danc - ing, loved one with thee; . . .
3. Nev - er pleas - ure like danc - ing, Clasp - ing my own fair one; . . .

TENORS. *p*



La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

BASSES.



La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



air with mu - sic is lad - en, Be - fore you I hum - bly bow. . . .
Ryth - mic mel - o - dies haunt - ing, . . . Thrill me with ec - sta - sy! . . .
Ev - 'ry mo - ment en - tranc - ing, . . . Float - ing dream - i - ly on! . . .

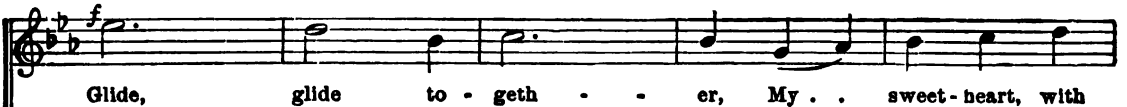


la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

CHORUS IN UNISON.



Glide, glide to - geth - er, My . . sweet - heart, with



La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



Glide, glide to - geth - er, My . . sweet - heart, with

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

DANCE WITH ME.

you a - lone; Glide, glide to -

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

you a - lone; Glide, glide to -

geth - - er, My dear one, my love, my own.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

geth - - er, My dear one, my love, my. own.

GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE.

Moderato.

Good - bye, sweet - heart, good - bye! Good - bye, sweet - heart, good - bye! For
 Good - bye, sweet - heart, good - bye! Good - bye, sweet - heart, good - bye! I

time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good - bye, sweet - heart, good - bye!
 could not leave thee, though I said Good - bye, sweet - heart, good - bye!

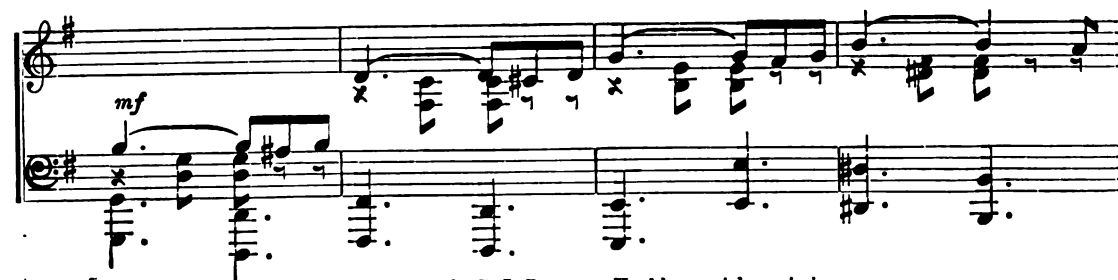


HARVARD SPIRIT.

Words by R. B. Ladoo, '14

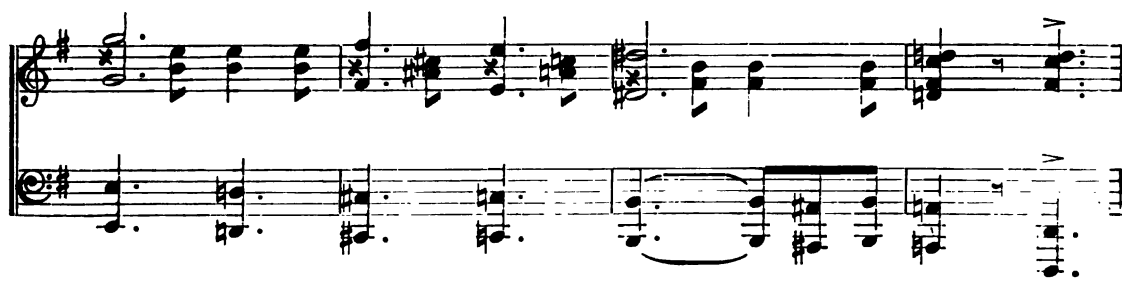
Music by R. L. Blaikie, '14

Tempo di Marcia.



Copyright, 1911, by R. L. BLAIE. Used by special permission.

HARVARD SPIRIT.



HARVARD SPIRIT.



Sons..... of John - ny Har - vard, buck the line, and



play with all your might ;.....



Show..... the team from E - li Yale that



HARVARD SPIRIT.

we can win with fight,..... Fight!



Watch..... our stur - dy team thro' hos - tile line stride



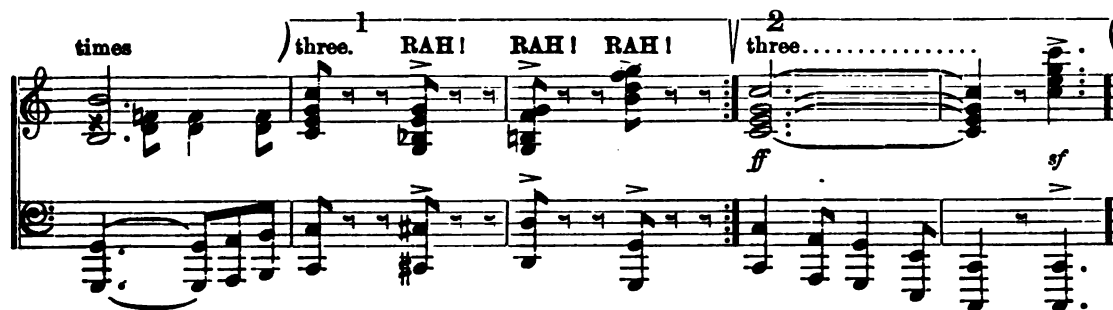
on to vic - to - ry,..... Then....



cheer to the Crim - son sun - set with a heart - y, lust - y three



times



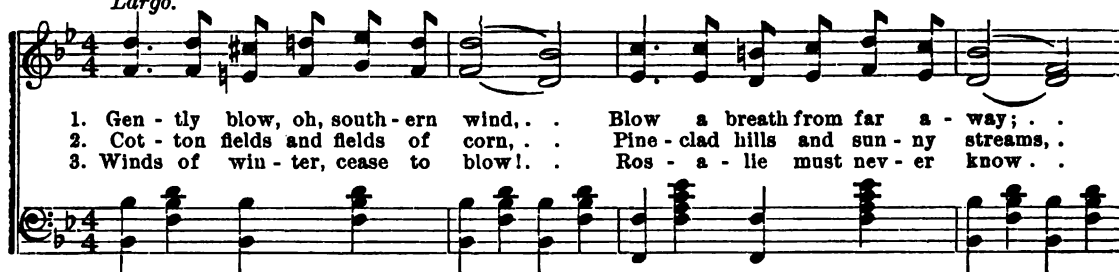
"TAKE MY LOVE TO ROSALIE."

Words by J. T. Bergen.

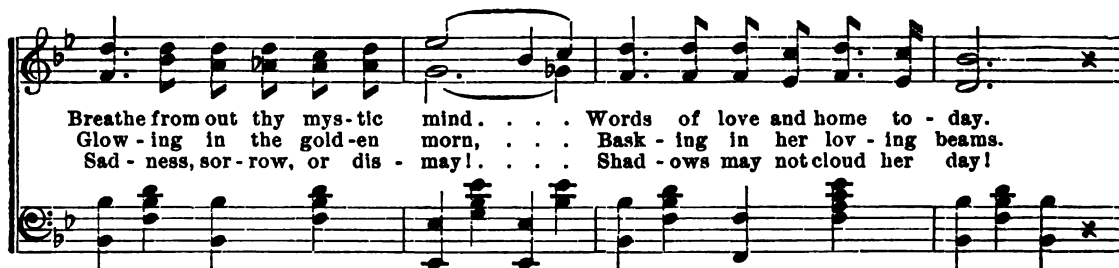
Music by B. E. Dickhaut.

Words of 3d verse by Arthur Rogers.

Largo.




1. Gen - tly blow, oh, south - ern wind, . . . Blow a breath from far a - way; . . .
 2. Cot - ton fields and fields of corn, . . . Pine - clad hills and sun - ny streams, . . .
 3. Winds of win - ter, cease to blow! . . . Ros - a - lie must nev - er know . . .



Breath from out thy mys - tic mind . . . Words of love and home to - day.
 Glow - ing in the gold - en morn, . . . Bask - ing in her lov - ing beams.
 Sad - ness, sor - row, or dis - may! . . . Shad - ows may not cloud her day!



Far a - way on Geor - gia's plain, . . . Beats a heart that beats for me;
 Yes, my home thou dost re - call, . . . All are fair and dear to me;
 Rath - er, may kind heav - en breathe . . . Soft, like mam - my's lul - la - by;



South - ern wind, come near a - gain, . . . Bring me love from Ros - a - lie.
 Fair - est, dear - est of them all, . . . Is my dar - ling Ros - a - lie.
 Soft, sweet mem - o - ries to wreath - e . 'Round thy days, fair Ros - a - lie.

CHORUS.



Far a - way on Geor - gia's plain, . . . Beats a heart that beats for me,

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

"TAKE MY LOVE TO ROSALIE."

South - ern wind, blow back a - gain, . . . Take my love to Ros - a - lie.

AURA LEE:

Dolce. p *cres.*

1. As the black-bird in the spring, 'Neath the wil - low tree Sat and pip'd, I
2. On her cheek the rose was born; There was mu-sic when she spake; In her eyes the

cres. **CHORUS.**

heard him sing, Sing - ing Au - ra Lee. } Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee!
rays of morn, With sud - den splen - dor break.

cres. *mf*

cres.

Maid of gold - en hair! Sun-shine came a - long with thee, And swallows in the air.

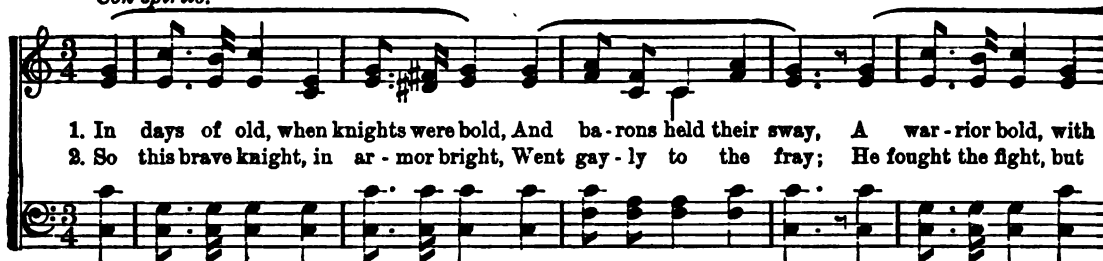
cres. *p*

A WARRIOR BOLD.

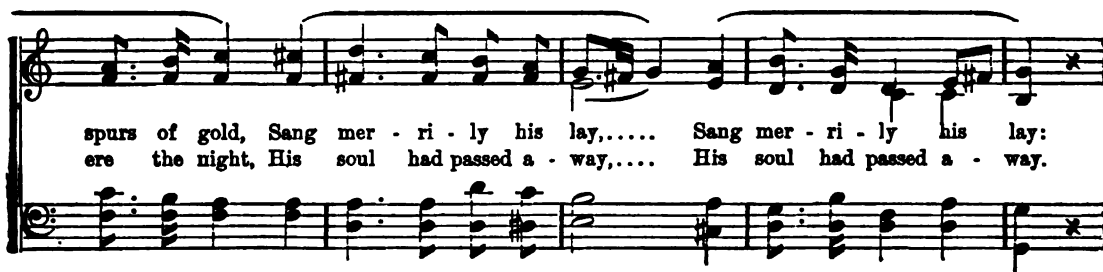
Words by Edw. Thomas.

Music by Stephen Adams.

Con spirito.



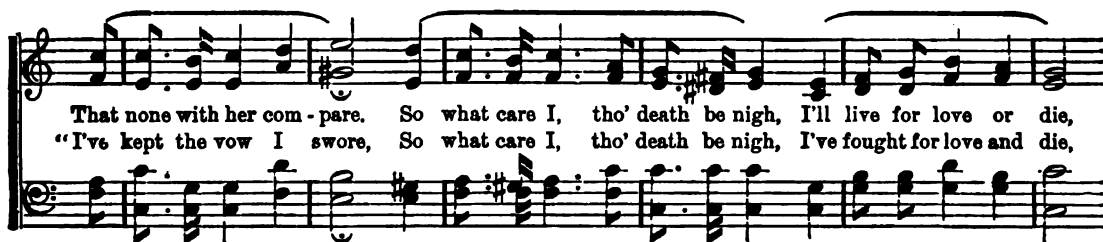
1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And ba-rons held their sway, A war-rior bold, with
 2. So this brave knight, in ar-mor bright, Went gay-ly to the fray; He fought the fight, but



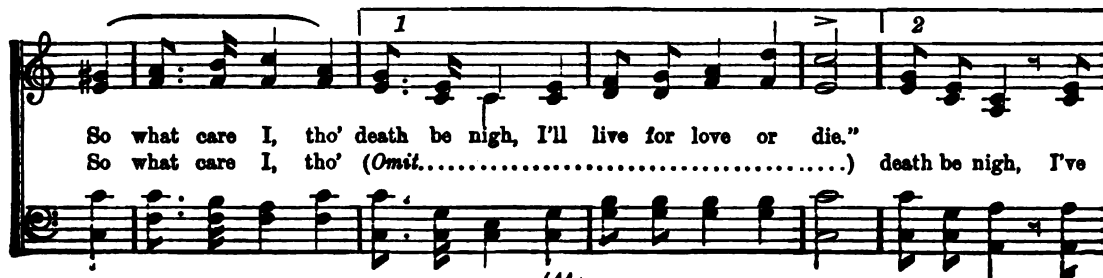
spurs of gold, Sang mer-ri-ly his lay,..... Sang mer-ri-ly his lay:
 ere the night, His soul had passed a-way,.... His soul had passed a-way.



"My love is young and fair, My love hath gold-en hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true,
 The plighted ring he wore Was crushed, and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he brave-ly cried,



That none with her com-pare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die,
 "I've kept the vow I swore, So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die,



So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die."
 So what care I, tho' (Omit.....) death be nigh, I've

A WARRIOR BOLD.

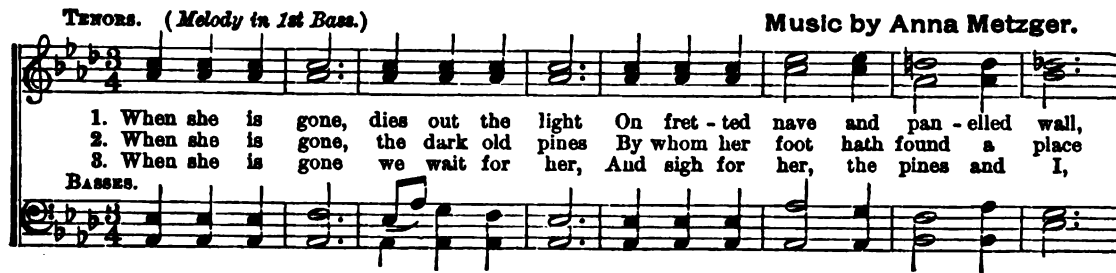
ad lib. *molto.* *rallentando e dim.*



fought for love, I've fought for love,... I've fought for love, For love... for love I die."

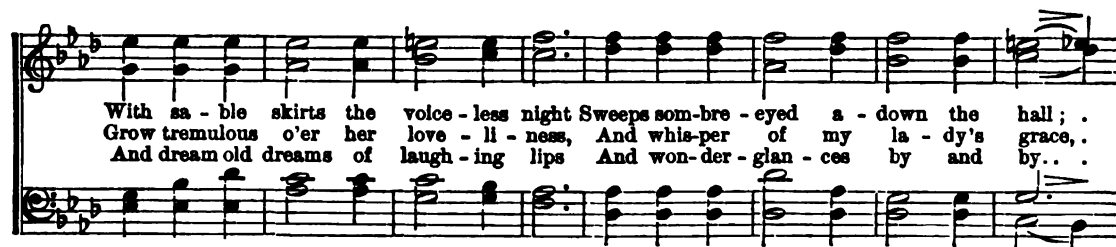
WHEN SHE IS GONE.

TENORS. (*Melody in 1st Bass.*) **Music by Anna Metzger.**



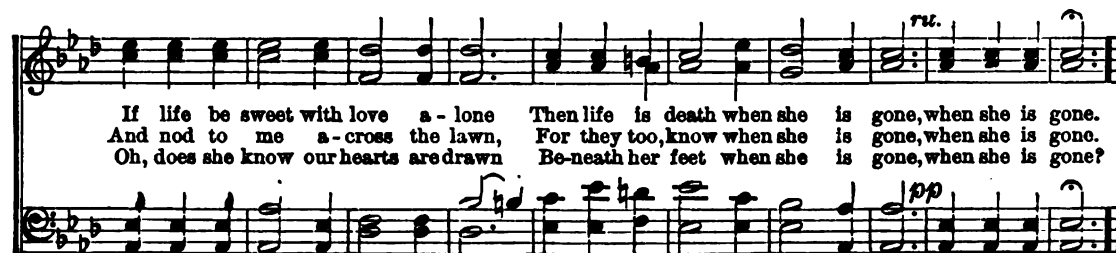
1. When she is gone, dies out the light On fret - ted nave and pan - elled wall,
 2. When she is gone, the dark old pines By whom her foot hath found a place
 3. When she is gone we wait for her, And sigh for her, the pines and I,

BASSES.



With sa - ble skirts the voice - less night Sweeps som-bre - eyed a - down the hall ; .
 Grow tremulous o'er her love - li - ness, And whis-per of my la - dy's grace, .
 And dream old dreams of laugh - ing lips And won-der - glan - ces by and by... .

rit.



If life be sweet with love a - lone Then life is death when she is gone, when she is gone.
 And nod to me a - cross the lawn, For they too, know when she is gone, when she is gone.
 Oh, does she know our hearts are drawn Be - neath her feet when she is gone, when she is gone?

pp

Copyright, 1901, by HINDE & NOBLE.



HARVARDIANA.

(MARCH SONG.)

Words by S. B. Steel, '11.

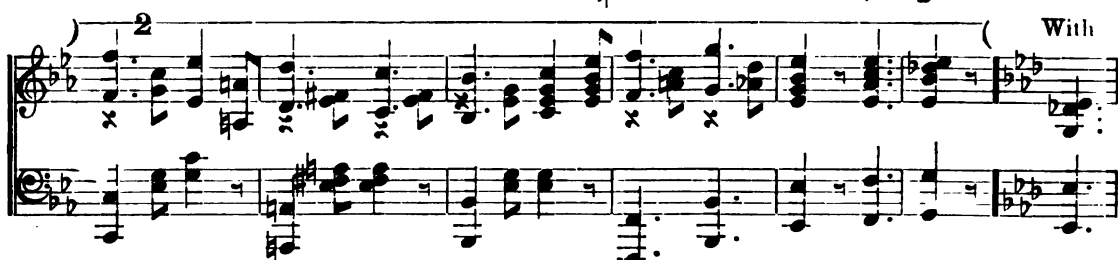
Music by R. G. Williams, '11.

Tempo di Marcia.

Copyright, 1909, by R. G. WILLIAMS. Used by special permission.

(46)

HARVARDIANA.



Crim - son in tri - umph flash - ing,..... 'Mid the strains of vic - to -



ry,..... Poor E - li's hopes we are dash - ing..... In - to



HARVARDIANA.

blue ob - sen - ri - ty..... Re - sist - less our team sweeps

goal - ward,.... With the fu - ry of the blast..... We'll

fight for the name of Har - vard..... Till the last white line is

passed. Har - vard!.... Har - vard!....

Har - vard!..... Har - vard!.... Har - vard!....

Har - vard!..... HAR - VARD! HAR - VARD! HAR - VARD! With

fff

HARVARDIANA.

Crim - son in tri - umph flash - ing,..... 'Mid the strains of vic - to -

ry,..... Poor E - li's hopes we are dash - ing..... In - to

blue ob - scu - ri - ty..... Re - sist - less our team sweeps

goal - ward,... With the fu - ry of the blast..... We'll fight for the

name of Har - vard.... Till the last white line is passed.

MAID OF ATHENS.

Words by Lord Byron.

Music by H. R. Allen.

Andante con molto espressione.

mp SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Maid of Ath-ens, ere we part Give, O, give me back my heart!.....
 2. By those tress-es un-con-fined, Wooed by each E-ge-an wind,.....
 3. Maid of Ath-ens, I am gone, Think of me, sweet, when a-lone,....

TENOR AND BASS.

Or since that has left my breast, Keep it now and take the rest!.....
 By those lids whose jet-ty fringe, Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge,....
 Though I fly to Is-tam-bol, Ath-ens holds my heart and soul.....

piu lento.

mf *pp*

Hear my vow be-fore I go, Hear my vow be-fore I go. My
 By those wild eyes like the roe, Hear my vow be-fore I go.
 Can I cease to love thee? no! Can I cease to love thee? no!

con tenerezza.

p

life,..... I love thee, My dear-est life, I love thee!
 Zo-e mou, sas a-gap-o! Zo-e mou, sas a-gap-o!

MAID OF ATHENS.

My life,..... I love but thee!
Zo - e mou, sas a - ga - po!

cres. *dim.* *pp*

1. Hear my vow be - fore I go, } My life, I love..... but thee!
2. Hear my vow be - fore I go, } Zo - e mou, sas a - - ga - po!
3. Can I cease to love thee? no!

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Arranged by George Rosey.

Music by Johanna Kinkle.

Andante.

1st & 2d TENOR.

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee;
2. Ne'er - more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee;
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing,

1st & 2d BASS.

cres.

And then, what-s'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me.
With spear and pen - non glancing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing.
That with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing,

cres.

p *Tranquillo e molto espress.* *f* *pp* *rit.*

Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love; Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

p *f* *pp* *rit.*

Copyright, 1908, by HINDS, NOBLE & ELDRIDGE.

THE SPANISH CAVALIER.

Moderato, dolce.

1. A Span-ish cav - a - lier stood in his re-treat, And on his gui-tar play'd a tune, dear; The
 2. I am off to the war, to the war I must go, To fight for my coun-try and you, dear; But
 3. And when the war is o'er, to you I'll re-turn, Back to my coun-try and you, dear; But

mu - sic so sweet, they'd oft-times re-peat, The bless-ing of my coun - try and you, dear.
 if I should fall, in vain I would call, The bless-ing of my coun - try and you, dear.
 if I be slain, you may seek me in vain, Up - on the bat-tle - field you will find me.

f CHORUS. *p*

Say, dar - ling, say, when I'm far a-way, Some-times you may think of me, dear,


Bright sun - ny days will soon fade a-way, Re-mem - ber what I say, and be true, dear.

Used by permission of Leo Foner, owner of the copyright.

SHE IS SO FAIR.


Music by Walter Howe Jones.

p *pp*



1. The clo - ver blos - soms kiss her feet, She is so sweet, . . . She is so
2. Her eyes are deep as vio - lets blue, She is so true, . . . She is so

p *pp*



sweet; While I, who may not kiss her hand, Bless all the wild flowers in the
true; Oh, may she smile, for now I seek To calm my heart—my love I'll

pp *mf*



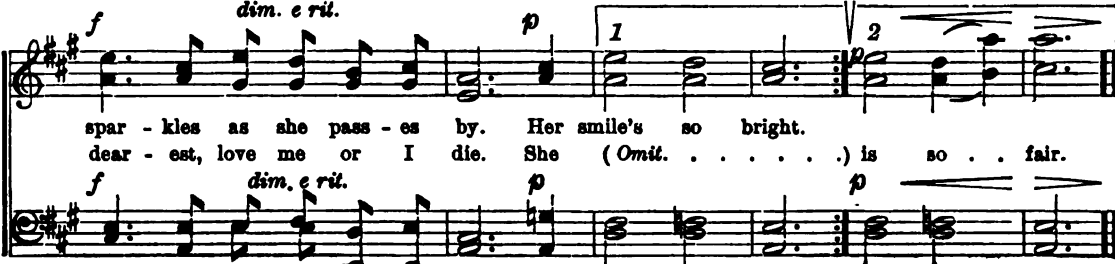
land. She is so sweet, The stars look pal - er at the sight; Her smile's so
speak, She is so true. The gen - tle breez - es kiss her hair, She is so

p *rit.* *a tempo.* *cres.*



bright, Her smile's so bright; There's naught in earth, or air, or sky, But
fair, She is so fair; Let flowers and sun and breeze go by, Oh,

f *dim. e rit.* *p* *1* *2*



spar - kles as she pass - es by. Her smile's so bright.
dear - est, love me or I die. She (Omit.) is so . . . fair.

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

Allegretto. mf

1. Way down in the mead - ow where the lil - y first blows, Where the wind from the
 2. She's fair like a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she nev - er was
 3. Ev - e - li - na and I one fine eve - ning in June Took a walk all a -
 4. Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar, Ev - e - li - na still

mf

mount - ains ne'er ruf - fles the rose; Lives fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle
 known to put paint on her cheek; In the most grace - ful curls hangs her ra - ven black
 lone by the light of the moon, The plan - ets all shone, for the heav - ens were
 lives in that green gras - sy holler, Al - though I am fat - ed to mar - ry her

CHORUS. f

dove, The pride of the val - ley, the girl that I love.
 hair, And she nev - er re - quires per - fum - er - y there. } Dear Ev - e - li - na,
 clear, And I felt round the heart tre - mend - ous - ly queer. }
 never, I've sworn that I'll love her for ev - er and ever.

f

sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die; Dear Ev - e -

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

rit.

li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

The musical score for 'Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina' is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The tempo marking is 'rit.' (ritardando). The lyrics are: 'li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.'

ANNIE LAURIE.

Lady John Scott.

Tenderly.

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it
3. Like dew on th'gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fal - ry feet, And like winds in

The musical score for 'Annie Laurie' is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo marking is 'Tenderly.' The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it 3. Like dew on th'gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fal - ry feet, And like winds in'

cres.

An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave me her prom - ise true, Which
is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And
sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's

The musical score for 'Annie Laurie' continues. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo marking is 'cres.' (crescendo). The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave me her prom - ise true, Which is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's'

p

ne'er for - got will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

The musical score for 'Annie Laurie' continues. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo marking is 'p' (piano). The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'ne'er for - got will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee. dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee. a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.'



ONWARD TO THE GOAL.

Words and Music by Frank R. Hancock, '12.



Copyright, 1912, by LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE.

(56)

ONWARD TO THE GOAL.

Yale will know to-night, That the big Red Team can play;.....



..... Then shout! shout! Put the Blue to rout, While the



bull - dog be-gins to wail..... Let them go!



go! Can they beat us? No! Let them sit on their fence at



JINGLE, BELLS.

Allegro. mf

1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go,
 2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride; And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was
 3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young; Take the girls to - night, And

Laugh-ing all the way; Bells on bob-tall ring, Ma-king spir-its bright; What
 seat-ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Mis-for-tune seem'd his lot; He
 sing this sleighing song. Just get a bob-tall'd bay, Two-for-ty for his speed; Then

CHORUS.* *f*

fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to - night! Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells!
 got in - to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up - sot.
 hitch him to an o-pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

* Accompanied by jingling glasses

JINGLE, BELLS.

Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

Jingle, bells! jingle, bells! Jingle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

WHEN FIRST I KISSED SWEET MARGARET.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.

TENORS.

1. When first I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, When first I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, She blushed rose-
 2. Last night I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, Last night I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, She blushed rose-
 BASSES.

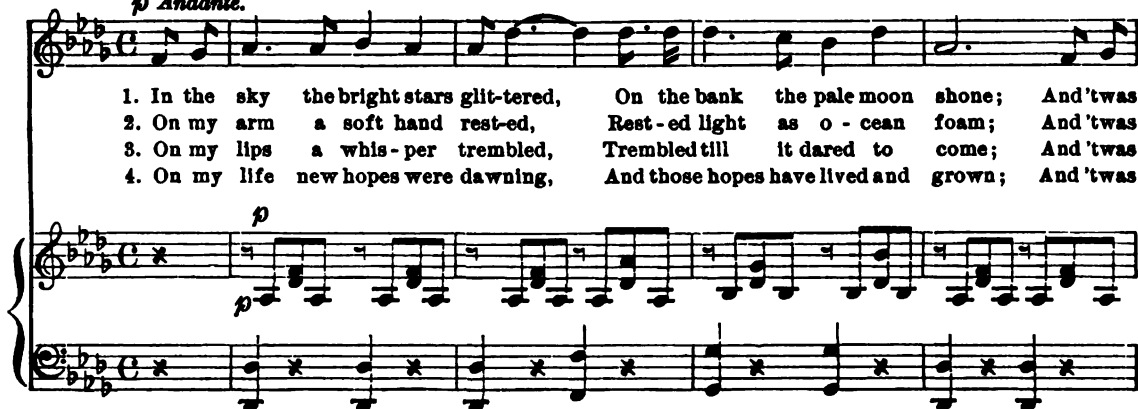
red, and stern-ly said, "You must - n't! stop!"
 red, but sim-ply (Omit.) said, "You must - n't stop."

Copyright, 1901, by WALTER HOWE JONES.

THE QUILTING PARTY.

Arranged by Karl P. Harrington.

p Andante.



1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas
3. On my lips a whis-per trembled, Trembled till it dared to come; And 'twas
4. On my life new hopes were dawning, And those hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas

cres.



from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.

CHORUS. *mf*



I was see-ing Nel-lie home, . . I was see-ing Nel-lie home; And 'twas



from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

(60)

LAST NIGHT.

Words of 3d verse by Arthur Nash.

Halfdan Kjerulf.

Solo. *Andante.*

1. Last night the night - in - gale woke me, Last night when all was still, It
 2. I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by night; I
 3. Near you the mo - ments are gold - en, With hope you fill my heart; When

CHORUS HUMMING.

pp *pp*

sang in the gold - en moon - light, From out . . the wood - land hill. I
 wake and would you were here, love, And tears . are blinding my sight. I
 ab - sent all life seems dark, love, All joys, . . all pleas - ures de - part. The

pp *ppp*

dolce.

o - pened my win - dow so gen - tly, I looked on the dream - ing dew, . . And
 hear a low breath in the lime tree, The wind is float - ing through, And
 zeph - yrs that waft you to dream - land, Each ray from the heav'n - ly blue, . . The

ppp *mf* *p*

oh! the bird, my darl - ing, Was sing - ing, sing - ing of you, of you.
 oh! the night, my darl - ing, Was sigh - ing, sigh - ing for you, for you.
 winds, the stars, my darl - ing, are tell - ing, Tell - ing my love for you!

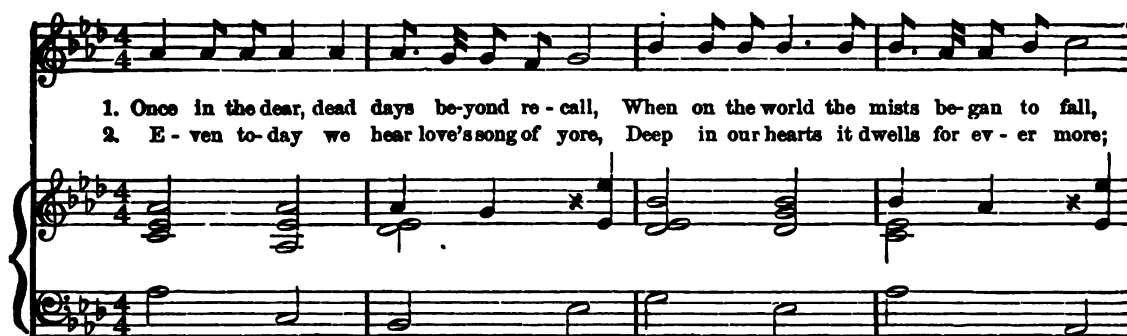
ppp *mf* *p*

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

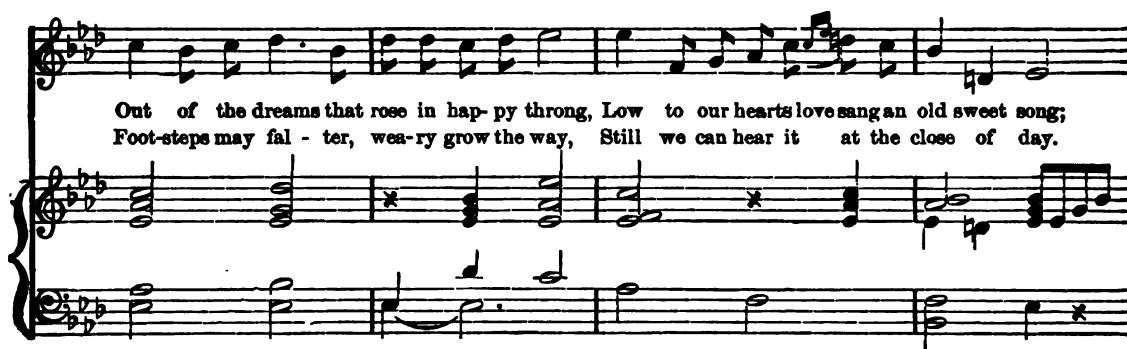
LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

Words by G. F. Brigham.


Music by J. L. Molloy.



1. Once in the dear, dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall,
2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for ev-er more;



Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
Foot-steps may fal-ter, wea-ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day.



And in the dusk, where fell the twilight gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.
So to the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

**SOPRANO AND ALTO.
CHORUS.**



Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low,
the lights are low,

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

And the flick - 'ring shad - ows soft - ly come and go,
soft - ly go,

The' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long, Still to us at
the day is long,

twi - light, comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet..... song.....

SWEETHEART, I WAIT FOR THEE.

TENORS.
mp Andante moderato.

Words and music by T. Dillwyn Thomas.

1. Sweet-heart, I wait for thee, Down by the rip - pling stream; Sweet-heart, I
2. Sweet-heart, thy face so fair, With eyes of heav'n - ly blue, Doth ban - ish

BASSES.

rit. pp a tempo. rit.

wait for thee, 'Neath the moon's sil - v'ry beam.... Sweet-heart, I wait for thee, for thee.
ev - 'ry care, Oh, my love fond and true.... Sweet-heart, I wait for thee, for thee.
for thee,

Copyright, 1904, by HINDE, NOBLE & ELDERDEN.
(55)



ON TO VICTORY.

Adapted from
"The Marsellaise."

Arranged by
Albert M. Kanrich.

The cheers from the Harvard hosts ring high, While the Crimson ban-ner's stream-ing;



Lift the Crim-son glo-ry to the sky Where the sun-set red is gleam-ing,



And our hearts beat fast for old Harvard, To her name shall her sons be ev-er true.



Copyright, 1912, by LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE.

(64)

ON TO VICTORY.

Long live.... her glo-rious fame! Long live.... her glo-rious fame! Then STAND and

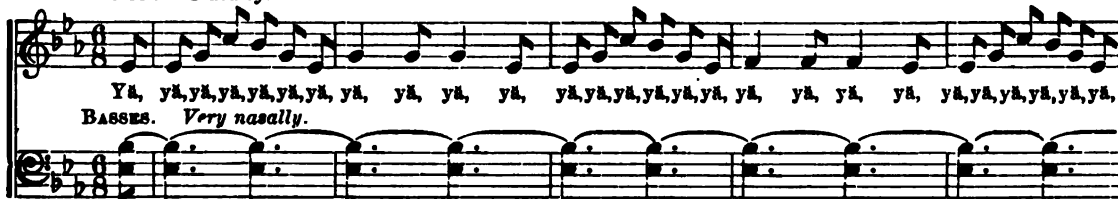


RAISE your ban - ners on high, On! on to vic - to - ry!

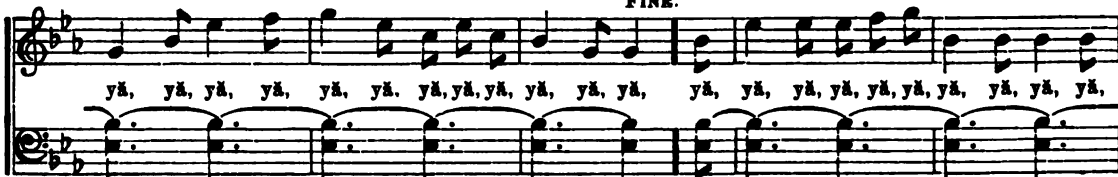


IMITATION OF A BAGPIPE.

TENORS. *Nasally.*



FINE.



D.C. al Fine.



OVER THE BANISTER.

BARITONE SOLO.



1. O - ver the ban - is - ter leans a face, Ten - der - ly sweet and be -
2. No - bod - y, on - ly those eyes of brown, Ten - der and full of
3. Holds her fin - gers and draws her down, Sud - den - ly grow - ing

CHORUS.

TENORS.



La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

BASSES.



La, la, la, la, la, la, la,



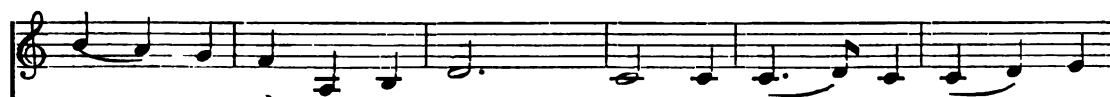
gull - - ing, While be - low her with ten - der grace, He
mean - - ing, Gaze on the lov - li - est face in town,
bold - - er, Till her love - ly hair lets its mass - es down Like a



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



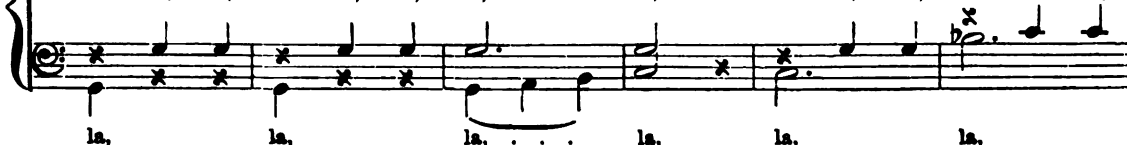
la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



watches the pic - ture smil - - ing. The light burns dim in the
O - ver the ban - is - ter lean - - ing. Tim - id and tired, with
man - tle o - ver his shoul - - der. A ques - tion asked, a



la, la, la, la, la, . . . la, la, la, la,



la, la, la, . . . la, la, la,

By permission.

OVER THE BANISTER.

hall be - low, No - bod - y sees them stand - ing,
down - cast eyes, I won - der why she lin - - gers,
swift ca - ress, She has fled like a bird from the stair - - way, But

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

la, la, la, la, la, la.

Say - ing good-night a - gain soft and low, Half - way up to the land - ing.
Af - ter all the good-nights are said? Some-bod - y holds her fin - gers!
o - ver the ban - is - ter comes a "yes," That brightens the world for him al - way.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

TENORS.
Dolce. p

BASSES.

SERENADE.

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steep, Sluk, sink in

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

rall. p

FIGHT, FIGHT FOR HARVARD.

Words and Music by H. C. Greene, '14.

Tempo di Marcia. 1st time p, 2d f.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Fight, fight for Har - vard, All to - geth - er, strong, All in your plac - es, Push that ball a - long..... We stand u - ni - ted, Yale di - vid - ed falls; So fight for - ev - er When your lead - er calls. (Rah! Rah! Rah!) calls." The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The score includes dynamic markings like *p* (piano) and *f* (forte), and articulation marks like accents and slurs. The final system includes first and second endings, indicated by "1" and "2" above the staff.

Fight, fight for Har - vard, All to - geth - er, strong,

All in your plac - es, Push that ball a - long.....

We stand u - ni - ted, Yale di - vid - ed falls;

So fight for - ev - er When your lead - er calls. (Rah! Rah! Rah!) calls.

Copyright, 1913, by LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE.

(68)



OUR DIRECTOR.

Arranged by
Albert M. Kanrich.

Hard luck.... for poor old El - i! Tough on the blue;.....

Now, all to - geth - er, Smash them and break through!

'Gainst..... the line of Crim - son They can't pre - vail;.....

Three cheers for Har - vard! And down with Yale! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Shouted.

Melody copyrighted, 1901, by JEAN MISSUD. Used by permission of G. W. SUTCHELL, proprietor of the copyright.
Copyright, 1912, by LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE.

JUANITA.

Andante.

mf SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moonslike these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam ing

mf TENOR AND BASS.

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,

p slower. *a te*
mf
Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!

p tenderly, rit.
Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

By permission.

FORSAKEN.

English version by Mrs. G. Federlein.

Koschat.

TENORS.

pp *Slow.*

1. My love hath now left me, a - lone do I sigh, As a stone by the
 2. Sweet flow - ers are bloom - ing all o - ver her grave, But the life of my

BASSES.

mf

pp

way - side neg - lect - ed doth lie; . I go to the grave - yard, for
 darl - ing my love could not save; . . All hope is now bur - led, 'tis

there she doth sleep, My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I
 dark ev - 'ry - where, A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would

ff *p*

ff *p*

weep; My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I weep.
 share; A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would share.

ff *p*

ff *p*

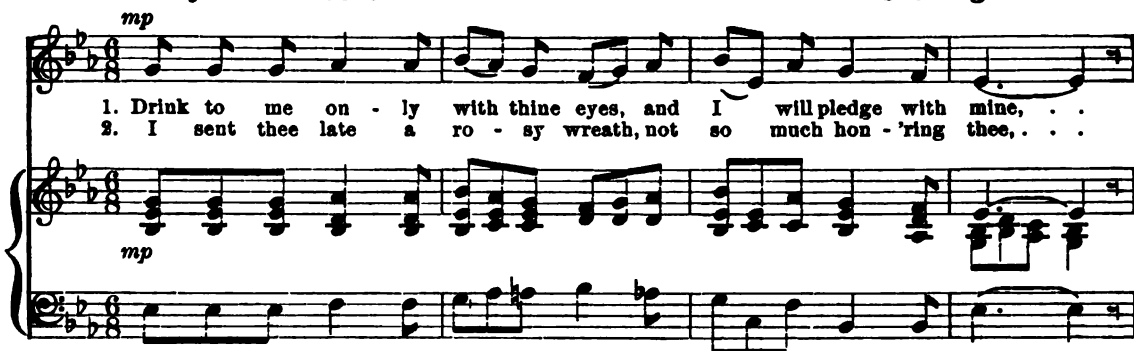
Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Words by Ben Jonson.

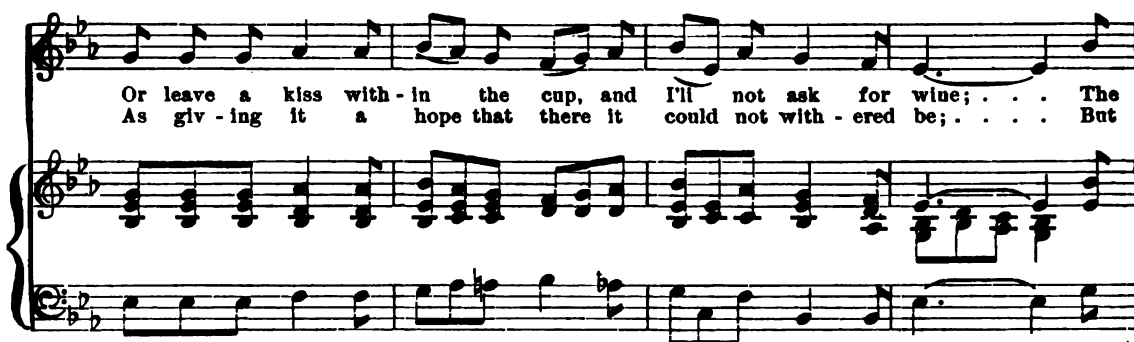
Old English Air.

mp

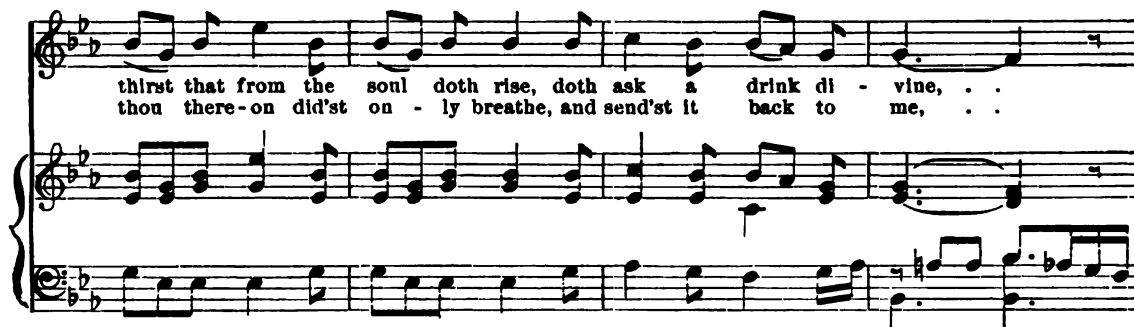


1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine, . .
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - 'ring thee, . . .

mp



Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; . . . The
As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be; But



thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine, . .
thou there-on did'st on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me, . .



But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine. . .
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee. . .

SHE SHOOK HER HEAD.

Moderato.
TENORS.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.

"May I kiss you, dear?" a youth once cried, Al - tho' scarce hop - ing what he said; But the

maid - en turned a - way her eyes, And slow - ly, sad - ly shook her head. "But

would you mind," he still went on, "Now would you real - ly care," he said, "If I

should kiss you?" and a - gain She turned a - side — and shook her head.

ritard. *allegro.*

Copyright, 1901, by WALTER HOWE JONES.

THE VACANT STARE.

TENORS.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.

She sat on the steps at the e - ven - tide, En - joy - ing the balm - y air; . . . He

came and asked — "May I sit by your side?" And she gave him — a va - cant stare.

Copyright, 1901, by WALTER HOWE JONES.

UPIDEE.

1. The shades of night were fall-ing fast, Tra la la, Tra la la, As thro' an Al - pine vil-lage passed,
 2. His brow was sad, his eye be - neath, Tra la la, Tra la la, Flash'd like a faulchion from its sheath,
 3. "O stay," the maiden said, "and rest Tra la la, Tra la la, Thy wea - ry head up - on this breast!"

ritard.

Tra la la la la!
Tra la la la la!
Tra la la la la!

A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A ban-ner with the strange de-vice:
And like a sil-ver clar-ion, rung The ac-cents of that unknown tongue:
A tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answered with a sigh:

CHORUS.

U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i, dee - i - da,

f

[illegible]

UPIDEE.

U-pi-dee-i, dee-i-da, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da! U-pi-dee-i, dee-i-da, U-pi-dee-i-da!

4 At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air.

5 A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device.

BRING THE WAGON HOME, JOHN.

Moderato.

Arr. by Frank R. Hancock, '12.

TENORS.

1. Oh, bring the wa-gon home, John, It will not hold us all, We used to ride a -
2. Oh, bring the hack.. back, Jack, It will not car - ry all, We used to run a -

BASSES.

round in it, When you and I were small. Oh, bring the wa-gon home, John, It
bout in it, When you and I were small. Oh, bring the hack.. back, Jack, It

will not hold us all, We used to ride a-round in it, When you and I were small.
will not hold us all, We used to run a-bout in it, When you and I were bug-gy.

Copyright, 1913, by LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE.
(75)

THE SUN OF VICTORY.

Words and Music by Frank R. Hancock, '12.

The

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The music starts with a forte (f) dynamic. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

sun of vic - to - ry is dawn - - - ing,

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with the lyrics 'sun of vic - to - ry is dawn - - - ing,'. The music features a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Mark the crim - son of the sky.....

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with the lyrics 'Mark the crim - son of the sky.....'. The music includes a long note in the treble staff, suggesting a sustained sound. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Copyright, 1912, by LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE.

(76)

THE SUN OF VICTORY.

Bet - ter heed the might - y sign of warn - ing,

Har - vard's hopes beat high. Watch the

spir - it of old Har - - - vard, Driv - ing ev - er t'ward the

goal,..... Give them a yell, HO! Down the field they

go - o, While the Crim-son thun - ders roll.....

HARK! I HEAR A VOICE.

Allegro.
SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Hark! I hear a voice, Way up in the moun - tain top, tip - top, De -

TENOR AND BASS.

scend - ing down be - low, De - scend - ing down be - low, . . . low.

CHORUS.

Let us all u - nite in love, Trust - ing

Let us all u - nite in love,

in The pow'rs a - bove. Mer - ri - ly now we

Trust - ing in the pow'rs a - bove.

roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer - ri - ly now we

HARK! I HEAR A VOICE.

roll, we roll, O'er . . the deep . . blue . . sea . .

MY BONNIE.

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
 2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . Last night as I lay on my
 3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And blow, ye winds, o - ver the
 4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . The winds have blown o - ver the

sea; My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - ceau, . . . Oh, bring back my
 bed; Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . I dreamt that my
 sea; Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And bring back my
 sea; The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . And bro't back my

CHORUS.

Bon - nie to me.
 Bon - nie was dead. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
 Bon - nie to me.
 Bon - nie to me.

me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .

ROSALIE.

Words of 4th verse by Arthur Thomas.

SOLO.

mf

1. I'm Pi - erre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I drink the di - vine Eau de
 2. I'm Pi - erre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I'm called by les dames tres jo -
 3. I go to the fête de Mar-quise, de Mar-quise, I go and make love at my
 4. I'm Pi - erre de Bou - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, 'Tis Pi-erre, now, ça - ça; then Pi -

CHORUS. TENORS.

mf La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 BASSRS.
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

vie, Eau de vie; When I walk in the park, all my friends they re - mark, "Com -
 li, tres jo - li; When I ride out each day in my lit - tle cou - pé, I
 ease, at my ease; I . . go to her père, and de - mand for my own, The
 erre, O çl - çl! On the Bou - le - vard gay when I take a short spiel, The

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

CHORUS.

ment ce va mon cher a - mi." . . . But I care . . not what oth - ers may say, I love my
 tell you I'm something to see. . .
 hand of my sweet Ro - sa - lie. . .
 girls are all "on - to" my au - to - mobile!

la,
 la,

Ro - sa - lie; . . Pret - ty Rose, charm - ing Rose, . . I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie. . .
 Ro - sa - lie; . . Pret - ty Rose, charming Rose, . . I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie. . .

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

I DOUBT IT.

Words by Arthur Nash.

Music by Lloyd Adams.

Allegretto.

mf

1. When a maid-en sug-gests a short stroll 'neath the moon, With that
 2. When her shy lit-tle hand nes-tles snug in your own, With that
 3. If her will-ing red lips seem to chal-lenge a kiss, Ir-re-
 4. By and by when you hear pa-pa's step on the stair, With a

Sung or spoken.

soft, witch-ing ha-lo a-bout it; Do you hem? do you haw? do you
 mag-net-ic tin-gle a-bout it; If she an-swers your squeeze, do your
 sly-ly i-ble something a-bout it; Does your pu-ri-tan soul put a-
 grim sort of firm-ness a-bout it; Do you let-sure-ly get up and

start off a-lone? Well, may-be you do, but I doubt it!
 fate you be-moan? Well, may-be you do, but I doubt it!
 way the sweet bliss? Well, may-be you do, but I doubt it!
 get out of there? Well, may-be you do, but I doubt it!

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

(81)

THE MERMAID.

Moderato. mf

1. 'Twas Fri - day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land,
 2. Then out spake the captain of our gal - lant ship, And a well spoken man was he:
 3. Then out spake the cook of our gal - lant ship, And a fat old cook - ie was he:
 4. Then out spake the boy of our gal - lant ship, And a well spoken lad die was he:
 5. "Oh! the moon shines bright and the stars give light; Oh! my mammy'll be look - ing for me;
 6. Then three times around went our gal - lant ship, And three times a - round went she;

mf

When the cap - tain spied a love - ly mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
 "I have mar - ried me a wife in Salem town, And to - night she a wid - der will be."
 "I care much more for my pot - ties and my kets, Than I do for the depths of the sea."
 "I've a fa - ther and a mother in Boston cit - y, But to - night they child - less will be."
 She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep, She may look to the bottom of the sea."
 Then three times a - round went our gal - lant ship, And she sank to the depths of the sea.

CHORUS. *f*

Oh! the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While

we poor sail - ors go skip - ping to the tops, And the land lub - bers lie down be -

THE MERMAID.

accel.

low, be - low, be - low, And the land lub - bers lie down be - low.

MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

mf

1. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe? Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe? Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe? Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe? When I am miles a - way? BASSSES.—Some oth-er man! BAD MAN!!!

cres. *Unison.*

2 Oh, who will wear my stove-pipe hat?
Some other man, guess if you can.

3 Oh, who will buy my cast-off boots?
Allie Bazan or Johnnie Moran.

4 Oh, who will take my girl to ride?
Allie Bazan or Johnnie Moran or Billy McCann.

5 Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand?
Allie Bazan or Johnnie Moran or Billy McCann,
Of Kalamazoo.

6 Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips?
Allie Bazan or Johnnie Moran or Billy McCann,
Of Kalamazoo, Michigan.
BAD MAN!!!

* Repeat this measure once for the second verse, twice for the third verse, etc.

** The words, "Bad Man" are to be sung at the end of last verse only.

Copyright, 1904, by Hinde Noble & Eldredge.

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

Words by Fred. E. Weatherly.

Music by Stephen Adams.

Con spirito.

p

1. 'Twas in 'fif - ty-five, on a win - ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo' ho! We'd got the Roo - shan
 2. We launched the cutter an' shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo' ho! The lub - bers might ha'
 3. "I'm done for now, good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo' ho! "You make for the boat, never

lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle Mid - ship-mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo' ho! "Who'll
 heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my lads, put a - bout!" Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo' ho! We
 mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo' ho! So we
Sva.

go a - shore to - night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why
 made for the guns, an' we rammed them tight, But the mus - ket shots came left and right, An'
 hoist - ed him in, in a ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pulled, ev - 'ry man with all his might, An'

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

bless 'ee sir, come a-long, 'says we, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
 down drops the poor lit-tle Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
 saved the poor lit-tle Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo

cres - cen - do. f

Sva...

rall. *a tempo.*

ho! With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull,

rall. *p*

rall.

Gai-ly, boys, make her go! An' we'll drink to-night To the Mid-ship-

rall. *f colla voce.*

Last time.

mite, Sing-ing cheer-i-ly, lads, yo ho!

f *ff*



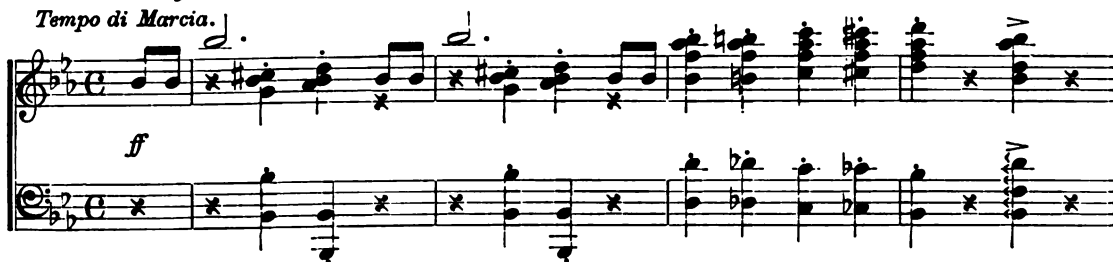
SCORE.

(MARCH SONG.)

Words by J. S. Reed, '10.

Music by J. W. Adams, '10.

Tempo di Marcia.



Copyright, 1909, by ALBERT M. KARRICH. Used by special permission.

SCORE.

Come twist the bull - dog's tail, We'll win



once more, For Har - vard back at New



Hav - - - en, Hark to their mourn - ful wail.....



.... It might be worse, boys, call up a hearse For poor



old Yale. 1 Yale. 2 Yale.....



BLOW, YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO!

Arranged by James Kendrick.

mf Solo

1. A cap-i-tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the Wal-lop-ing Win - dow Blind! No
 2. The bo'-swain's mate was ver-y se - date, Yet fond of a - muse - ment too; He
 3. The cap - tain sat on the Com-mo-dore's hat, And dined in a roy - al way, Off

mf

wind that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or trou-bled the Cap - tain's mind; The
 played hop-scotch with the star - board watch, While the cap - tain, he tick-led the crew! And the
 toast - ed pigs and pic-kles and figs And gun-ner - y bread each day. And the

man at the wheel was made to feel Con - tempt for the wild - est blow - ow - ow, Tho' it
 gun-ner we had was ap - parent - ly mad, For he sat on the af - ter - ral - ai - all, And
 cook was Dutch, and be - haved as such, For the di - et he gave the crew - ew - ew, Was a

oft - ten ap - peared, when the gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
 fired sa - lutes with the cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom - ing gale!
 num-ber of tons of hot cross - buns Served up with sug - ar and glue.

Copyright, 1902, by MINDS & NOBLE.

BLOW, YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO!

CHORUS.

TENORS.

(Mel. in 2d Tenor.)

Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho!

A - ro - ing I will go!

I'll stay no more on

BASSES.

rit.

a tempo.

Eng-land's shore, So let the mu - sic play - ay - ay! I'm off for the morn-ing train: I'll

rit.

a tempo.

cross the rag - ing main! I'm off to my love with a box - ing glove, Ten thousand miles a - way!

4 All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubby Ubdugs roar.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon hats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.
Then blow, etc.

5 On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care
So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ee;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.
Then blow, etc.

SOLOMON LEVI.

1. My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, at my store in Cha - tham street,..... There's
2. But when a bum - mer comes in - side my store in Cha - tham street,..... And

The first system of the musical score for 'Solomon Levi'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: '1. My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, at my store in Cha - tham street,..... There's' and '2. But when a bum - mer comes in - side my store in Cha - tham street,..... And'.

where you'll find your coats and vests, and ev - 'ry - thing else that's neat;..... I've
tries to hang me up for coat and vest and pants com - plete,..... I

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'where you'll find your coats and vests, and ev - 'ry - thing else that's neat;..... I've' and 'tries to hang me up for coat and vest and pants com - plete,..... I'.

sec - ond hand - ed Ul - ster - ettes, And ev - 'ry thing that's fine,..... For
kicks that bum - mer out of my store, And on him sets my pup,..... For I

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'sec - ond hand - ed Ul - ster - ettes, And ev - 'ry thing that's fine,..... For' and 'kicks that bum - mer out of my store, And on him sets my pup,..... For I'.

all the boys they trade with me at one hun - dred and for - ty nine.
won't sell clothes to an - y man that tries to hang me up.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics: 'all the boys they trade with me at one hun - dred and for - ty nine.' and 'won't sell clothes to an - y man that tries to hang me up.'

Copyright, 1904, by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge

SOLOMON LEVI.

CHORUS.



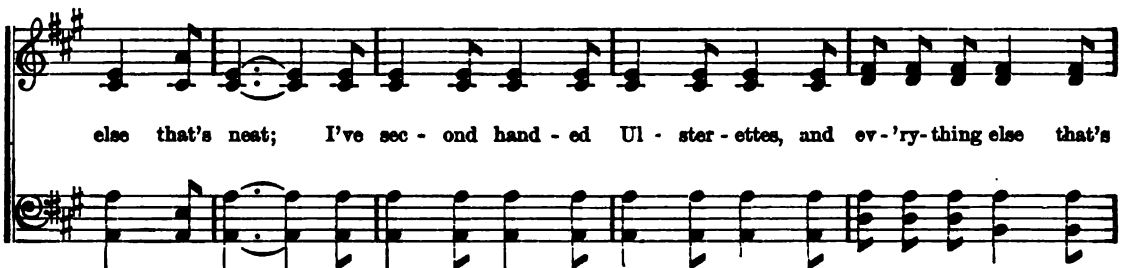
Oh, Mis - ter Le - vi, Le - vi, tra, la, la, la;..... Poor Shee - ny Le - vi,



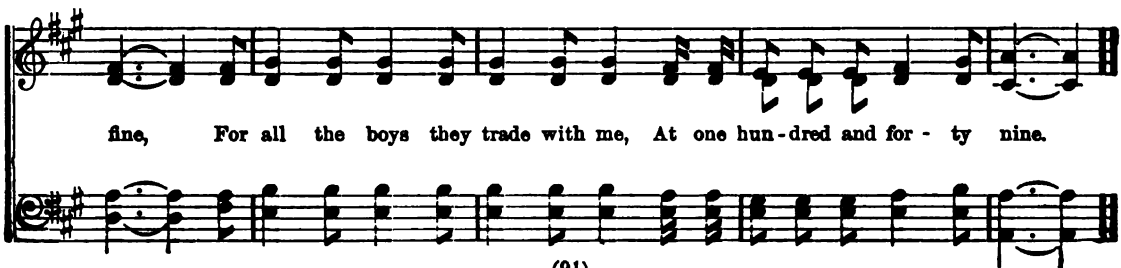
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, At my



store in Cha - tham street, There's where you'll find your coats and vests, and ev - 'ry thing



else that's neat; I've sec - ond hand - ed Ul - ster - ettes, and ev - 'ry-thing else that's



fine, For all the boys they trade with me, At one hun - dred and for - ty nine.



THE GRIDIRON KING.

(MARCH SONG.)

Words and Music by
Richmond K. Fletcher, '08.

Arranged by
Albert M. Kanrich.

ff mf

Bass Drum and Cymbals.

mf mf

ff

Copyright, 1906, by R. K. FLETCHER. Used by special permission.

THE GRIDIRON KING.



Then hit the line.... for Har - vard,.... For



Harvard wins..... to - day!..... We will show the sons.... of

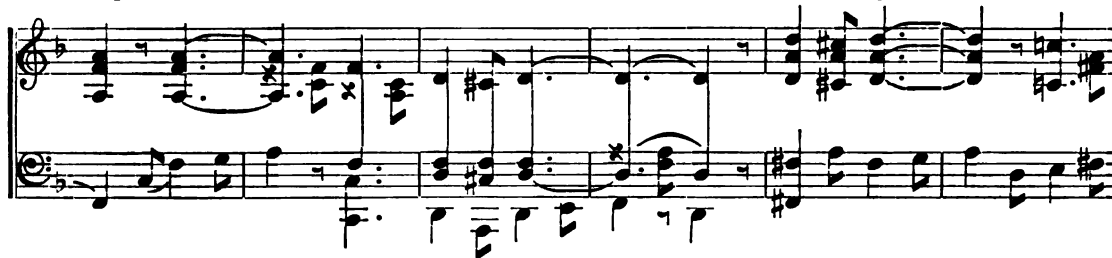


E - li..... That the crim - son still holds sway.....



THE GRIDIRON KING.

Sweep down..... the field a-gain..... Vic-to-ry..... or



die!..... And we'll give the grand.... old cheer, boys,.... When the



Har - vard team goes by.....



Hit the line..... for



THE GRIDIRON KING.

Har - vard,..... For Harvard wins.... to - day!..... We will

show the sons.... of E - li..... That the crim - son still holds

sweep..... Sweep down..... the field a-gain.....

Vic - to - ry..... or die!..... And we'll give the grand.... old

cheer, boys..... When the Har - vard team goes by.....

THE BULL-DOG.

Moderato.
SOLO. 1ST TENOR.

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank! Oh! the

Solo. 2D Bass.

And the bull-frog in the pool;

CHORUS. *Piu Allegro.*

bull-dog on the bank: Oh! the bull-dog on the

ritard. attacca il cho.

And the bull-frog in the pool;

bank, And the bull-frog in the pool. The bull-dog call'd the bull-frog A green old wa-ter fool.

bank, And the bull-frog in the pool. The bull-dog call'd the bull-frog A green old wa-ter fool.

CHOR

Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . . Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . . Singing

Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . . Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . . Singing

Repeat pp.

tra, la, la, Sing-ing tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la.

tra, la, la, Sing-ing tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la.

tra, la, la.

- 2 Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw;
The pollywog died a laughing
To see him wag his jaw.—CHO.
- 3 Says the monkey to the owl,
"Oh, what'll you have to drink?"

- "Since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."—CHO.
- 4 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank;
Little Moses in the pool;
She fished him out with a ten-foot pole
And sent him off to school.—CHO.

THE DUTCH COMPANY.

TENORS.

1. Oh, when you hear the roll of the big bass drum, Then you may know that the
2. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war, When Deitch meets Deitch, then comes the
BASSES.

Deitch have come; For the Deitch com - pa - ny is the best com - pa - ny That
lag - er beer; For the, etc.

ev - er came o - ver from old Ger - ma - ny. Ho - ra, ho - ra,

ho - ra la la la la, Ho - ra, ho - ra, ho - ra la la la la

Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, He is mine oys - ter raw

THE MAN WHO HAS PLENTY OF GOOD PEANUTS.

Arranged.

1ST TENOR.
MELODY IN 2D TENOR.

2D TENOR.

1ST BASS.

2D BASS.

1. The man who has plen - ty of good pea - nuts, And giv - eth his neigh - bor

none, He shan't have a - ny of my pea - nuts when his pea - nuts are gone; When

his pea - nuts are gone, . . . When his pea - nuts are gone; . . . He

rall. *ff*

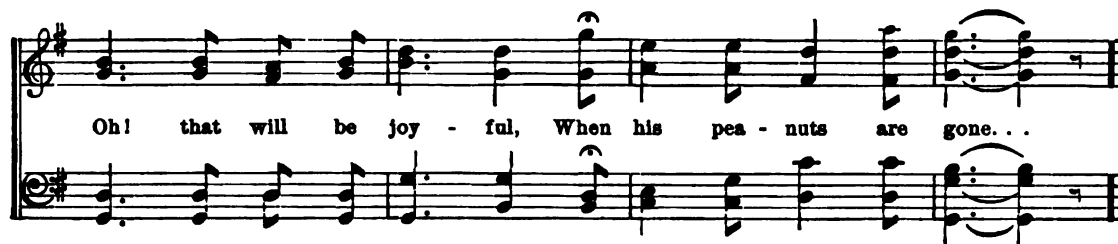
shan't have a - ny of my pea - nuts, When his pea - nuts are gone. .

CHORUS.
Presto.

Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful,

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

THE MAN WHO HAS PLENTY OF GOOD PEANUTS.



The man who has plenty of nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake,
When his nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake is gone.

The man who has plenty of St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains,
When his St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains is gone.

The man who has plenty of Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations,
When his Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations are gone.

The man who has plenty of John Wanamaker's enduring, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my John Wanamaker's enduring, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats,
When his John Wanamaker's enduring, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats are gone.

The man who has plenty of soft, sweet soda-crackers,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my soft, sweet soda-crackers,
When his soft, sweet soda-crackers are gone.

The man who has plenty of de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money,
When his de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money is gone.

MORAL.

The man who has plenty of good peanuts,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry shortcake,
When his St. Jacob's Oil for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains is gone;
When his Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations are gone;
When his John Wanamaker's enduring, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em patent restorable, operatic plug hats are gone.
He shan't have any of my soft, sweet, soda crackers,
When his de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money is gone.

CHORUS.

Oh! won't that be joyful, joyful, joyful, Oh! won't that be joyful,
When all of his good things are gone



VICTORY.

Words by Helen E. Williams.

Music by R. G. Williams, '11.

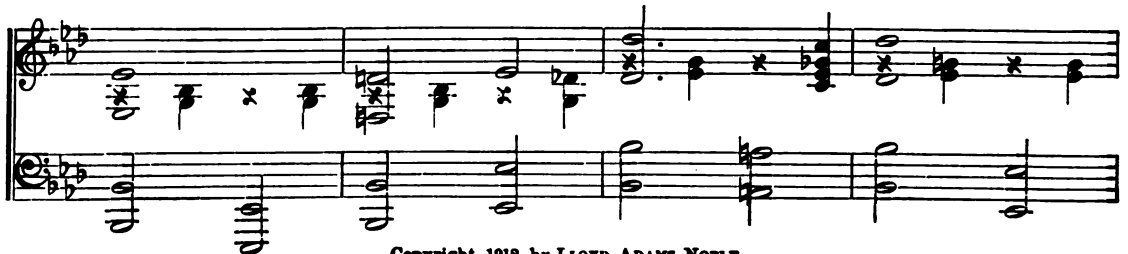
Roll up the Crim - son score,



Har - vard's ban - ners wav - - ing,



We'll win for ev - - er more.



Copyright, 1912, by LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE.

(100)

VICTORY.

Sing a rous - ing Crim - son song,

Near - - ing the goal a - gain,

Once more plunge to glo - - - ry,

Up! wave your flags and cheer, For

one more vic - - to - ry.


A PARODY SONG.

Words by L. E. Baldwin.

Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.



Moderato.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.





1. An at - om is a lit - tle thing, As small as small can
2. I al - ways heard that fleas were black, But I don't think it's
3. A lit - tle fly, one sum - mer's day, Was tired and hun - gry



TENOR AND BASS.




be; 'Tis small - er than a nee - dle's point; 'Tis small - er than a
so; For Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb Whose fleas were white as
too; He sat down on some fly pa - per, And said, "I'm stuck on



flea. I nev - er saw one in my life, But when I went to
snow. This lit - tle lamb that Ma - ry had, It fol - lowed her each
you." My mother-in - law is dead and gone, A - las! to ne'er re -



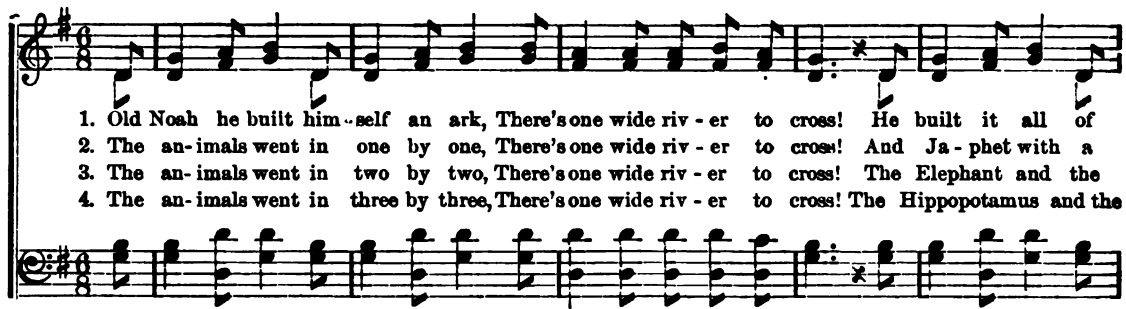
school, They told me 'twould take two of them To make a mol - e - cule.
day, Till Ma - ry put the bloom - ers on, And then it ran a - way.
turn! She's up there with the an - gels now, She was too tough to burn.



Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

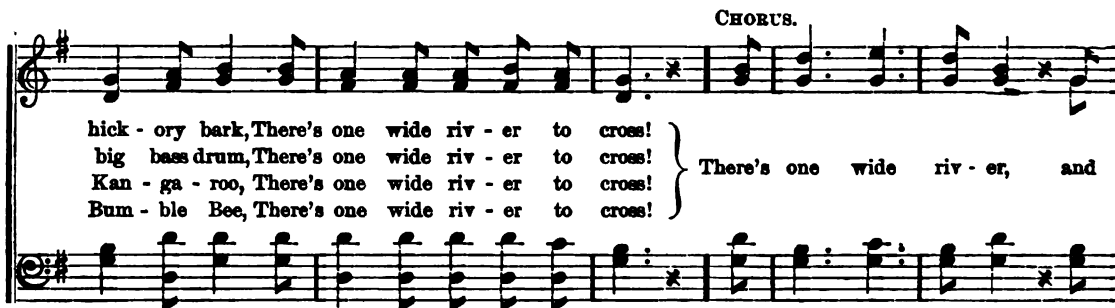
(102)

NOAH'S ARK.



1. Old Noah he built him-self an ark, There's one wide riv - er to cross! He built it all of
 2. The an - imals went in one by one, There's one wide riv - er to cross! And Ja - phet with a
 3. The an - imals went in two by two, There's one wide riv - er to cross! The Elephant and the
 4. The an - imals went in three by three, There's one wide riv - er to cross! The Hippopotamus and the

CHORUS.



hick - ory bark, There's one wide riv - er to cross!
 big bass drum, There's one wide riv - er to cross!
 Kan - ga - roo, There's one wide riv - er to cross!
 Bum - ble Bee, There's one wide riv - er to cross! } There's one wide riv - er, and



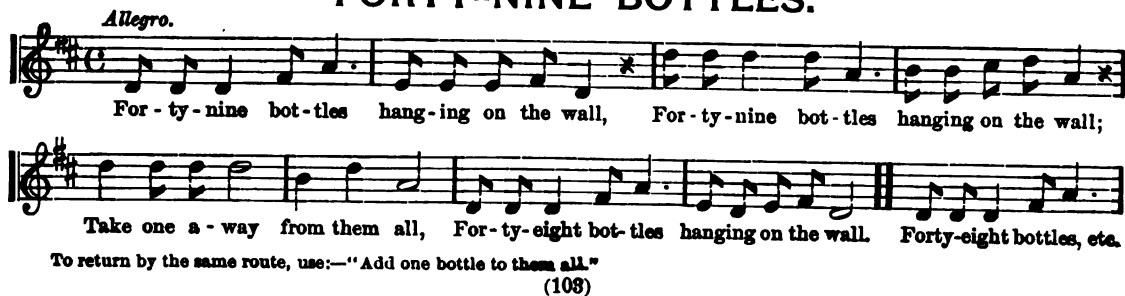
that wide riv - er is Jor - dan, There's one wide riv - er, There's one wide riv - er to cross.

- 5 The animals went in fives by fives,
 Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and their wives,
 6 And when he found he had no sail,
 He just ran up his old coat tail,
 7 And as they talked on this and that,
 The ark it bumped on Arrarat.

- 8 Oh, Mrs. Noah, she got drunk,
 And kicked the old gentleman out of his bunk.
 9 Oh, Noah, he went on a spree,
 And banished Ham to Afrikee,
 10 Perhaps you think there's another verse,
 But there ain't!

FORTY-NINE BOTTLES.


Allegro.



For - ty - nine bot - tles hang - ing on the wall, For - ty - nine bot - tles hanging on the wall;
 Take one a - way from them all, For - ty - eight bot - tles hanging on the wall. Forty-eight bottles, etc.
 To return by the same route, use:—"Add one bottle to them all."
 (108)

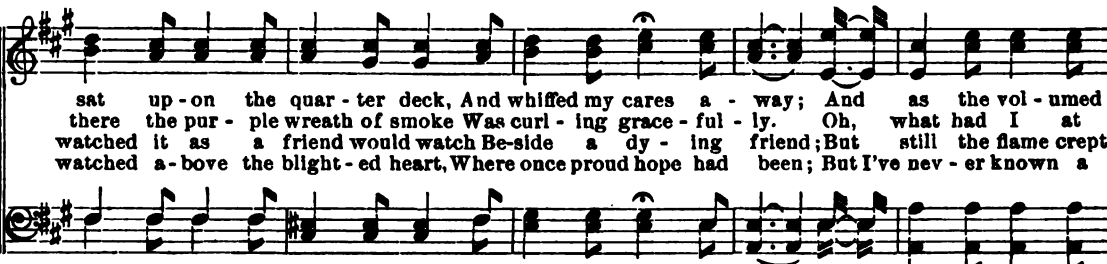
MY LAST CIGAR.

QUARTET.
TENORS.

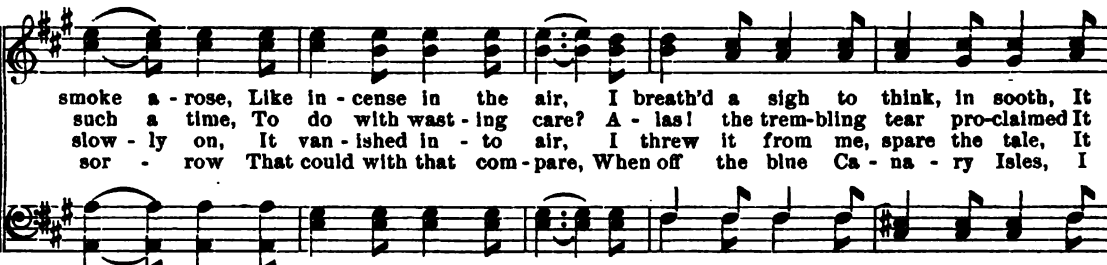


1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, A glo - rious sum - mer day, . I
2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter rail, And looked down in the sea, . E'en
3. I watched the ash - es as it came Fast draw - ing to the end; . I
4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis - tance dim, . I've

BASSES.




sat up - on the quar - ter deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And as the vol - umed
there the pur - ple wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly. Oh, what had I at
watched it as a friend would watch Be - side a dy - ing friend; But still the flame crept
watched a - bove the blight - ed heart, Where once proud hope had been; But I've nev - er known a

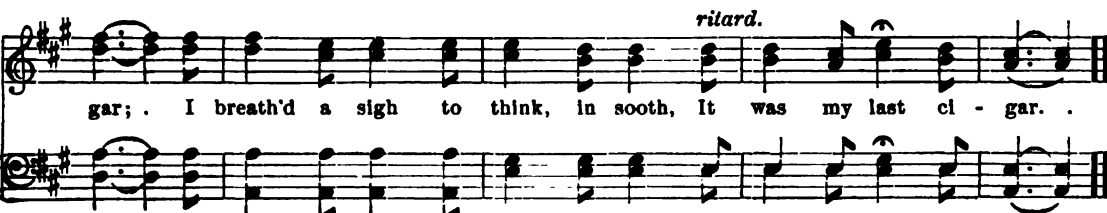


smoke a - rose, Like in - cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It
such a time, To do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem - bling tear pro - claimed It
slow - ly on, It van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me, spare the tale, It
sor - row That could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, I

CHORUS.



was my last ci - gar. It was my last ci - gar, . It was my last ci -
was my last ci - gar.
was my last ci - gar.
smoked my last ci - gar.



gar; . I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar. .

By permission.

(104)

VIVE L'AMOUR.

Allegro molto. *f* CHORUS.

1. Let ev - 'ry good fel - low now fill up his glass, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,
 2. Let ev - er - y mar - ried man drink to his wife, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,
 3. Come fill up your glass - es, I'll give you a toast, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,
 4. Since all with good hu - mor I've toast - ed so free, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,

CHORUS.

And drink to the health of our glo - ri - ous class, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.
 The joy of his bo - som and plague of his life, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.
 Here's a health to our friend, our kind, wor - thy host, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.
 I hope it will please you to drink now with me, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.

ff

Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'a - mour, Vi - ve la, vi - ve la,

Vi - ve l'amour, vi - ve l'amour, vi - ve l'amour, vi - ve la com - pag - nie!

ECCE QUAM BONUM.

TENORS. *f* *cres.* *rit.* *ff*

Ec - ce quam bo - num, quam - que ju - cun - dum ha - bi - ta - re fra - tres in u - num.

BASSES. *f* *cres.* *rit.* *ff*



HARVARD'S VICTORY.

(MARCH SONG.)

Words by Lancelot P. Soule, '06.

Music by Parker H. Daggett, '07.

Spirited.

f *mf*

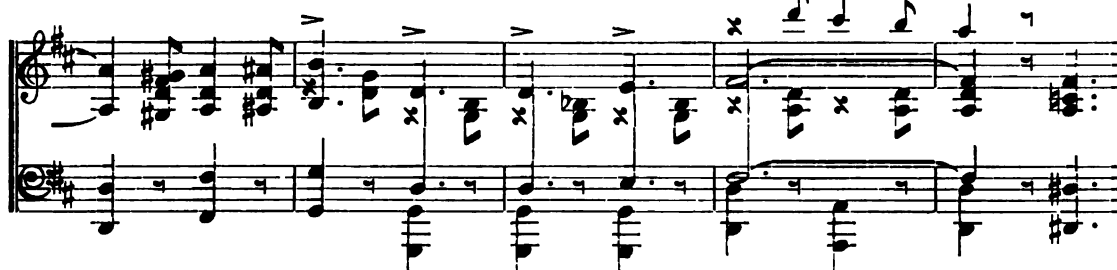
Copyright, 1906, by DAGGETT & KANRICH. Used by special permission.

HARVARD'S VICTORY.

Fight - ing, fight-ing for old Har - vard, ..



.... For the glo - ry of her name,.....



Plung - ing, plunging t'ward the goal line, Har - vard's sons must



win the game. Rah! Rah! Rah! Cheer them, cheer them on to



vic - t'ry,..... While ev-'ry loy - al heart beats high,.....



HARVARD'S VICTORY.

Har - vard to you we'll e'er be true, And for You we'll

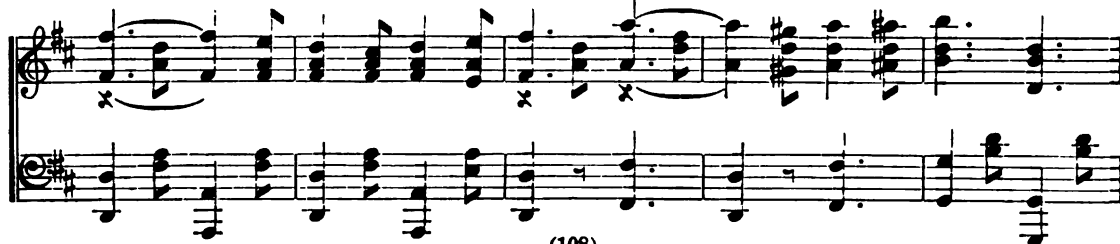


Do or die.



CHORUS.

Fight - ing, fight-ing for old Har - vard,..... For the glo - ry



HARVARD'S VICTORY.

of her name. Plung - ing, plung-ing t'ward the

goal line, Har - vard's sons must win the game. Rah!

Rah! Rah! Cheer them, cheer them on to vic - t'ry,..... While ev - 'ry

loy - al heart beats high, Har - vard to you we'll

e'er be true, And for You we'll Do or die.

THE POPE.

Allegro.
TENORS.

1. The Pope he leads a jol - ly life, jol - ly life; He's
BASSES.

He drinks the best of
free from ev - 'ry care and strife, care and strife, He drinks the best of Rhen - ish
He drinks the best of
best of Rhen - ish
Rhen - ish wine—
wine— . . . I would the Pope's gay life were mine; He drinks the
Rhen - ish wine—
wine— . . .
He drinks the best of Rhen - ish wine—
best of Rhen - ish wine— . . . I would the Pope's gay life were mine.
He drinks the best of Rhen - ish wine—
best of Rhen - ish wine— . . .

2 But he don't lead a jolly life;
He has no maid or blooming wife,
He has no son to raise his hope—
Oh! I would not be the Pope.

3 The Sultan better pleases me;
His life is full of jollity,
His wives are many as he will—
I fain the Sultan's throne would fill.

4 But still he is a wretched man;
He must obey the Alkoran,
He dare not drink one drop of wine—
I would not change his lot for mine.

5 So, when my sweetheart kisses me,
I'll think that I'd the Sultan be;
And when my Rhenish wine I tope,
Oh, then I'll think that I'm the Pope.

By permission.
(110)

H₂ S O₄.

Mary Eno Russell

Moderato. mf

1. *Directions.* You take a few piec - es of zinc, And put in your gen - er - a - tor, Add
 2. *Observations.* The ac - tion was not ver - y brisk, When I put in H₂ S O₄, So I
 3. *Conclusions.* As I wiped up the ac - id and zinc, And swept up the glass from the floor, I con -

CHORUS.

wa - ter, then plug in the cork, And pour in H₂ S O₄. And
 tried ni - tric ac - id, to see If the thing would-n't bub - ble up more. If the
 clud - ed I'd stick to di - rections, And try my own meth - ods no more. And

f

pour in H₂ S O₄, And pour in H₂ S O₄; Add
 thing would-n't bub - ble up more, If the thing would-n't bub - ble up more; So I
 try my own meth - ods no more, And try my own meth - ods no more; I con -

wa - ter, then plug in the cork, And pour in H₂ S O₄.
 tried ni - tric ac - id, to see If the thing would-n't bub - ble up more
 clud - ed I'd stick to di - rections, And try my own meth - ods no more.

By permission.

THREE BLIND MICE.

ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.

1 **2**

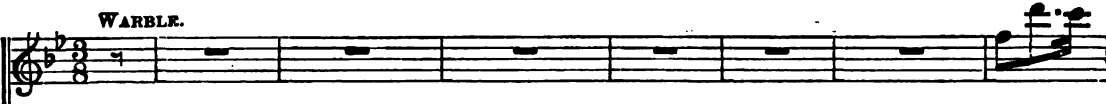
Three blind mice, See how they run! They all ran aft - er the farm - er's wife; She

3 **4**

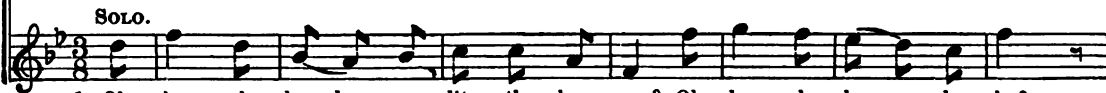
cut them in two with a carving knife; Did ever you hear such a tale in your life About three blind mice.

WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE?


WARBLE.



SOLO.



1. Oh, where, oh, where has my lit - tle dog gone? Oh, where, oh, where can he be?
 2. My little dog al - ways wag - gles his tail, When - ever he wants his grog;



With his tail cut short and his ears cut long, Oh, where, oh, where can he be? . .
 And if the tail were more strong than he, Why the tail would wag - gle the dog. . .



CHORUS.
TENORS.



... (Legato with syllables like those used by the warbler.)

BASSES.






WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE?



THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

CHANT.

TENORS.

1, 2, 3. Once upon a time there were three little kittens who lay in a basket of saw - aw - dust;

BASSES.

The musical notation for the Tenors' and Basses' parts is shown on two staves. The Tenors' part is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The Basses' part is on a bass clef staff with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

After last stanza.

Said the { first
second } little kitten un-to the { other two
third } little cats { If you don't get
out of this, then } I . must! *That's all.*

The musical notation for the final part of the song is shown on two staves. The Tenors' part is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The Basses' part is on a bass clef staff with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

CROW SONG.

SOLO. **CHORUS.**

1. There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!
2. Said one old crow un - to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!

Bil - ly Ma - gee!

SOLO. **CHORUS.**

There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!
Said one old crow un - to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!

Bil - ly Ma - gee!

There were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be,
Said one old crow un - to his mate, "Vhat shall we do for grub to ate?"

And they all flapped their wings and cried— Caw, Caw, Caw, Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!

And they all flapped their wings and cried Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!

3 "There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who's by some cruel butcher slain,"
And they all flapped their wings, etc.

*Omit the last measure in this verse.

*4 "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
And pick his eyes out one by one."
And they all flapped their wings, etc.



CRIMSON TRIUMPH.

Words by Paul Lord, '14.

Music by Ralph L. Blaikie, '14.

f

1. We..... are sons of dear old
2. When.... the team is on the

f

Har - - vard, we're here.... to sing a song to thee.....
field, boys, we'll cheer... them each and ev - 'ry one.....

Copyright, 1913, by RALPH L. BLAIKIE. Used by permission.
(115)

CRIMSON TRIUMPH.

To..... her and to her teams we'll
 Watch the backs go tear - ing through, smash

The first system of musical notation features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, with 'x' marks indicating specific notes or chords.

show our loy - al - ty, So boys.... we'll drink a toast to
 ing the line of Blue, For they.... are fight - ing for the

The second system continues the musical notation with the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics continue across the measures, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support through chords and moving lines.

Har - - vard, her men, and mem-o - ries so sweet;.....
 Crim - - son, and theirs the vic - to - ry to - day!.....

The third system of musical notation shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are split across two lines of text. The piano accompaniment includes some longer note values and rests, with 'x' marks indicating specific notes.

We'll sing a song to her when - e'er
 Watch, see them swell to the score as Yale

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the page. It features the same vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a double bar line. There are 'x' marks throughout the piano part.

CRIMSON TRIUMPH.

1

ff

we meet..... One, two, three, give a

ff

col 8.....

cheer,..... Make it loud, make it clear..... H - A -

R - V - A - R - D, H - A - R - V - A - R - D, H - A - R - V - A - R -

2

D, For ev - er - more, for Har - vard. gives way.....

col 8.....

LEVEE SONG.

Arranged.

SOPRANO AND ALTO. QUARTET.

TENOR AND BASS. I'm wuk-kin'on de le-vee;

SOLO. SOLO.

1. I once did know a girl named Grace— She done brung me to dis

QUARTET. CHORUS.

O' wuk-kin'on de le-vee. I been wuk-kin' on de rail - road

sad dis-grace

All de live-long day; I been wuk-kin'on de rail - road Ter pass de time a - way.

Doan' yuh hyah de whis - tle blow - in? Rise up so uh - ly in de mawn.

FINE.

Doan' yuh hyah de cap - 'n shout - in', "Di - nah, blow yo' hawn?"

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

LEVEE SONG.

SOLO.



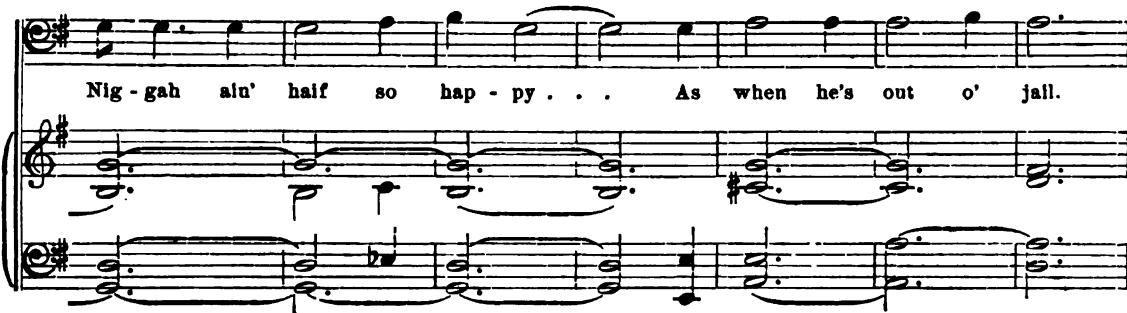
2. Sing a song o' the cit - y; . . . Roll dat cot - ton bale; . .

SOPRANO AND ALTO.



p HUMMING CHORUS.

TENOR AND BASS.



D. S. Chorus.

TWO LITTLE FLIES.

Music by W. B. Olds.

TENORS.

Two lit - tle flies, Two lit - tle flies,

BASSES.

Two lit - tle flies, Two lit - tle flies; Two lit - tle flies,

Two lit - tle flies, in a mo - - las - ses cup,

There were two lit - tle flies in a mo - las - ses cup, a mo - las - ses cup,

in a mo - - las - ses cup, There were

They were so stuck up.

in a mo - las - ses cup, But they could not speak, they were so stuck up.

two lit - tle flies, By permission.

I'VE LOST MY DOGGY.

Con dolore.

I've lost my dog-gy, Who's seen my bow-wow? Poor little doggy! Bow-wow-wow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow!



UP THE STREET.

Words by W. L. W. Field. '98.

Music by R. G. Morse.

March time.

TENORS. There is a

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Look where the crim-son ban-ners fly, Hark to the sound of tramp-ling feet,

BASSES.

mf Pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

host ap-proach-ing nigh, Har-vard is march-ing up the street, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, On-ward to

pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

Hear the re-

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

vic-to-ry a-gain, March-ing with drum-beat and with song, la, la,

pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom.

Words and Melody used by permission of GEO. W. SETCHELL, owner of the copyright
Copyright, 1904, by HINDS and NOBLE

UP THE STREET.

frain as it thun-ders a - long, a - - long, I

la, la, la, la, la, A - - long, as it thun-ders a - long, Look where the

pom, pom, pom, A - - long, a - - long,

2 long, Be - hold they come in view, Who

long, la, la, la, la, la, they come, they come in view, la, la, Who

long, Pom, they come in view, Who

wear the crim-son hue,

wear the crim-son hue, who wear the crim-son hue, Whose arms are strong, whose hearts are

wear the crim - son hue,

1 2 *Lightly.*

true! Ev - er to Har - vard, Ev - er to Har - vard Be - vard. la, la, la,

f And Har - vard's

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

glo - ry shall be our alm, And through the a - ges the

UP THE STREET.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

sound shall roll, When all . . . to - geth - er we cheer her name, When we

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, and soul, la, la, la, la.

cheer her with heart and soul, with heart and soul. And soul.

INSTITUTE SONG.

IN UNISON. *Marching time.*

IN UNISON. *Marching time.*

1. Now we'll cel - e - brate the prais - es of . the fa - mous In - sti -
2. O fa - mous are the din - ners of . the glo - rious In - sti -

tute; What so - cl - e - ty can ven - ture her . . po -
tute, And . . the el - o - quence of her de - bates no

si - tion to dis - pute? She's the old - est of them all, and of . . the
mor - tal can re - fute; Then . drink her down with three times three, let



 wid - est-spread re - pute, So 'rah, 'rah, 'rah for the In - sti - tute, In - sti - tute!
 no - bod - y be mute, So 'rah, 'rah, 'rah for the In - sti - tute, In - sti - tute!

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Melody by S. C. Foster.

Arranged by George Rosey.

p

1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee Riv-er, Far, far a-way, There's where my heart is
2. One lit-tle hut a-mong the bush-es, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my

turn-ing ev-er, There's where the old folks stay; All up and down the whole cre-a-tion,
mem-ry rush-es, No matter where I rove, When shall I see the bees a-lum-ming

Sad-ly I roam, Still longing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
All round the comb? When shall I hear the ban-jo thrum-ming, Down in my good old home?

CHORUS.

All the world am dark and drear-y, Ev-'ry-where I roam,.....

Copyright 1903, by HINDS, NOBLE & ELDRIDGE.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

rall.

0 dark - les, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from the old folks at home.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

Poco adagio.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren dear, that I

oot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know, I
friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go, I
held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I

CHORUS.

hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe!" I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my

head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

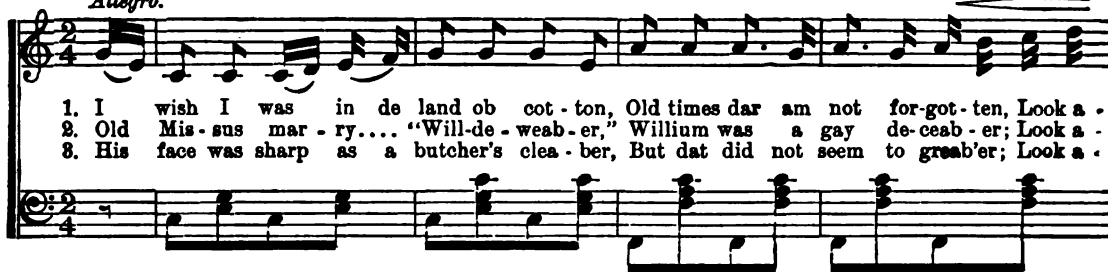
Published by permission of Wm. A. Foss & Co., Owners of the Copyright.

DIXIE'S LAND.

Dan Emmet.

Arranged by George Rossey.

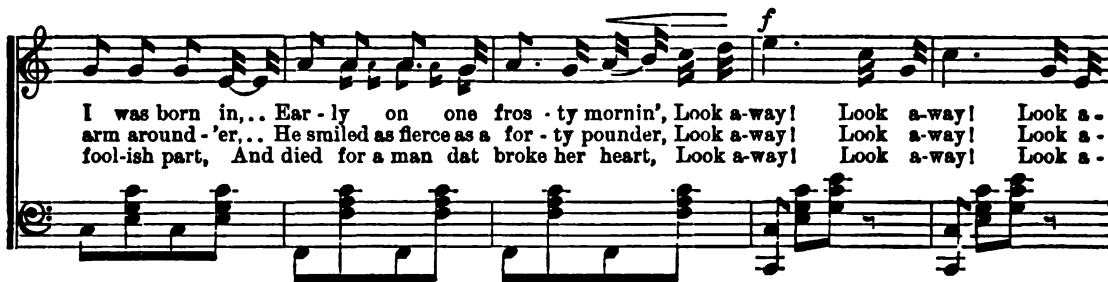
Allegro.



1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten, Look a -
 2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry.... "Will-de-weab-er," Willium was a gay de-ceab-er; Look a -
 3. His face was sharp as a butcher's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er; Look a -

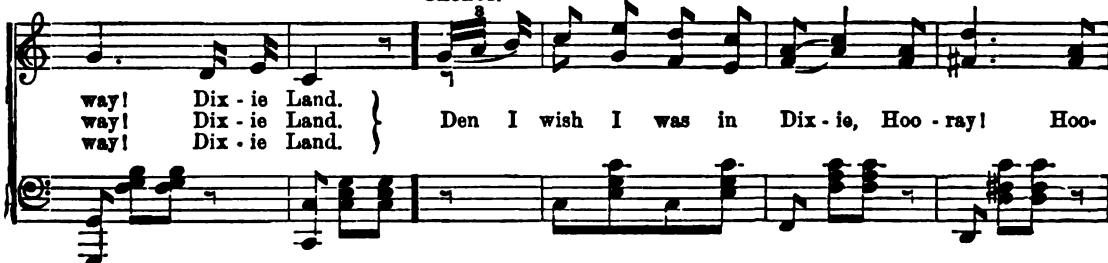


f way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In... Dix-ie Land whar
 way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But.. when he put his
 way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. O'd.. Mis-sus act-ed the

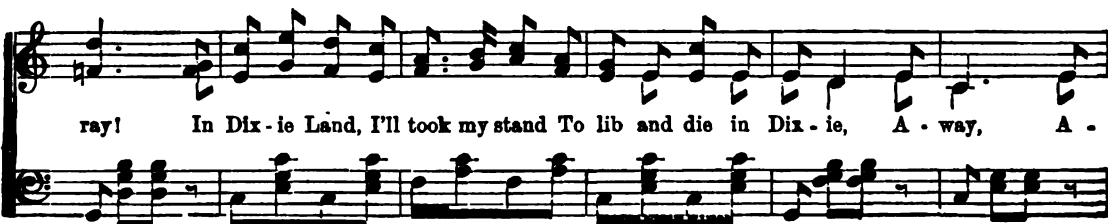


f I was born in... Ear-ly on one fros-ty mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a -
 arm around -'er... He smiled as fierce as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a -
 fool-ish part, And died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a -

CHORUS.



way! Dix-ie Land. } Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-
 way! Dix-ie Land. }
 way! Dix-ie Land. }



ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll took my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie, A-way, A -

Copyright, 1903, by HINDS, NOBLE & ELDRIDGE.

(126)

DIXIE'S LAND.

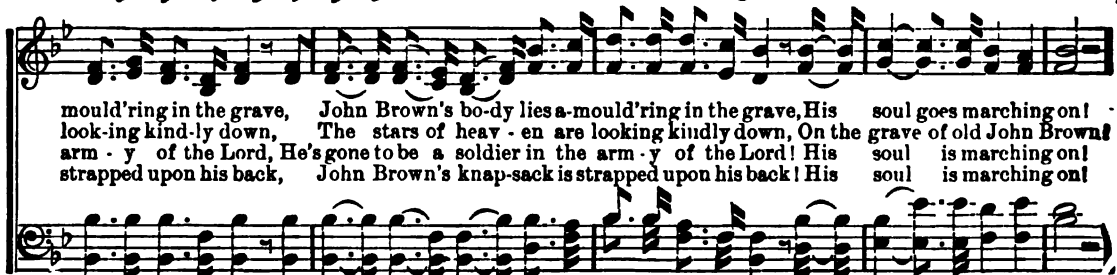
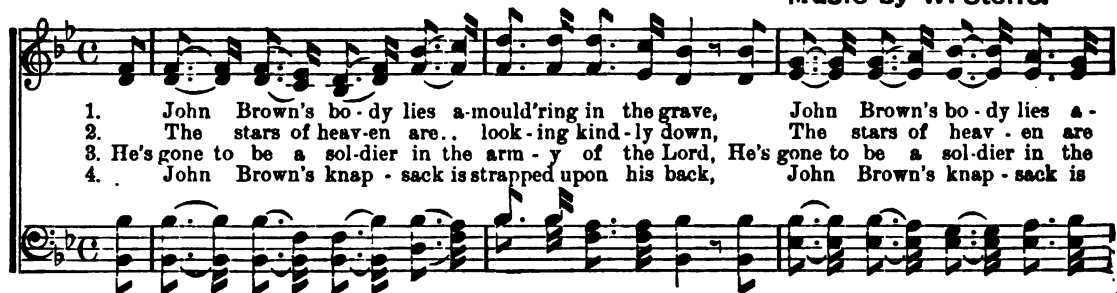


4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! etc.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! etc.

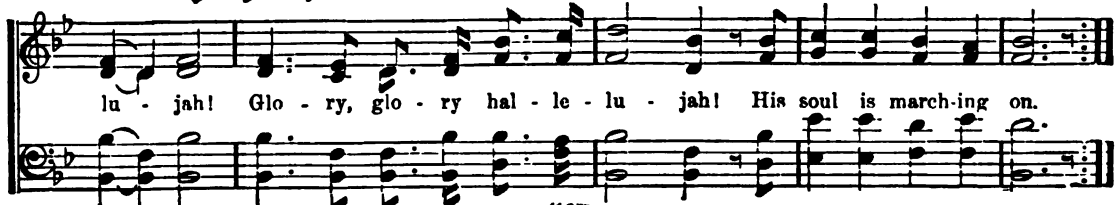
5 Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! etc.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to 'trabble,
Look away! etc.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

Music by W. Steffe.



CHORUS.





SOLDIER'S FIELD.

(TWO-STEP.)

Words by W. W. Gallagher, '04
and Henry Davenport, '04.

Music by Richmond K. Fletcher, '08.

Allegretto.



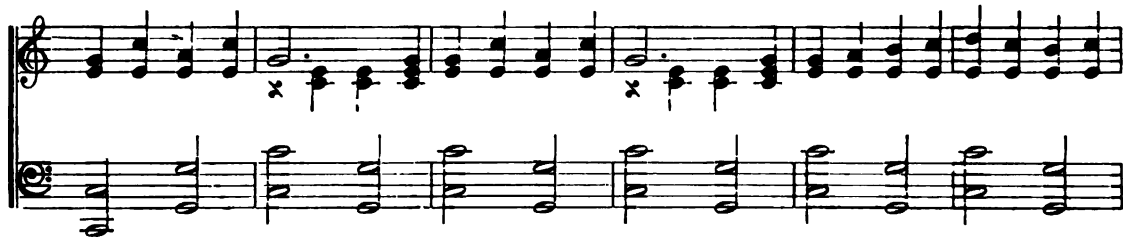
March Tempo.



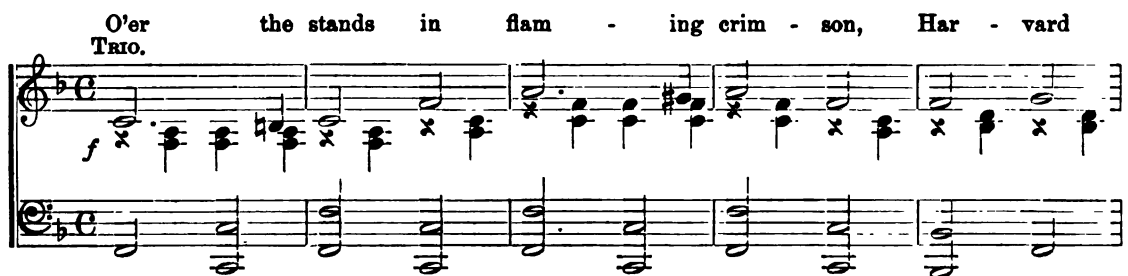
Copyright, 1905, by CHAS. W. HOMER & COMPANY. Used by special permission:

(128)

SOLDIER'S FIELD.



SOLDIER'S FIELD.



SOLDIER'S FIELD.

ban - ners fly,..... Cheer on cheer like



vol - lied thun - der Ech - oes to the sky.....



See the crim - son tide is turn - ing, Gain - ing more and



more!..... Then fight! fight! fight! For we win to-night! Old



Har - vard for ev - er -)¹ more. ² more.

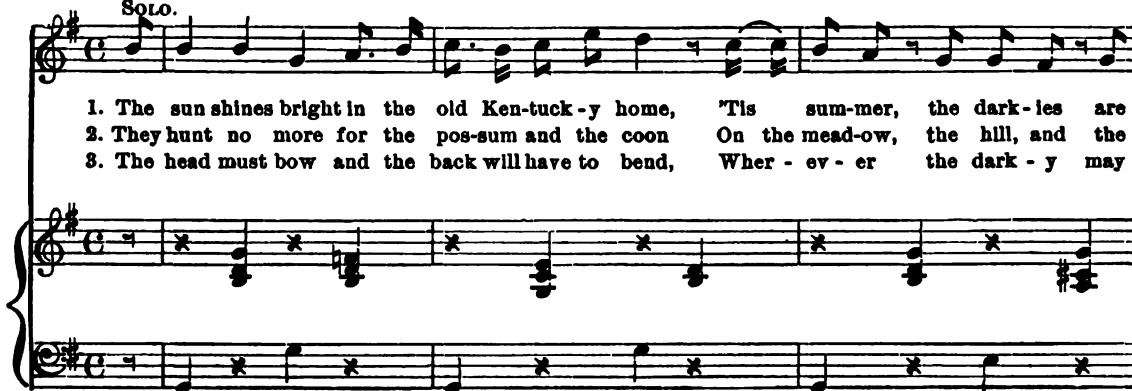


MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.

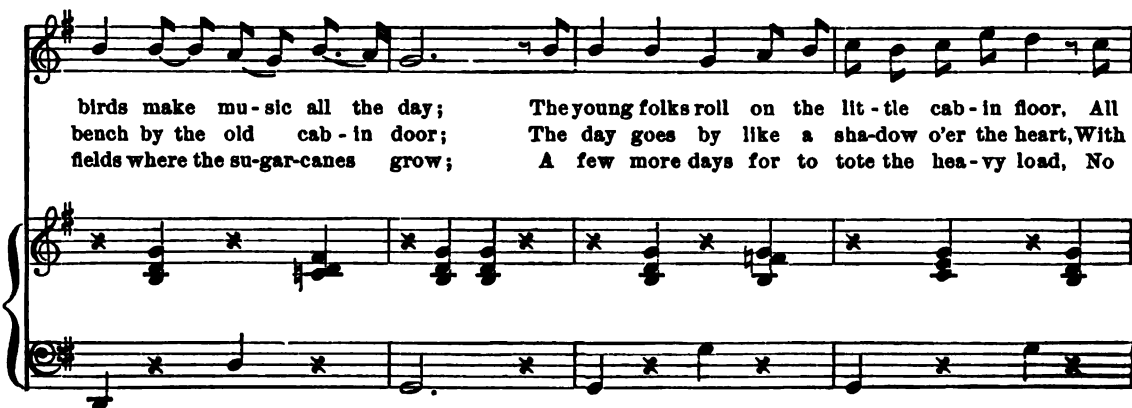
SOLO.



1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-les are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mead-ow, the hill, and the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark - y may



gay; The corn - tops ripe and the mead - ows in the bloom, While the
 shore; They sing no more by the glim - mer of the moon, On the
 go; A few more days and the trou - ble all will end, In the



birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All
 bench by the old cab-in door; The day goes by like a sha-dow o'er the heart, With
 fields where the su-gar-canes grow; A few more days for to tote the hea-vy load, No

Used by permission of W. A. FORD & Co.

(182)

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

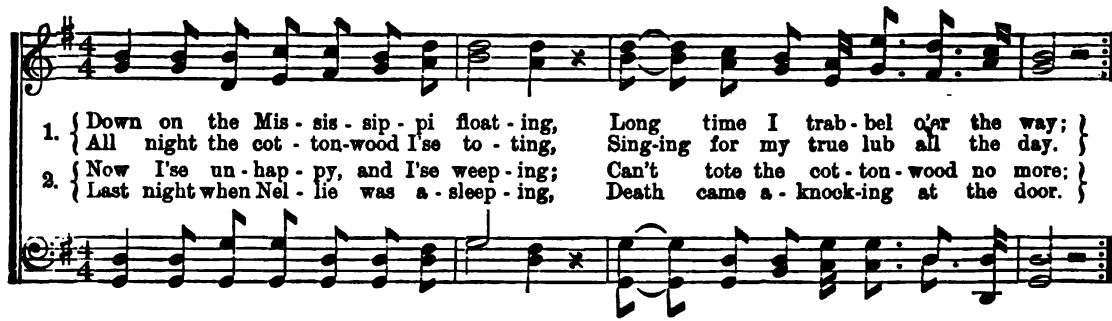
mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door, Then my
 sor-row where all was de-light, The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my
 mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A few more days will we tot-ter on the road, Then my

CHORUS.

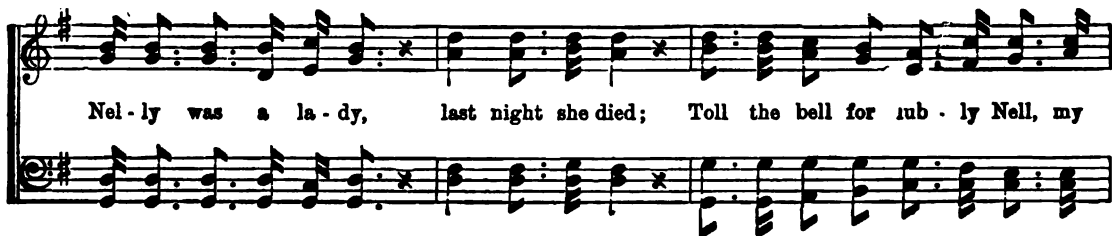
old Kentuck-y home, good-night. Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day; We will

sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a-way.

NELLY WAS A LADY.



1. { Down on the Mis - sis - sip - pi float - ing, Long time I trab - bel o'er the way; }
 { All night the cot - ton - wood I'se to - ting, Sing - ing for my true lub all the day. }
 2. { Now I'se un - hap - py, and I'se weep - ing; Can't tote the cot - ton - wood no more; }
 { Last night when Nel - lie was a - sleep - ing, Death came a - knock - ing at the door. }



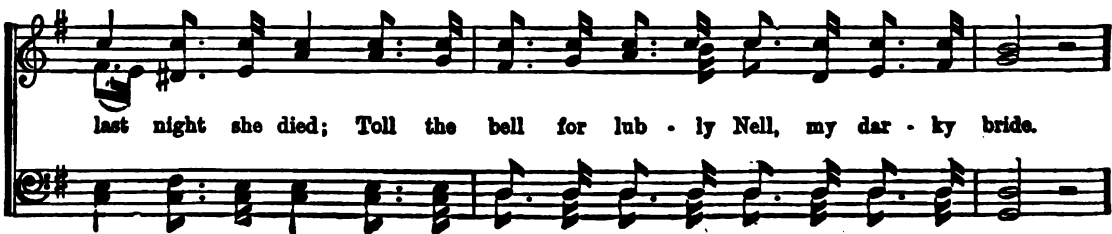
Nel - ly was a la - dy, last night she died; Toll the bell for lub - ly Nell, my



dark Vir - gin - ia bride. Oh, Nel - ly was a la - dy, last night she died; Toll the



bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark - y bride. Oh, Nel - ly was a la - dy,
 my dark - y bride.



last night she died; Toll the bell for lub - ly Nell, my dar - ky bride.

NELLY WAS A LADY.

After last verse.

Musical score for 'NELLY WAS A LADY.' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: 'Nel - ly was a la - dy, she was; last night she died, she did;'. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: 'Toll the bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark Vir - gin - ia bride, sho was.'.

Nel - ly was a la - dy, she was; last night she died, she did;

Toll the bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark Vir - gin - ia bride, sho was.

THE LITTLE OLD RED SHAWL.

Arranged by George Rosey.

Musical score for 'THE LITTLE OLD RED SHAWL.' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: '1. Oh, that lit - tle old red shawl, That lit - tle old red shawl, That 2. And the night be - fore she died, She called me to her side, And'. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: 'lit - tle old red shawl my moth - er wore... It was tat - tered, it was torn, gave to me that lit - tle old red shawl... It was tat - tered, it was torn,'. The third system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: 'It showed signs of be - ing worn, That lit - tle old red shawl my moth - er wore.'.

1. Oh, that lit - tle old red shawl, That lit - tle old red shawl, That
2. And the night be - fore she died, She called me to her side, And

lit - tle old red shawl my moth - er wore... It was tat - tered, it was torn,
gave to me that lit - tle old red shawl... It was tat - tered, it was torn,

It showed signs of be - ing worn, That lit - tle old red shawl my moth - er wore.

Copyright, 1908, by HINDS, NOBLE & ELDRIDGE.

HAM BONE AM SWEET.

TENORS.

Arr. by Frank R. Hancock, '12.

Ham bone am sweet, Chick-en meat am fine, Pos-sum meat am glo-rious in its

BASSES.

time, (in its time,) But gib me, oh! gib me, Oh! how I wish you would, Dat

wa - ter - mel - on hang-in' on de vine..... Oh! de white fo'ks caught me

FINE.

steal - in', 'Twas on a rain - y night, And de moon had not... be - gun to

shine, (gun to shine,) Dey hist up de win - dow, and dey shot me fru de

blin', But dey did - n't get dat mel-on on de vine..... Oh! a

D. C. al Fine.

By permission of W. F. SHAW.
Copyright, 1913, by HINIS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE.
(136)

AUSTRALIA.

Allegro Moderato.

Arr. by Frank R. Hancock, '12.

TENORS.

Br-r-room, poom, poom, poom, poom, poom, poom, poomp-yi-di, yi-di, yi-di, yi-di, yum, poomp, poomp, poomp, poomp, poomp, poomp.

1. Aus-tra-lia is a ve-ry fine place, Heave a-way! Heave a-way! To come from there is.....
 2. Aus-tra-lian girls are ve-ry fine girls, Keep a-way! Keep a-way! With cod-fish bones they...
 3. Aus-tra-lian booze is ve-ry fine booze, Keep a-way! Keep a-way! 'Twill make you as tight as a

no dis-grace, Heave a-way!... Heave a-way!... Heave a-way!... My bon-ny, bon-ny boys,
 comb their curls, Keep a-way!... Keep a-way!... Keep a-way!... My bon-ny, bon-ny boys,
 new pair of shoes, Keep a-way!... Keep a-way!... Keep a-way!... My bon-ny, bon-ny boys,

Heave a-way!.. Heave a-way!.. Heave a-way!.. My bon-ny, bon-ny boys, We're off for Aus-tra-lia,
 Keep a-way!.. Keep a-way!.. Keep a-way!.. My bon-ny, bon-ny boys, We're off for Aus-tra-lia,
 Keep a-way!.. Keep a-way!.. Keep a-way!.. My bon-ny, bon-ny boys, We're off for Aus-tra-lia,

Br-r-r-room, poom, poom, poom, poom, poom, poomp, yi-di, yi-di, yi-di, yi-di, yum! Poomp!

Copyright, 1913, by LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE.

(137)

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE.

SOLO. **CHORUS.**

1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid - en fair, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 3. Oh, I came to a river, an' I couldn't get a - cross, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -

SOLO. **CHORUS.**

doo - dle all the day; My Sal - ly am a spun - ky girl, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 doo - dle all the day; With cur - ly eyes and laugh - ing hair, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -
 doo - dle all the day; An' I jump'd upon a nigger, an' I tho't he was a hoss, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly -

CHORUS.

doo - dle all the day. } Fare thee well, fare thee well, Fare thee
 doo - dle all the day. } Fare - well, fare - well, Fare thee
 doo - dle all the day. }

well, my fair - y fay, For I'm going to Loui - si - a - na, For to

see my Su - sy - an - na, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly - doo - dle all the day.

4 Oh, a grass-hopper sittin' on a railroad track,
 A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.

5 Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,
 My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.

6 Behind de barn, down on my knees,
 I thought I heard that chicken sneeze

7 He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin'-cough,
 He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.
 And so on, *ad inf.*



HARVARD'S DAY.

Words and music by C. Lawrence Smith, Jr. '97.

March time.

1. Come,
2. A

mf *cres.*

fall in line To mu - sic fine, Keep time with march - ing
thou - sand strong We march a - long, In free and rhyth - mic

with strong accent.

feet; . . We'll march a - bout And in and out And up and down the
gait; . . Quite un - sup - pressed, With might - y zest Sing songs ap - pro - pri -

Used by permission of C. LAWRENCE SMITH, Jr., owner of the copyright.

HARVARD'S DAY.

street. While on the way The band will play Tri - um - phant mu - sic
ate. Through - out the way Your flags dis - play, To - day we cel - e -

The first system of the musical score for 'HARVARD'S DAY.' It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: 'street. While on the way The band will play Tri - um - phant mu - sic' on the first line, and 'ate. Through - out the way Your flags dis - play, To - day we cel - e -' on the second line. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a grand staff bracket. It features a steady rhythm with chords and single notes.

meet, For this, . . for this is Har - vard's Day.
brate, For this, . . for this is Har - vard's Day.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'meet, For this, . . for this is Har - vard's Day.' on the first line, and 'brate, For this, . . for this is Har - vard's Day.' on the second line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

REFRAIN.
So let the drum - mer drum, And let the trum - pet sound; We will

The third system of the musical score, marked 'REFRAIN.' The vocal line begins with the lyrics: 'So let the drum - mer drum, And let the trum - pet sound; We will'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

HARVARD'S DAY

give a might - y cheer, boys, As we march round. Let nine long cheers for Har - vard

Thun - der far a - way, For this is Har - vard's, Har - vard's Day. . .

"OUR COLLEGE CHEER."

TENORS.

Our col - lege cheer, Rah! rah! rah! rah! How we love our col - lege

BASSES.

Pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

cheer; . . Our col - lege cheer, Rah! rah! rah! rah! Yes, we love our col - lege cheer. (Give the college cheer.)

pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

Copyright, 1901, by HINDS & NOBLE.

"SCOTTY."

To John MacMaster, the old Harvard trainer.

MARCH SONG.

Words and Music by J. W. Johnston, '05.

f

1. Oh, "Scot - ty" you're a bon - nie lad, And as braw as ye can
2. For ma - ny a day when the sun was low, And the sky wore a crim - son

f

f

be..... For Har - vard ye hae done as much as an - y
hue..... You have worked with main, till the eve-ning came, that we might o'er-

f

f

we can see..... If you ere hae need o' sil - ler, mon, Or a
come the Blue..... Now the whistle has blown, and our fears have flown, Let us

f

Copyright, 1904, by J. W. Johnston. Used by permission.

(142)

"SCOTTY."

drap, why come wi' me..... You're all right, Jock, we're wi' ye
change Yale's smile to a frown,..... So it's do or die, and it is no

Scot, To the Land..... of the Lea'..... Oh, Lea'.....
lie, There'll be joy in Bos - ton Town..... For Town.....

BOHUNKUS.

1. There was a farm - er had two sons, And these two sons were broth - ers;
2. Now, these two boys had suits of clothes, And they were made for Sun - day;
3. Now, these two boys to the thea - ter went, When - ev - er they saw fit;
4. Now, these two boys are dead and gone—Long may their ash - es rest!
5. Now, these two boys their sto - ry told, And they did tell it well:

Bo - hunk - us was the name of one, Jo - se - phus was the oth - er's.
Bo - hunk - us wore his ev - 'ry day, Jo - se - phus, his on Mon - day.
Bo - hunk - us in the gal - l'ry sat, Jo - se - phus in the pit.
Bo - hunk - us of the chol - era died, Jo - se - phus by re - quest.
Bo - hunk - us he to heav - en went; Jo - se - phus he to

ELIXIR JUVENTATIS.

Words by F. N. Scott.

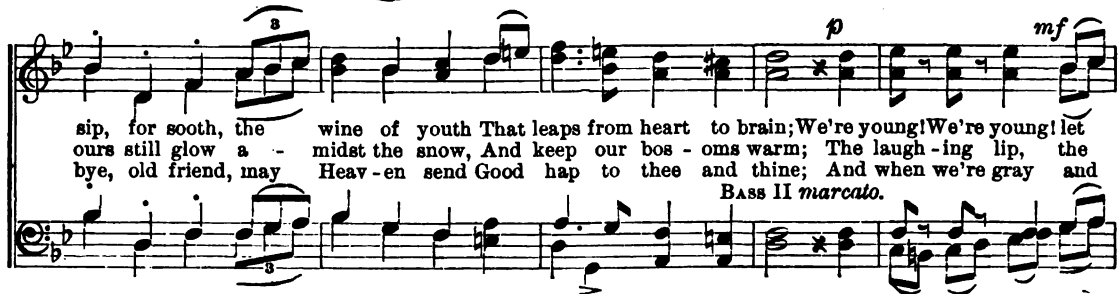
Music by A. A. Stanley.

mf *Vigoroso.*



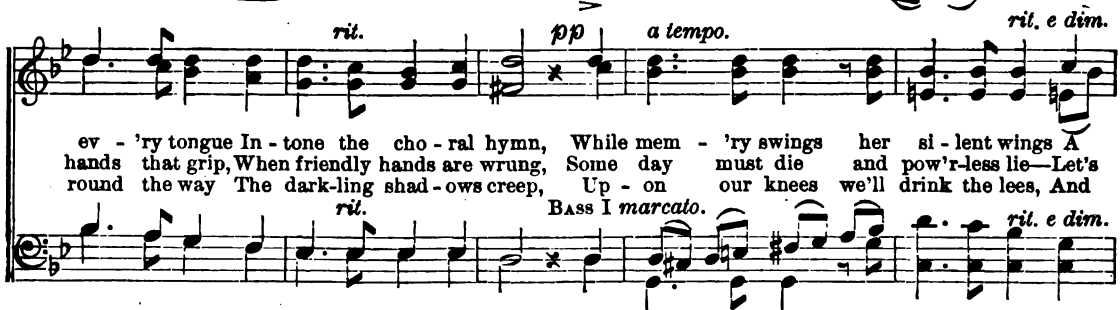
1. A health! clink! clink! and now we drink No juice of grape or grain, But we
 2. When men are old their hearts grow cold In life's tu-mul-tuous storm; But
 3. 'Tis time to part, the tear-drops start And turn our drink to brine; Good -

mf *p* *mf*



sip, for sooth, the wine of youth That leaps from heart to brain; We're young! We're young! let
 ours still glow a - midst the snow, And keep our bos-oms warm; The laugh-ing lip, the
 bye, old friend, may Heav-en send Good hap to thee and thine; And when we're gray and

rit. *pp* *a tempo.* *rit. e dim.*



ev - 'ry tongue In - tone the cho - ral hymn, While mem - 'ry swings her si - lent wings A
 hands that grip, When friendly hands are wrung, Some day must die and pow'r-less lie—Let's
 round the way The dark-ling shad-ows creep, Up - on our knees we'll drink the lees, And

rit. *Bass I marcato.* *rit. e dim.*



CHORUS.
 bove each bead - ed brim. Clink! clink! clink! clink! As
 use them while they're young.
 gent - ly fall a - sleep. Here's health, Here's wealth,



clink! clink! clink! clink! Here's wealth! clink! clink! As
 much as we can spend, Clink! clink! Here's a
 As much as we can spend,

By permission.

ELIXIR JUVENTATIS.

wife, Long life, clink! clink, long life And weal . . . to ev - 'ry friend.

poco rit. ff

A wife, clink! clink! clink!

A SONG OF LOYALTY.

Words by Mrs. Sophia Kerr Underwood.

Tenderly.

1. When the twi - light gray is fold - ing The earth and sky and sea, Sweet mem - 'ry
2. When the stars have lit their watch - fires, And touch d the dark with flame, - To . . . us shall
3. Thou . . . gav - est, free in giv - ing. The cour - age born of truth, Thou.. gav - est

all be hold ing, Shall backward turn to thee, To thy white columned halls, In...
be sym - bol ic Of thy far shin - ing fame. And like the bril - liant star, Or...
strength for liv - ing, - Thou guar - dian of our youth! Thou gra - cious wert with praise, To...

love and hope and faith, And.. in our hearts' de - vo - tion Shall hold thee with - out scathe.
gleam of gem so rare The.. ten - der light thou send - est far, O... Al - ma Ma - ter, fair!
calm each cowardly fear; And.. loy al - ty we pledge to thee, O ... Al - ma Ma - ter, dear!

SMOKER'S ANTHEM.

Words by
Edwin Fisher King.

Arranged by
William Stansfield, Mus. B.

SOLO.

1. Broth - ers, smoke, the day is o - ver, Float a - way your cares in clouda,
2. Dreams they say for boy-hood's hours, Acts for man - hood's full - er day;
3. But our dreams with bright-ness la - den Shall grow pure as life is won,
4. Shall we in our spir - it dream-ing, Rest - ing on the star - ry flowers,

Let no earth - ly sor - rows hov - er 'Round you in their ghost - ly shrouds.
For our hearts shut like the flow - ers When the sun - light fades a - way.
Till we reach the dis - tant ai - den, Slow - ly fad - ing, one by one.
Look in - to sweet eyes that beam-ing Throw back glan - ces in - to ours?

This the fair - est plant from Hea - ven, In - cense burn - ing in the bowl,
But while smoke-wreaths curl a - bove us, And our life is in our hands,
From the earth we leave be - hind here, From the smoke-wreath's la - zy curl,
Or shall sleep e - ter - nal bind us On the dark Le - the - an shore,

Copyright, 1903, by HINDS & NOBLE.

SMOKER'S ANTHEM.



Di - vine - ly un - to him is giv - en, Who has dreamed with - in his soul.
 We will think the spir - its love us, Look - ing from the spir - it - lands.
 What Ne - pen - the shall we find there, Draughts of nec - tar, pipes of pearl?
 And shall bright-winged an - gels find us, Smil - ing in our dreams no more?

CHORUS.



Broth - ers, dream, your bright - est dream - ing Shall be wrought from out this clay;

Duo.

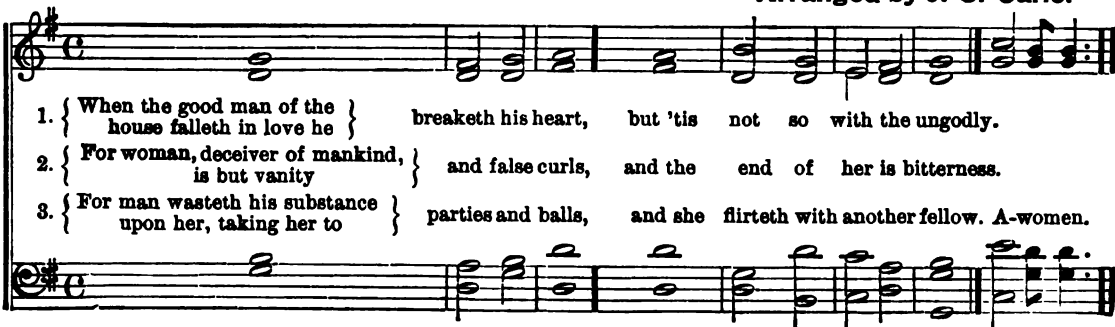
QUARTET.



Broth - ers, smoke, rich fan - cies gleam - ing Float in smoke to heaven a - way.

CHANT.

Arranged by J. S. Carle.



1. { When the good man of the } breaketh his heart, but 'tis not so with the ungodly.
 house falleth in love he }
2. { For woman, deceiver of mankind, } and false curls, and the end of her is bitterness.
 is but vanity }
3. { For man wasteth his substance } parties and balls, and she flirteth with another fellow. A-women.
 upon her, taking her to }

Used by permission.

GAUDEAMUS.

CHORUS.
TENORS.

1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;

BASSES.

QUARTET.

Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;

CHORUS.

Post ju - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem, Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - tem,

Nos - ha - be - bit hu - - mus, Nos ha - be - bit hu - - mus.

2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Ab eas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

3 Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4 Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore.

5 Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ laboriosæ.

6 Vivat et republica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

7 Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osiores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antibrachiis,
Atque irrisores.

8 Quis confusus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

9 Alma Mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Disitas in regiones
Sparsos congregavit.

INTEGRO VITÆ.

LIB. I., ODE XXII. Horatii Flacci.

TENORS.

1. In - te - ger vi - tæ scel - e - ris - que pu - rus Non - e - get Mau - ris jac - u - lis, nec
2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter æs - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in - hos - pi -
Basses.

ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis grav - i - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.
ta - lem Cau - ca - sum, vel quæ lo - ca fab - u - lo - sus Lam - bit Hy - das - pes.

3 Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem:

5 Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget;

4 Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubaæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

6 Pons sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

AUF WIEDERSEHN.

Music by Roys Bridgman.

Slowly, with expression.

1. Auf Wie - der-sehn! Light lips and glan - ces gay Should serve to loos - en love's rose - wov - en chain.
2. Let no last song, no l'en-voi's sad re - frain Make you fare - well in wea - ry word - wrought way.
3. We leave you here, and of our fleet - ing stay Swift pass - ing mem'ries will a - lone re - main.

If part - ing comes, sigh not, but, smil - ing, say "Auf Wie - der-sehn, Auf Wie - der-sehn."
Heart speaks to heart in sim - ple phrase and plain, Thus we to - day - thus we to - day.
What reck's it? Life is brief, speed cares a - way! "Auf Wie - der-sehn, Auf Wie - der-sehn."
cres - cen - do. p rit.

Copyright, 1908, by HENKE & NOBLE.

THE LONE FISH-BALL. *

Solo.

1. There was a
2. What wretch is
3. He feels his

man went up and down To seek a din - ner thro' the town. .
he who wife for - sakes, Who best of jam and waf - fles makes? .
cash to know his pence, And finds he has but just six cents. .

There was a man went up and down, To seek a din - ner thro' the town.

CHORUS.

There was a man went up and down, To seek a din - ner thro' the town.

THE LONE FISH-BALL

- 4 He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest face.
5 The bill of fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.
6 The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for two Fish-balls."
7 The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers, — "One Fish-ball."
8 The waiter roars it through the hall,
The guests they start at "One Fish-ball!"

- 9 The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."
10 The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with one Fish-ball!"

MORAL.

- 11 Who would have bread with his Fish-ball,
Must get it first, or not at all.
12 Who would Fish-ball with fixins eat,
Must get some friend to stand a treat.

• Inserted at the special request of several old Harvard Alumni.

BREAKFAST.

Words by E. W. Evans.

1. Oh! when old Found-ers' Bell is ring - ing The hour that Se - niors nev - er
2. The Se - nior, tho',—to put it mild - ly— A - ris - es hur - ried - ly and

know, Poor Fresh - men from their beds are spring - ing And qui - et - ly to break-fast
late; The din - ing-room he en - ters wild - ly Just as the clock is strik - ing

go. You see them pass - ing, smil - ing sweet - ly, Their locks are part - ed straight and
eight. The wait - er greets him with this fac - er— And as he hears his cheeks grow

true; Their teeth are cleaned and clothes brushed neat - ly, Just as their Mammies taught them to.
wan — "Dere's steak and chops an' eggs, to - day, Sah! But all de steak an' chops am gone."

Copyright, 1903, by HINDS & NOBLE.

(151)

CHING-A-LING.

Whistle.

BARITONE SOLO.

1. We rev - el in song, in Spain we be - long,
2. We charm and en - trance all men in the dance,

CHORUS. TENORS.

mf

BASSES.

Far o'er the o - cean; when Lu - ci - fer's star Shines clear in the East we re -
Come they from near us or come they from far; We dance and we glide, while

turn from the feast, To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!
loud far and wide, Sounds the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!

By permission.

(159)

CHING-A-LING.

Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling, Ha, ha, ha, ha, These were the words which we

Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling, Ha, ha, ha, ha, These were the words which we

heard from a - far. Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling,

heard from a - far. Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, To the tune of our light gul - tar. Ha! ha!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, To the tune of our light gul - tar. Ha! ha!

TWO HANDS.

1. Last night I held a lit - tle hand, So dain - ty and so neat,
 2. Ere long a dain - tier hand I held— Its mem - 'ry lin - gers still—

Me - thought my heart would burst with joy So wild - ly did it beat.
 And yet it did not bring to me That ne'er for - got - ten thrill.

No oth - er hand un - to my soul Could great - er sol - ace bring,
 'Tis hoped that none of you will e'er With that small hand "come in,"

Than that I held last night, which was Four ac - - es and a king.
 For, sure as fate, your bluff wont go, Your deuc - es will not win.

Used by permission.


CANOEING SONG.

Words and music by Leander Garey Bowers.


Moderato.



p



1. In the sum-mer twi - light, how faint - ly shines the eve - ning star,
 2. O'er the pur - ple hill - tops, the south - ern morn rolls in - to view,
 3. Drift - ing ev - er on - ward, 'neath heav - en's star - ry dome of blue,



p



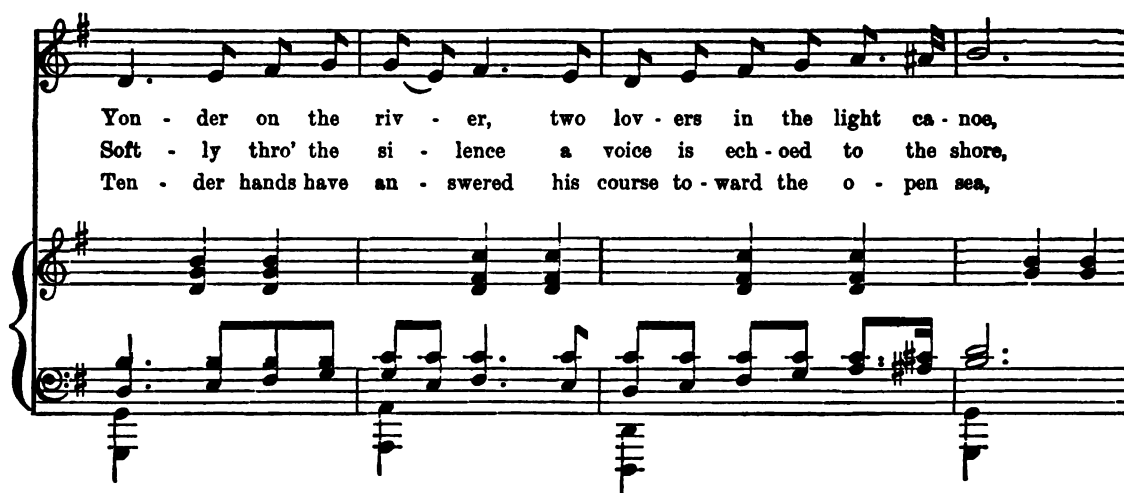
Whis - p'ring breez - es bear a - long sweet notes from love's gui - tar.
 Down the stream 'mid sil - ver sheen floats on the light ca - noe.
 Wrapt in si - lent mys - ter - y glides on the light ca - noe.



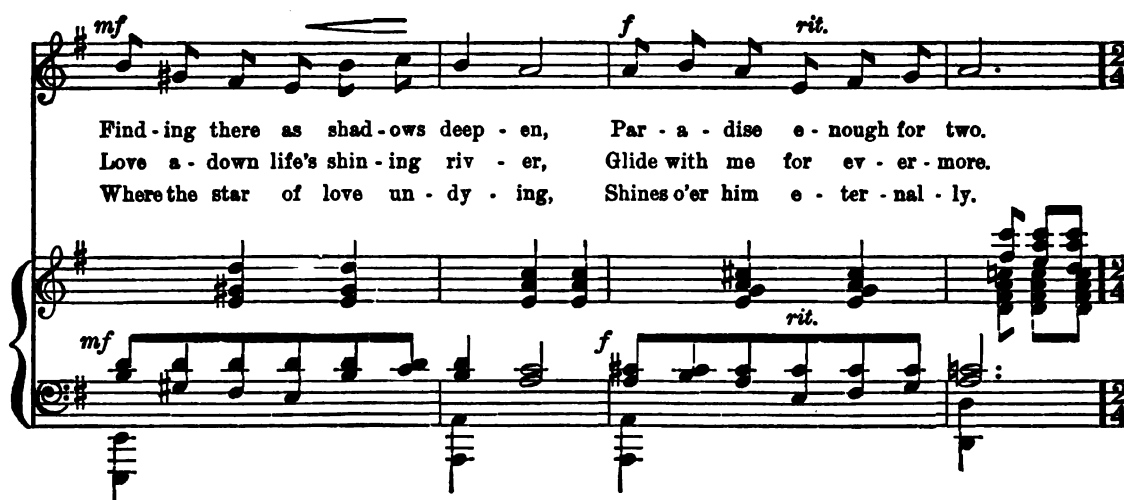
Copyright, 1907, by HINDS, NOBLE & ELDRIDGE.

(155)

CANOEING SONG.



Yon - der on the riv - er, two lov - ers in the light ca - noe,
Soft - ly thro' the si - lence a voice is ech - oed to the shore,
Ten - der hands have an - swered his course to - ward the o - pen sea,



mf Find - ing there as shad - ows deep - en, *f* Par - a - dise e - nough for two. *rit.*
mf Love a - down life's shin - ing riv - er, *f* Glide with me for ev - er - more. *rit.*
mf Where the star of love un - dy - ing, *f* Shines o'er him e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.
Allegro.



Come out ca - noe - ing, un - der the stars, Let us float on the sil - ver riv - er,

CANOEING SONG.

Wave-lets a-danc-ing, soft lights a-glanc-ing, Mu-sic en-tranc-ing in the moon light

Rest-ing at ease 'neath whis-per-ing trees, With a mes-sage that's new for-ev-er,

Love ev-er lin-ger, clasp-ing fin-gers, Out in the star-ry night.....



JOLLY BOATING WEATHER.

Words by Arthur Thomas.

Arranged.

QUARTET.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

mf

1. Jol - ly boat - ing weath - er, . Jol - ly sweet har - vest breeze,—

TENOR AND BASS.

Oars dip and "feath - er,"— cool 'neath the trees. .

CHORUS.

f Swing, swing to - geth - er,— With your bod - y be - tween your knees,—

f

JOLLY BOATING WEATHER



2 Others will take our places,
 'Rahing our dear old yell;
 Others will row the races,
 Ring the old college bell.
 Yet ever will beam in our faces
 Our pride in the old-time crew;
 'Rah for our hard-won races,
 One more for the dear old crew!

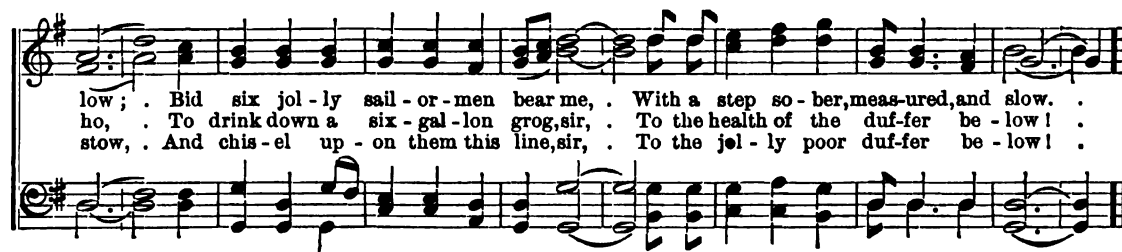
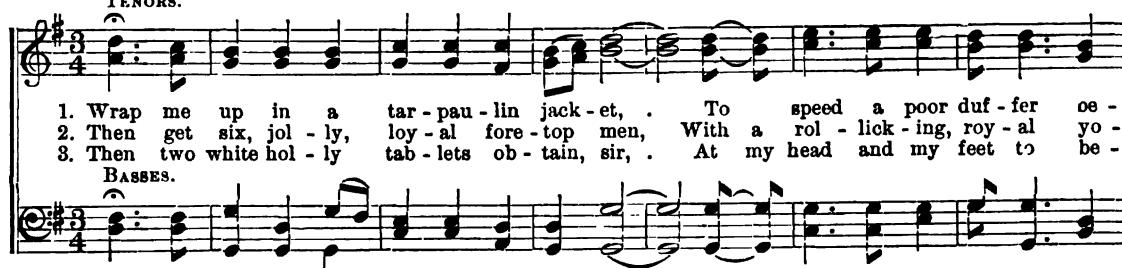
3 Flitting by the rushes,
 Tangled in snaky weeds,
 Brushed by elder bushes,
 Swerved by brake and reeds.
 Will tears fill our eyes in the future
 When we think of the dear old stream?
 Will our hearts beat as light in the future
 When afloat on life's broader stream?

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

TARPAULIN JACKET.

Words by Arthur Nash.
 TENORS.

Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.



Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

THE LORELEY.

MIXED VOICES.

F. Silcher.

1. I . . . know not what it pre - sa - ges, That I am so sad . . to - day; .
 1. Ich weiss nicht was soll es be - deu - ten, Dass ich so trau - rig bin, .

A le - gend of for - mer a - ges Will not from my thoughts a - way. .
 Ein Mär - chen aus al - ten Zei - ten, Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn. .

The air . . is cool and it dar - kles, The Rhine flows calm - ly on, . . .
 Die Luft ist kühl und es dun - kelt Und ruh - ig fliesset der Rhein, . . .

The peak of the mount - ain spar - kles In the glow of the eve - ning sun.
 Der Gip - fel des Ber - ges fun - kelt, Im A - bend - son - nen - schein.

2 The most beautiful maid is reclining
 On the cliff, so wondrous fair;
 Her glorious jewels are shining,
 She is combing her golden hair;
 With a golden comb she combs it,
 And sings a song thereby,
 That thrills with its mystic meaning
 And powerful melody.

2 Die schönste Jungfrau sitzt
 Dort oben wunderbar
 Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet
 Sie kämmt sich ihr goldenes Haar
 Sie kämmt es mit gold'nem Kämme
 Und singt ein Lied dabei
 Das hat eine wundersame
 Gewalt'ge Melodei.

3 It seizes with wildest yearning
 The boatman, entranc'd in his skiff;
 He sees not the treacherous breakers,
 He gazes alone on the cliff.
 And soon will the waves engulf them,
 Both boat and boatman strong,
 For thus in her toils hath she bound them.
 The Loreley with her song.

3 Den Schiffer in kleinem Schiffe
 Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
 Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
 Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.
 Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen,
 Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
 Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
 Die Lorelei gethan.

FLOATING 'MID THE LILIES.

MALE VOICES AND PIANO.

Music by R. W. Atkinson. '91.

Andante tranquillo.
BARITONE SOLO.

mf

TENOR.
ppp

BASS.
ppp

1. Float - ing i - dly 'mid the li - lies, . .
2. Float - ing i - dly 'mid the li - lies, . .

La 1. Float - - ing i - dly on the
La 2. Float - - ing i - dly, stole a

La 1. Float - - ing i - dly on the
La 2. Float - - ing i - dly, stole a

p

On the cool and pla - cid lake, . . Naught of sound . . . up - on the
Stole a vis - ion on my sight; . . Sank the sun . . . be - hind the

pla - - - cid . . lake, . . Naught of sound up - on the
vision on my sight; . . Sank the sun be - hind the

pla - - - cid lake, Naught of sound . . . but
vision on my sight; Sank the sun . . . behind the

Copyright, 1901, by HINDS & NOBLE.

FLOATING 'MID THE LILIES.

si - lence Save the splash - es in the wake.
 hill - tops, Yet my soul . . . was fill'd with light.

Sank the sun be - hind the hill - tops, Gone the world save you and me, . . . Naught a -
 Naught of sound up - on the si - lence, Gone the world save you and me, . . . Naught a -

FLOATING 'MID THE LILIES.

mid . . . the fall - ing shad - ows, save a star . . . and thee, . . . Naught a -

mid . . . the fall - ing shad - ows, save a star . . . and thee, . . . Naught a -

mid . . . the fall - ing shad - ows, save a star . . . and thee, . . . Naught a -

p

mid . . . the fall - ing shad - ows, save a star, . . . a star and thee. . .
and

mid . . . the fall - ing shad - ows, save a star, . . . a star and thee. . .

mid . . . the fall - ing shad - ows, save a star . . . and thee. . .

f *p* *rit.*

f *p* *rit.*

SHE ANSWERED ME NAY.


Music by Walter Howe Jones.

TENORS.




I paid her a bet in mous-que-taires, A del-i-cate shade of tan; Then

BASSES.




anx-i-ous-ly asked her if she would be mine, And make me a hap-py man. She




slower. *rit.* *a tempo.*



answered me nay. A-las! poor me. But tru-ly I can-not, to save me Re-



mem-ber ex-act-ly,—'tis odd, ver-y odd,—The shade of the mit-ten she gave me.



Copyright, 1902, by HINDS & NOBLE.

BA-BE-BI-BO-BU.



B-a, ba, B-e, be, B-i, bi, Ba-be-bi, B-o, bo, Ba-be-bi-bo, B-u, bu, Ba-be-bi-bo-bu.



DOWN BY THE STREAM.

Arr. by Frank R. Hancock, '12.

TENORS.

1. Down by the stream where I first met Re - bec - ca, Down by the stream
 2. Down by the stream where I first met my treas - ure, One eve I asked

BASSES.

where the sun loves to shine,.... Bright were the gar - lands I wove for Re - bec -
 her to love me a - lone,.... Bright eyes gave an - swer 'mid spark - les of pleas -

ca, Bright were her eyes as they gazed in - to mine.... One! two!
 ure, Proud - er was I than a king on his throne... One! two!

three! four! Some-times I wish there were more... Ein! zwei! drei! vier! I

love the one that's near,.... Yet! nee! san! see! So says the hea-then Chi -


nee,..... Fair girls be - reft, They will get left, One, two and three...

Copyright, 1912, by LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE.
 Melody and words used by special permission of the publisher of the "Hawaiian Songs."
 The Wall Nicks Co., Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii.

I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.


Tourtellot.

BASS SOLO.



1. I a - rise from dreams of thee, In the first sweet sleep of night; When the winds are breathing
 2. The wandering airs they faint On the dark, the sl - lent stream; And the Champak's o - dours
 3. O lift me from the grass, I die! I faint! I fall! Let thy love in kiss - es


1ST TENOR.




2D TENOR.

Humming.

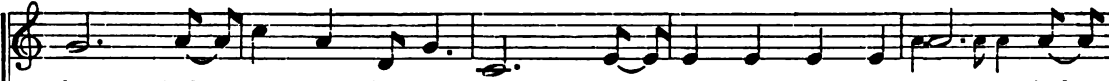


1ST BASS.






2D BASS.



low, And the stars are shin - ing bright. I a - rise from dreams of thee, And a
 fail, Like sweet thoughts in a dream. The night - in - gale's com - plaint, It
 rain On my lips and eye-lids pale. My cheek is cold and white, a - las! My

spr - it in my feet, Hath led me, who knows how? To thy cham - ber win - dow, sweet!
 dies up - on her heart; As I must on thine, O! be - lov - ed as thou art!
 heart beats loud and fast! Oh! press it to thine own again, Where it will break at last.

By permission.

(166)

SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson.

J. Barnby.

Larghetto.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . Rest, rest on

TENOR AND BASS.

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . O - ver the roll - ing his
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . Fa - ther will

O - ver the roll - ing his
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

By permission.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

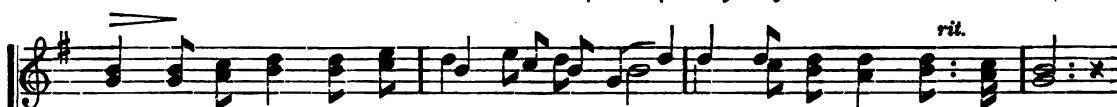
Words by F. N. Scott.

TENORS. (*Solemnly.*)

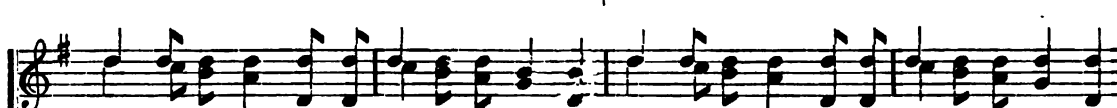


1. Hark to the sto - ry of poor Ro - me - o! Poor Ro - me - o! Poor Ro - me - o!

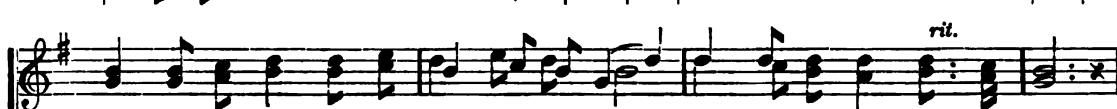
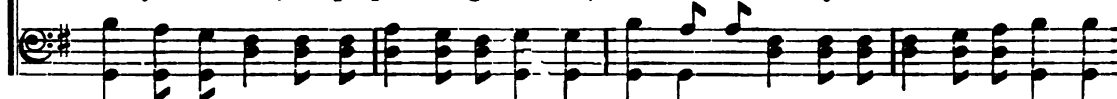
BASSES.



Cribbed out of Shakespeare and reek - ing with woe! Reek - ing with woe! 'king with woe!



If you have tears, now pre - pare to get at one; Ne'er was a sto - ry so mournful as that one.



Jul - iet's the slim one and Ro - meo's the fat one, Poor Ro - me - o! Ro - me - o!



Solemnly.



ROMEO.

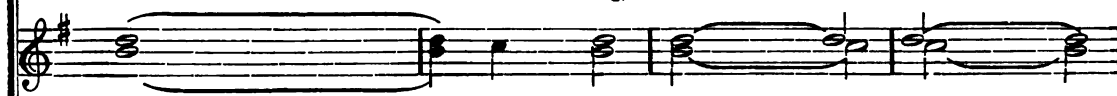
2. I am the he - ro of this lit - tle tale, I'm Ro - me - o! I'm Ro - me - o!

JULIET. (*Singing an octave below Romeo.*)

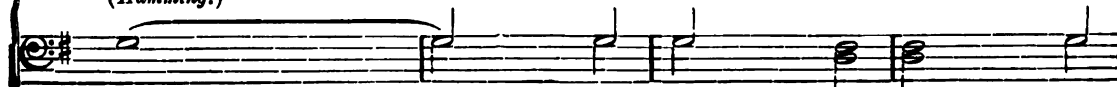
3. I am the he - roine of this tale of woe, I'm Ju - li - et, I'm Ju - li - et!

ROMEO AND JULIET.

4. This of our tale is the short and the long, I'm Ro - me - o! I'm Ju - li - et!



(*Humming.*)



Copyright, 1889, by Charles Gayley, F. N. Scott, and A. A. Stanley.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

I am that high - ly sus - cep - ti - ble male, I'm Ro - me - o! Ro - me - o!
 I am the darl - ing that mashed Ro - me - o, I'm Ju - li - et, Ju - li - et!
 Here is the mor - al that goes with the song, I'm Ro - me - o, Ju - li - et!

Scarce did a lov - er e'er do as I did When his girl in - to e - ter ni - ty slid - ed;
 Locked in a tomb with no pick axe to force it, Gloom - y old hole without room to stand or sit,
 Lov - ers, we warn you of dag - gers be wa - ry, Don't buy your drink of an a - poth - e - ca - ry,

I took cold poi - son and I sui - ci - ded, I'm Ro - me - o! Ro - me - o!
 I up and stabb'd my - self right in the corset, I'm Ju - li - et, Ju - li - et!
 Don't stab your-selves in the left pul - mo - nary, I'm Ro - me - o, Ju - li - et!



FAIR RADCLIFFE.

1st SOPRANO.

1. Fair Rad - cliffe! we bring thee our bur - den of praise, With
 2. On the paths of our Fu - ture, un - cer - tain and dim, Thou hast

2d SOPRANO.

1. Fair Rad - cliffe! we bring thee our bur - den of praise, With
 2. On the paths of our Fu - ture, un - cer - tain and dim, Thou hast

ALTO.

rev - er - ence near - ing thy shrine; . . . Let the worth and the hon - or of
 lift - ed the torch of the Past— . . . In the years un - for - seen may thy

rev - er - ence near - ing thy shrine; . . . Let the worth and the hon - or of
 lift - ed the torch of the Past— . . . In the years un - for - seen may thy

FAIR RADCLIFFE.

aught we a - chieve, Be - nef - i - cent mo - ther! be thine. . . . For our
wis - dom still guide; Be thy in - flu - ence strong to the last! . . . So shall

Truth shall be with us, un - shadowed and pure, Though far - ing in des - o - late lands.
youth with its fer - vor, our age with its calm, A - like bring their trib - ute to thee.

A TOAST

(ROUND)

1 2
Here's a health to all them that we love! Here's a health to all them that love us!

3 4
Here's a health to all them that love those that love them, That love those that love them that love us!

(171)

HONEY, DAT I LOVE SO WELL.

Words and Music by Harry Freeman.

Arr. by Frank R. Hancock, '12.

Moderato.
TENORS.
Hon-ey, Hon-ey, bless yo' heart, Oh, Hon-ey dat I love so well,....
mp BASSES.
p (ad lib.)
cres. *dim.*
SOLO OR TUTTI (ad lib.)
I done been true, ma gal, to you, Ma Hon-ey, dat I love so well...
cres. *mp* *sf* *p* *cres.*

Copyrighted, 1896, by M. WITMARK & SONS. Printed by permission of M. WITMARK & SONS.
Arrangement copyrighted, 1913, by LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE.

CO-EDS' CHANT.

Devoto.
SOPRANOS.
p
We college girls say, As at Vespers we pray: Help us good maids to be;
ALTOS.
p
Give patience to wait, Till some subse-quent date; World without men. Ah,... me!
f *rit.* *rit.*
Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

AND THEN—

Words by G. C. Gow.

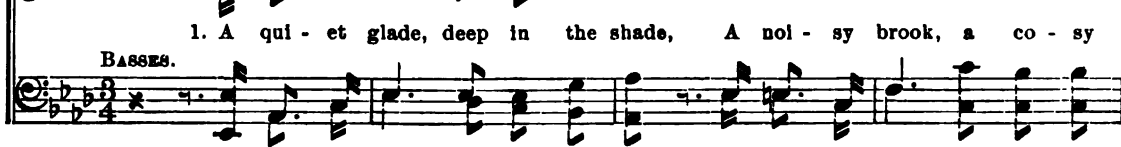
Music by E. S. Hosmer.

TENORS.



1. A qui - et glade, deep in the shade, A nol - sy brook, a co - sy

BASSES.




nook, A charming seat just right for two, A view. 2. A stroll - ing walk, a



A stroll - ing walk,

accelerando.




spark - ling talk, A rus - tling dress, a shy ca - ress; Then just a lit - tle fall - ing

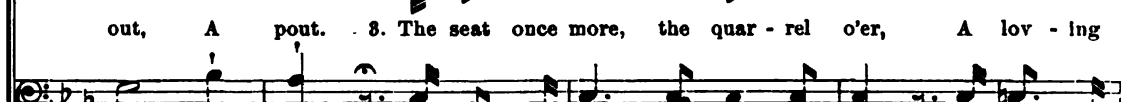
ritard.



a spark - ling talk,



out, A pout. 3. The seat once more, the quar - rel o'er, A lov - ing




kiss, most per - fect bliss, A nov - el from the lat - est pen, And then!



Used by arrangement with SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY.

THE POLYGLOT'S WOOING.

Distinctly.

Music by Horace Lozier.

1. In tem - pus old a he - ro lived Who loved pu - el - las deux. He
 2. "A - man - da ha - bet ar - gent coin, And Kate hat au - reas curls, And
 3. Pro - ceed - ing thence to Kate's do - mo Il trouve A - man - da there, Kai
 4. But, glanc - ing ev - er and a - non At fair A - man - da's eyes, They

non pou - vait pas quite to say Which one a - ma - bat mieux. . . Said
 both sunt ver - y a - ga - thai And quite for - mo - sae girls. . . En -
 quite for - got his late re - solves Both sunt so good - ly fair. . . So,
 non po - te - rant di - ce - re Pro which he meant his sighs. . . Each,

he lui - meme, one beau ma - tin, "Non pos - sum both a - voir For
 fin, this youth - ful an - thro - pos Phi - loun the du - o maids, Re -
 smil - ing on the new ta - pis Be - tween pu - el - las twain, Coe -
 there - fore, heard his de - mi - vows With cheeks as rouge as wine, And

if J'ad - dress A - man - da Ann Then Kate and I have war.
 solved pro - po - ne - re ad Kate Be - fore the eve - ning's shades.
 pit to tell his love to Kate Dans en po - e - tique strain.
 of - f'ring him their milk - white hands Both whis - pered: "Ich bin dein."

* "Ich bin dein" may be sung *faissetto*, an octave above.


Copyright, 1902, by HINDS & NOBLE.

THE OLD COLLEGE CLOCK IN THE TOWER.



Words and music by Clarence Arthur.

Andante.


p



1. In the tow - er toll - ing, Sounds the sweet-toned bell; . . . Mel - low the
 2. Soft - ly night is fall - ing, Falls the e - ven - tide; . . . Hark, the old bell
 3. Oft - en as we gath - er At the twi - light hour, . . . Class - mates to -

roll - ing Of its rhythmic swell: Hark! hark, 'tis chim - ing, Chim - ing brave - ly at
 call - ing, Lay all toll a - side. Hark! soft - ly chim - ing, Toll - ing sweet - ly the
 geth - er, Near the old clock tow'r; How sweet thy chim - ing, Gen - tly toll - ing the




break of day; Hark! hark, 'tis chim - ing, Chim - ing bravely to cheer our way!
 ves - per hour; Hark! soft - ly chim - ing, Toll - ing sweetly that toll is o'er!
 knell of day; Thy faith - ful chim - ing, Gen - tly sooth - ing our cares a - way!



Copyright, 1900, by HINDE & NOBLE.

A COLLEGE PROVERB.

R. W. Atkinson, '91.

Slowly.

1. There's an an - cient col - lege say - ing, And it runs some-what like this, That a
 2. Here's an - oth - er Col - lege Prov - erb, And it's mean - ing's ver - y clear, If . .

CHORUS. *Faster.*

stu - dent's "right in clo - ver" When he reach - es sen - ior bliss. If you want the fruit of
 those you love are dis - tant, Then make love to those more near.

knowledge, You must climb the tree and shake it; If the sheepskin's worth the hav - ing, Why, a

four year's course will make it. The ex - am - i - na - tion's aw - ful, But its dan - ger will for -

Copyright, 1901, by HINDS & NOBLE.

A COLLEGE PROVERB.

rit.

sake it; If you're af - ter a di - plo - ma, Say an A. B., why just take it.

rit. *p*

COLLEGE DAYS OF OLD.

Words by John Russell Hayes.

Harmonized by R. W. Atkinson. '97.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Oh, hap - py col - lege days of old, And have ye gone for - ev - er, So
 2. O days that nev - er knew a care, O days of youth and glo - ry, That
 3. Now o - ver life's wide fields we roam With lit - tle time for dream - ing, Yet

TENOR AND BASS.

rich in mem - o - ries un - told, And joys that with - er nev - er? O
 led by mag - ic path and fair, Through sum - mer lands of sto - ry, A -
 vis - ions of our Col - lege home With - in our hearts are gleam - ing. O

ritard.

fair and fade - less were the flow'rs That bloomed for us in those dear hours. O
 cross the years your ech - oes flow, Ye gold - en days of long a - go. . . O
 sweet and un - for - got - ten years, We see you through our mist - y tears. . . O

a tempo.

je - rum, je - rum, je - rum, Qua - lis mu - ta - tio re - rum.
 je - rum, je - rum, je - rum, O - quæ mu - ta - tio re - rum.
 je - rum, je - rum, je - rum, Qua - lis mu - ta - tio re - rum.

Words and music used by permission of GEO. T. VISKINSHI, owner of the copyright.
 Copyright, 1902, by HINDS & NOBLE.

THE COLLEGE BELL.

Andante.
SOLO.

Words and music by Chas. H. Wells.

mp

1. The Col - lege Bell: its peals are tell - ing Its mes - sage on the at - mos -
 2. O list! the Col - lege Bell is fill - ing Our ears with news of vic - t'ry
 3. The Col - lege Bell: its peals are toll - ing The glad - some hours in haste a -

mp

phere. Its mys - tic mu - sic now is swell - ing Our
 won! The air a - bout us seems a - thrill - ing E'en
 way: O wrest the rope from him who's knoll - ing The

youth - ful hearts in ca - dence clear; What joy it gives! What
 with our hearts in u - ni - son; What edg - es rush, What
 fu - ture on from day to day. And while we're free, Let's

By permission.

(178)

THE COLLEGE BELL.

free - dom lives With - in its peals at mid - day! And then at night, by
hur - ried hush, To hear the words of vic - t'ry! And then what mirth goes
joy - ful be, And list to all the peal - ing Of our dear bell, while

pale moon - light, We list its joc - und mer - ry lay.
peal - ing forth As sounds the thrill - ing mel - o - dy.
bos - oms swell, With joy the Bell is re - veal - - ing.

1ST TENOR.
Hear the Bell! Hear the Bell!
2D TENOR.
Col - lege Bell, O Col - lege Bell! Thy strains so sweet - ly steal - ing! Our
1ST BASS.
2D BASS.


Hear the Bell! Hear the Bell! dim.
hearts re - spond to thy sweet spell With man - ya si - lent feel - ing. dim.

ON THE CHAPEL STEPS.

Words by J. N. Eno,
Arthur Thomas, and Caspar G. Dickson.



Music by G. C. Gow.

TENORS.





1. Here at the pleas - ant twi-light hour, When dai - ly tasks are o'er, We gath - er on the
2. From ev - 'ry haunt - ed niche a voice That sang in oth - er days; The cur - rent of its
3. When far a - way in fu - ture days, Life's sur - felt on us palls; When vig - ils cease and

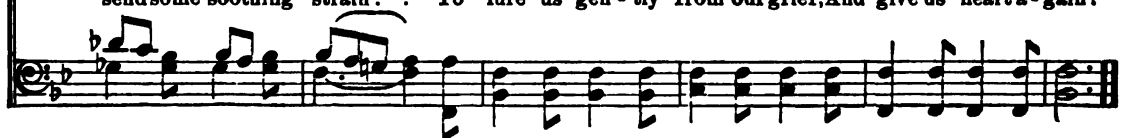
BASSES.

chap - el steps To sing our songs once more. The braid - ed branches of the elms In
hopes and joys Runs soft - ly neath our lays. Oh, stu - dent songs, no mim - ic arts Your
tur - moll stays, These i - vy - man - tied walls From ev - 'ry soft - ly wav - ing leaf Will

si - lence bend to hear, . . And hoar - y walls, and an - cient halls Ring back our tones of cheer.
in - born charm can gain; . . Ye cheer our thirst - y, dust - y hearts Like chiming drops of rain!
send some soothing strain. . . To lure us gen - tly from our grief, And give us heart a - gain!



And so, tho' far from college halls,
We sing our songs once more,
To cheer our hearts with mem'ries fond
Of days that are of yore.
Those days and years with pleasure bright
Passed by on pinions fleet,
But left behind them in their flight
Our friendships, oh, how sweet!

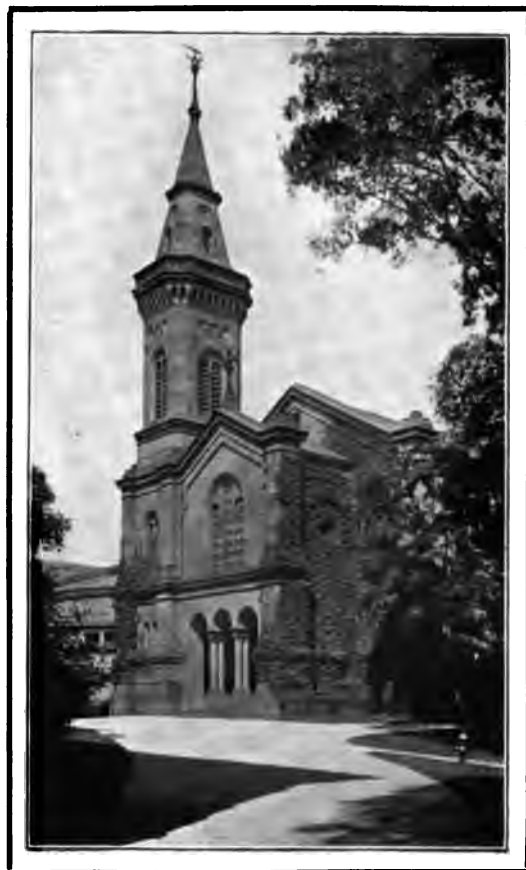
Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NORMAN.

(180)

Words by
James Bradstreet Greenough, '56.

HARVARD HYMN.

Music by
John Knowles Paine, '69.



UNISON.

1. De - us om - ni - um cre - a - tor,
2. Pa - tres nos - tri huc per - la - ti,
3. Qua de spe fac te pre - ca - mur
4. Sic dum ci - vi - tas man - e - bit,

Re - rum mun - di mo - de - ra - tor,
Tu - o mo - ni - tu, per - gra - ti,
In e - ven - tu ne fal - la - mur
Cla - rum lu - men hic lu - ce - bit,


Cres - cat eu - ius es fun - da - tor,
De - di - ca - runt ve - ri - ta - ti
Sed ma - io - ra dum co - na - mur
Lu - ce an - gu - los re - ple - bit,

Nos - tra U - ni - ver - si - tas, In - te - gri sint cu - ra - to - res, E - ru - di - ti
Par - vum tum col - le - gi - um, Id - que tu - o post fa - vo - re Auc - tum sem - per
Fa - ve - as la - bo - ri - bus, Si - mul gra - ti - as ha - be - mus Quod tam di - u
Fu - ge - rit ob - sou - ri - tas, Er - ror ter - ri - tus la - te - bit, Vir - tus vi - vi -



pro - fes - so - res, Lar - gi - an - tur do - na - to - res Be - ne par - tas co - pi - as.
et a - mo - re Bo - nam spem os - ten - tat fo - re Tem - plum qua - si re - gi - um.
iam flo - re - mus Nec au - di - re re - mit - te - mus Ve - ri - ta - tis mo - ni - tus.
da va - le - bit, Et in - sig - ni - or flo - re - bit Nos - tra U - ni - ver - si - tas. A - MEN.

WE'RE TENTING TO-NIGHT.


Words and music by Walter Kittredge.




1. We're.... tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our...
 2. We've been tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
 3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are dead and gone, Of the
 4. We've been fight - ing to-day on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are ly - ing near;

wea - ry hearts, a song.. of home, And friends we love so dear.
 loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear... that said "good bye!"
 brave.... and true who've left... their homes, Oth - ers been wound-ed long.
 Some.... are dead and some.. are dy - ing, Ma - ny are.... in tears.



CHORUS.




Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;





Ma - ny are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night.
Last verse.—Dy - ing to-night,



Last time, ppp.



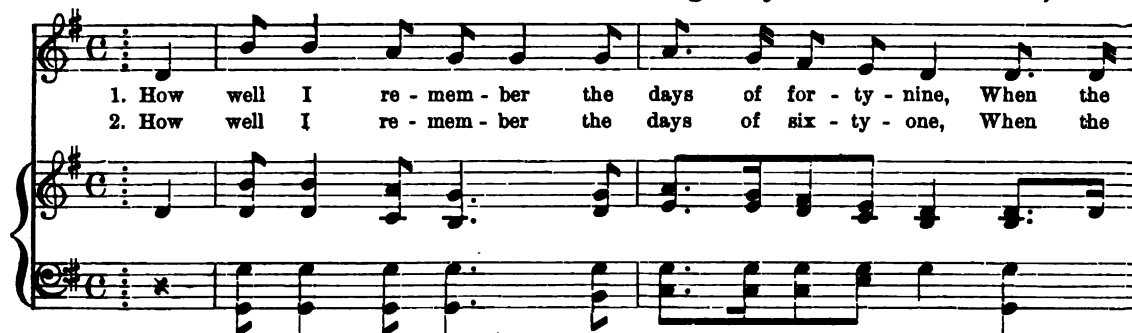
Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing on the old camp ground.
 Dy - ing to-night, (*Omit.....*) Dy-ing on the old camp ground.



Used by permission of OLIVER DITSON & Co.

WHEN WE FI'T FOR GIN'RAL GRANT.

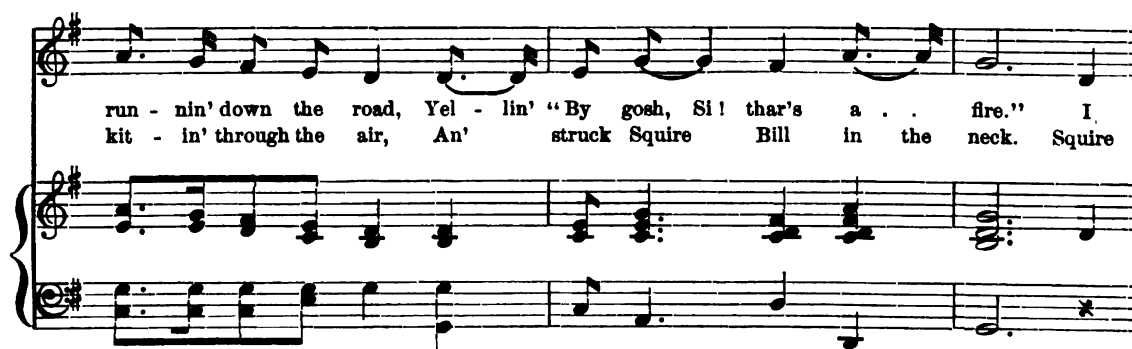
Arranged by C. Lawrence Smith, Jr. '97.



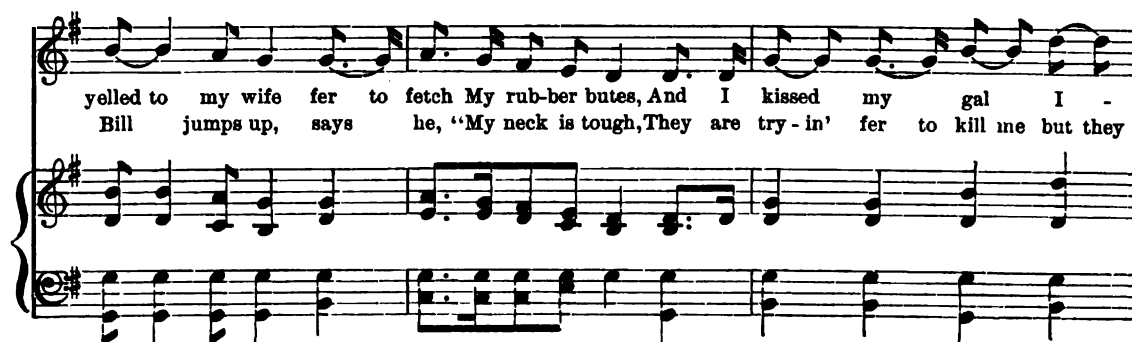
1. How well I re - mem - ber the days of for - ty - nine, When the
2. How well I re - mem - ber the days of six - ty - one, When the



ol' hoss got stuck in the mire; An' Squire Bill Jones came a -
bul - lets came a - whizzin' 'round us thick; An' 'long came a can - non ball a -



run - nin' down the road, Yel - lin' "By gosh, Si! thar's a . . . fire." I
kit - in' through the air, An' struck Squire Bill in the neck. Squire



yelled to my wife fer to fetch My rub-ber bates, And I kissed my gal I -
Bill jumps up, says he, "My neck is tough, They are try - in' fer to kill me but they

Copyright, 1901, by HINDS & NOBLE.

WHEN WE FI'T FOR GIN'RAL GRANT.

rene, An' Squire Bill an' I ran a - whiz - zin' down the road, Fer to
can't," Those good old . . days Be - neath the Stars and Stripes When we

run with the old ma - chine, Fer to run with the old ma - chine, By gum, Fer to

run with the old ma - chine; An' Squire Bill and I ran a -

whiz - zin' down the road, Fer to run with the old ma - chine. fi't for Gin - 'ral

WHEN WE FI'T FOR GIN'RAL GRANT.

(Saluting.) *(Shouting.)* *(Saluting.)*

Grant. When we fi't for Gin'-ral Grant, By gum, When we fi't for Gin'-ral Grant, Those

(Shading the eyes.) *(Saluting.)*

good ol' days Be - neath the Stars and Stripes When we fi't for Gin'-ral Grant.

ROUND THE OLD CAMP FIRE.

Music by C. Lawrence Smith, Jr. '97.

1. Sit - ting round the old camp fire, Sit - ting round the old camp fire; O.....

2. Sit - ting round the old camp fire, Sit - ting round the old camp fire; O.....

rit.....

Stars a - bove are shin - ing bright, O..... Gold-en eyes of sum-mer night.

Watch the sparks a - sail - ing high, O..... Cir - cling up - ward to the sky.

rit.....

Copyright, 1903, by HINDE & NORTON.
(165)

LIZETTE.

Words of 2d and 3d verses by Arthur Nash.

Kücken.

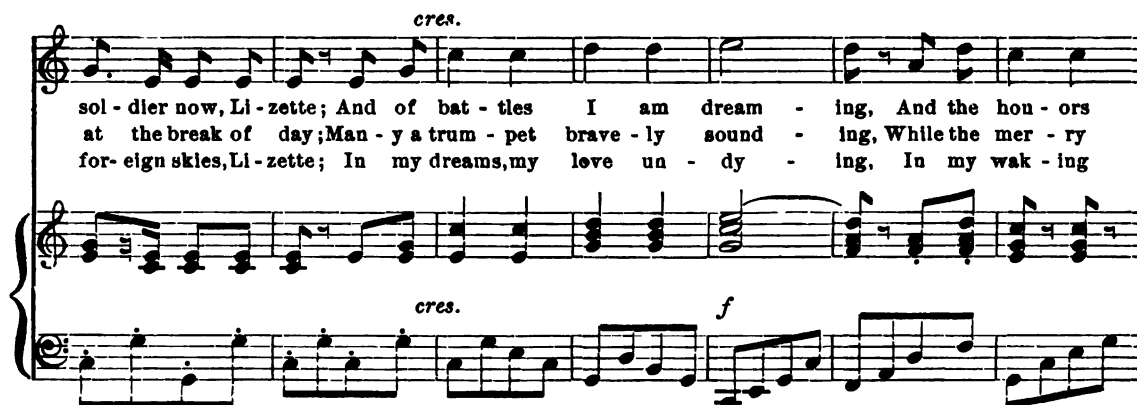
IN UNISON. MALE VOICES.

mf



1. See these rib - bons gay - ly stream - ing, I'm a sol - dier now, Li - zette, I'm a
 2. Forth with mar - tial spir - it bound - ing, March - ing at the break of day, March - ing
 3. When I'm by my camp - fire ly - ing, Un - der for - eign skies, Li - zette, Un - der


cres.



sol - dier now, Li - zette; And of bat - tles I am dream - ing, And the hon - ors
 at the break of day; Man - y a trum - pet brave - ly sound - ing, While the mer - ry
 for - eign skies, Li - zette; In my dreams, my love un - dy - ing, In my wak - ing

cres. *f*

AIR.



I shall get! With a sa - bre at my side, And a hel - met on my
 cym - bals play. Sweetheart, ere I say good - bye, And a last fond part - ing
 hours, Li - zette, Ev - er will fare forth to thee! Ev - 'ry smile, these tears, this

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

(186)

LIZETTE.

brow, With a fl - ery steed to ride, I shall tram - ple on the foe! Yes, I
take, As a pledge of con - stan - cy, Wear this tok - en for my sake! Cour - age,
kiss Which in part - ing you give me, Tok - en of that hour of bliss, When, a

flat - ter me, Li - zette, 'Tis a life that well will suit— The gay
sweet - heart, sweet Li - zette! Smile from out these tears, Li - zette! For soon
con - quer - or, Li - zette, I re - turn to claim my bride— Bat - tle -

life of a young re - cruit, . . . The gay life of a young re - cruit. . .
you'll have your young re - cruit, . . . For soon you'll have your young re - cruit. . .
scarred your sol - dier tried! . . . Bat - tle - scarred your sol - dier tried! . . .



COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY S. ARAKELYAN

WHERE, O WHERE.

Spirited.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

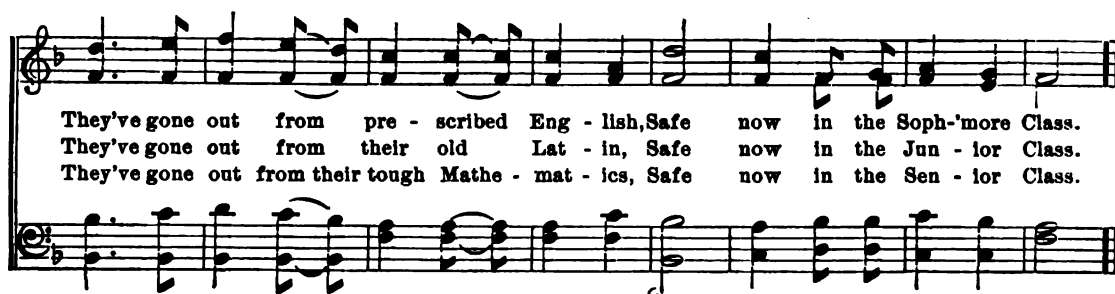
1. Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh-men? Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh-men?
 2. Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores?
 3. Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors? Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors?

TENOR AND BASS.

Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh - men? Safe now in the Soph-'more Class.
 Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Safe now in the Jun - ior Class.
 Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors? Safe now in the Sen - ior Class.

They've gone out from pre - scribed Eng - lish, They've gone out from pre - scribed Eng - lish,
 They've gone out from their old Lat - in, They've gone out from their old Lat - in,
 They've gone out from their tough Mathe - mat - ics, They've gone out from their tough Math-e-mat - ics,

WHERE, O WHERE



They've gone out from pre - scribed Eng - lish, Safe now in the Soph'-more Class.
 They've gone out from their old Lat - in, Safe now in the Jun - ior Class.
 They've gone out from their tough Mathe - mat - ics, Safe now in the Sen - ior Class.

4 ♪ : Where, O where are the grand old Seniors? : ♪

Safe now in the wide, wide world.

♪ : They've gone out from their Alma Mater, : ♪

Safe now in the wide, wide world.

5 ♪ : Where, O where are the staid Alumni? . ♪

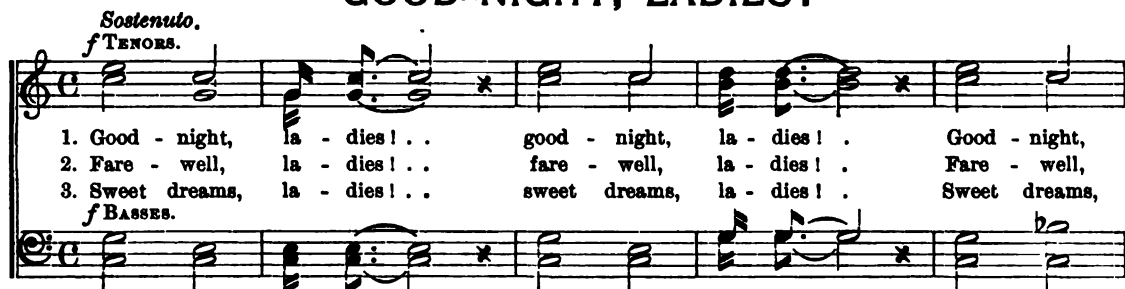
Lost, lost in the wide, wide world.

♪ : They've gone out from their dreams and theories, : ♪

Atoms lost in the wide, wide world

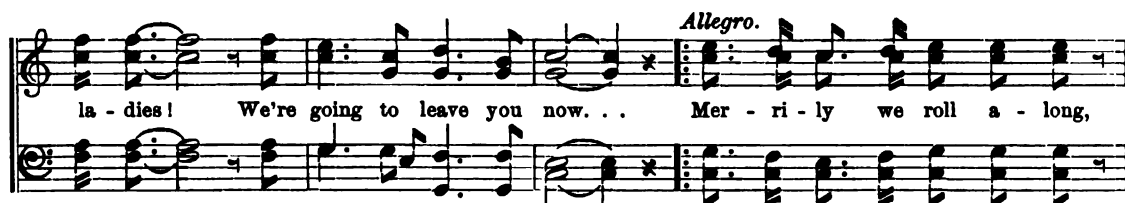
GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

Sostenuto.
f TENORS.



1. Good - night, la - dies! . . . good - night, la - dies! . . . Good - night,
 2. Fare - well, la - dies! . . . fare - well, la - dies! . . . Fare - well,
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! . . . sweet dreams, la - dies! . . . Sweet dreams,
f BASSES.

Allegro.



la - dies! We're going to leave you now. . . Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,

Repeat. pp



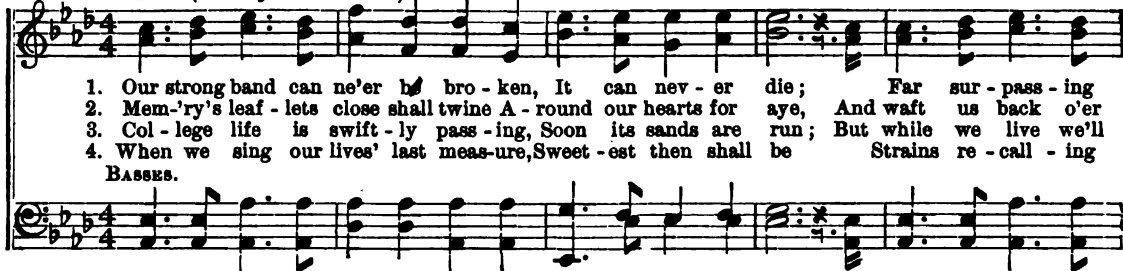
roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

AMICI.

Words of 4th verse by Arthur Rogers.

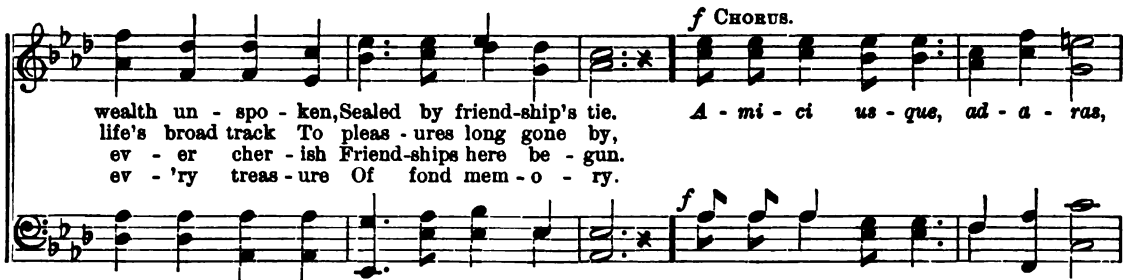
Moderato.

TENORS. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)

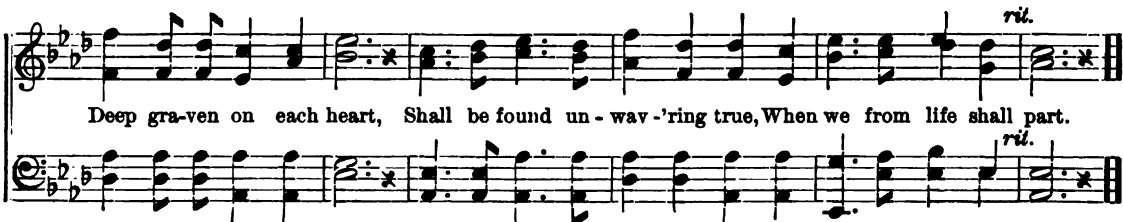


1. Our strong band can ne'er be bro - ken, It can nev - er die; Far sur - pass - ing
 2. Mem - ry's leaf - lets close shall twine A - round our hearts for aye, And waft us back o'er
 3. Col - lege life is swift - ly pass - ing, Soon its sands are run; But while we live we'll
 4. When we sing our lives' last meas - ure, Sweet - est then shall be Strains re - call - ing

BASSES.



f CHORUS.
 wealth un - spo - ken, Sealed by friend - ship's tie. A - mi - ci us - que, ad - a - ras,
 life's broad track To pleas - ures long gone by,
 ev - er cher - ish Friend - ships here be - gun.
 ev - 'ry treas - ure Of fond mem - o - ry.

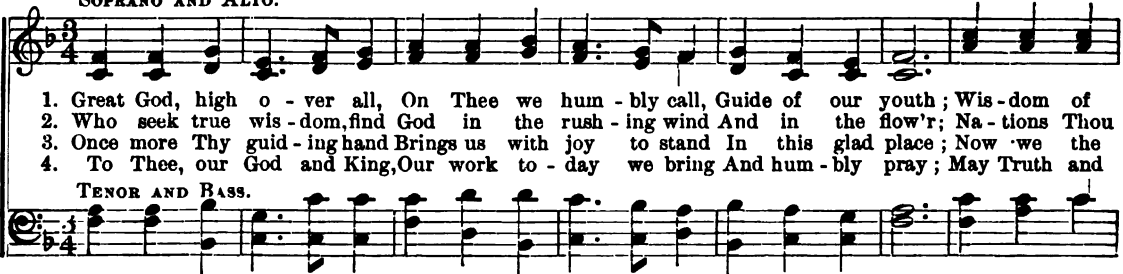


rit.
 Deep gra - ven on each heart, Shall be found un - wav - 'ring true, When we from life shall part.
rit.

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

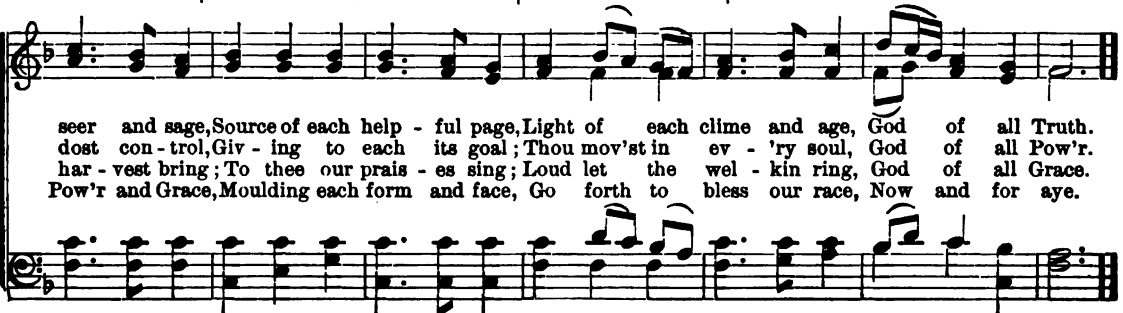
A COMMENCEMENT HYMN.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.



1. Great God, high o - ver all, On Thee we hum - bly call, Guide of our youth; Wis - dom of
 2. Who seek true wis - dom, find God in the rush - ing wind And in the flow'r; Na - tions Thou
 3. Once more Thy guid - ing hand Brings us with joy to stand In this glad place; Now we the
 4. To Thee, our God and King, Our work to - day we bring And hum - bly pray; May Truth and

TENOR AND BASS.



seer and sage, Source of each help - ful page, Light of each clime and age, God of all Truth.
 dost con - trol, Giv - ing to each its goal; Thou mov'st in ev - 'ry soul, God of all Pow'r.
 har - vest bring; To thee our prais - es sing; Loud let the wel - kin ring, God of all Grace.
 Pow'r and Grace, Moulding each form and face, Go forth to bless our race, Now and for aye.

By permission.

(190)



COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY S. AMARILYAN

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT

Robert Burns.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaintance
 2. We twa ha'e ran a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine, We've wander'd mony a
 3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But seas be-tween us
 4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'

TENOR AND BASS.

be for - got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For
 wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For
 braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For
 kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For

auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

THE STUDENT'S FAREWELL.

Arranged from Mendelssohn.

MIXED VOICES.

1. Col - lege fair, what loy - al hands Have in wis - dom thee cre - a - ted; With glad

voice and heart e - lat - ed Will I praise thee, no - bly planned; With glad planned;

Will I praise thee, voice and heart e - lat - ed Will I praise thee, no - bly planned.

Fare thee well, . . . fare thee well, . . . fare thee well, . . . fare thee well, . . . fare thee well, . . . fare thee well, . . .

well, . . . thou col - lege fair; Fare thee well, fare thee well, thou col - lege fair. well,

2 To the busy world below
Forth we go our friendships leaving,
Over misspent moments grieving,
Still to thee our hearts o'erflow;
Fare thee well, thou college fair.

3 Loyal love we pledge to-day
We will ever faithful cherish,
Never shall its memory perish,
Though our home be far away;
God protect thee, college fair.

By permission.



•

BRIGHT COLLEGE YEARS.

YALE UNIVERSITY.

Words by H. S. Durand.

Arranged by R. W. Atkinson.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.




1. Bright col - lege years, with pleas - ure rife, The short - est, glad - dest years of life; How




TENOR AND BASS.



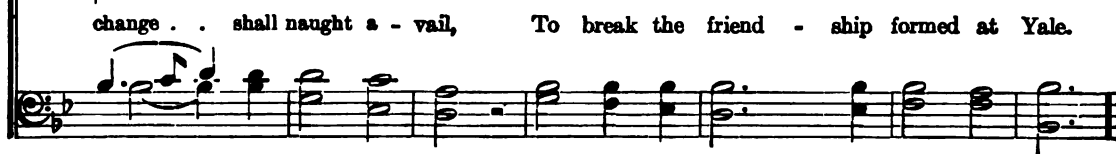
swift - ly are ye glid - ing by, Oh, why doth time so quick - ly fly? The



sea - sons come, the sea - sons go, The earth is green or white with snow; But time and



change . . shall naught a - vail, To break the friend - ship formed at Yale.



2 We all must leave this college home,
About the stormy world to roam;
But though the mighty ocean's tide
Should us from dear old Yale divide,
As round the oak the ivy twines
The clinging tendrils of its vines,
So are our hearts close bound to Yale
By ties of love that ne'er shall fail.

3 In after-life, should troubles rise
To cloud the blue of sunny skies,
How bright will seem, thro' memory's haze,
The happy, golden, bygone days!
Oh, let us strive that ever we
May let these words our watch-cry be,
Where'er upon life's sea we sail:
"For God, for Country, and for Yale."

Copyright, 1901, by HINDS & NOBLE.

DOWN THE FIELD.

(MARCH AND TWO-STEP.)

Words by C. W. O'Connor.

Music by Stanleigh P. Friedman.

The first system of musical notation is for the introduction. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in 2/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music is marked *ff Marcato*. It features a series of chords and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line.

March, march on down the field, fight - ing for El - -

The second system of musical notation continues the melody. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in 2/4 time. The music is marked *mf*. It features a series of chords and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line.

i, Break through the Crim - son line, their strength to de -

The third system of musical notation continues the melody. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in 2/4 time. The music is marked *ff*. It features a series of chords and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line.

fy;..... We'll give a long cheer for El - i's men, we're

The fourth system of musical notation continues the melody. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in 2/4 time. The music is marked *ff*. It features a series of chords and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line.

here to win a - gain. Har - vard's team can fight to the end, but

The fifth system of musical notation continues the melody. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in 2/4 time. The music is marked *ff*. It features a series of chords and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Copyright, 1911, by LEO. FRIST. Used by special permission.

(196)

DOWN THE FIELD.

Yale will win, rah! rah! rah! win,..... rah!

SANS SOUCI.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

Tenors.

1. What if to - mor - row bring Sor - row or an - y - thing Oth - er than joy,
 2. Out on life's storm - y sea All of us soon may be, Far, far a - way,
 3. One last toast e'er we part, Writ - ten on ev - 'ry heart, This mot - to stay,
Bassess. (Melody in 1st Bass.)

What if't be win - try chill, Rain, storm, or sun - mer's fill, To - mor - row's the
 Still hold your glass - es high, Here's to youth while it's nigh, Though we to -
 Long may Co - lum - bia stand Hon - ored through-out the land, Our Al - ma

fu - ture still, This is to - day, To - mor - row's the fu - ture still, This is to - day.
 mor - row die, This is to - day, Though we to - mor - row die, This is to - day.
 Ma - ter grand, Now and for aye, Our Al - ma Ma - ter grand, Now and for aye.

BOWDOIN BEATA. BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

Allegretto.
TENORS. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)

mp

1. When bright skies were o'er us And life lay be - fore us, 'Neath
2. When man - hood has found us And chil - dren sur - round us, Our
3. When age gray and hoar - y Has fill'd out our sto - ry, The

BASSES.

Bow - doin's pines we gath - ered far and near, So fill - ing our glass - es And
col - lege days and friends we'll still re - call, With heart - felt de - vo - tion And
ten - der mem'-ries swell - ing back a - gain, x Loy - al for - ev - er Un -

pledg - ing all class - es We'll drink a toast to Al - ma Ma - ter dear.
ten - d'rest e - mo - tion, We'll send our sons to Bow - doin in the fall.
til death shall sev - er, One glass to Al - ma Ma - ter we shall drain.

ff CHORUS. *p*

Drink, drink! Clink, clink, clink! Smash your glass in splinters when you're done! O Bow-doin be - a - ta, O

ff *p*

cres.

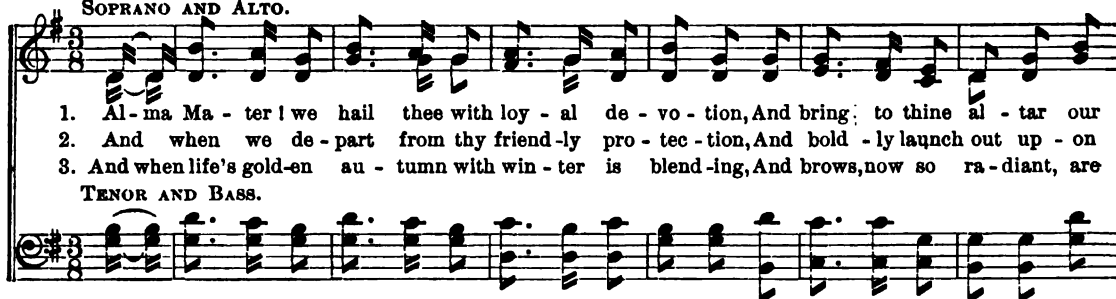
dear Al - ma Ma - ter! There is no fair - er moth - er neath the sun!

cres.

By permission.

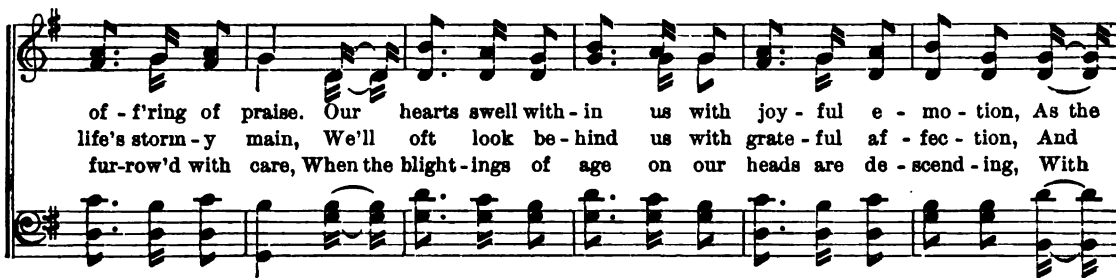
ALMA MATER.—BROWN.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

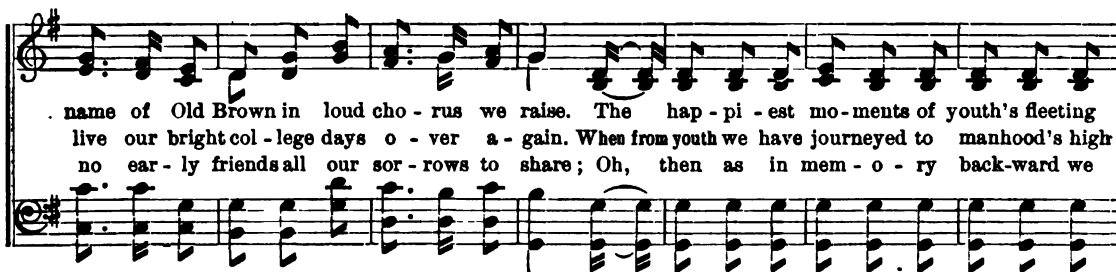


1. Al-ma Ma-ter! we hail thee with loy-al de-vo-tion, And bring to thine al-tar our
 2. And when we de-part from thy friend-ly pro-tec-tion, And bold-ly launch out up-on
 3. And when life's gold-en au-tumn with win-ter is blend-ing, And brows, now so ra-diant, are

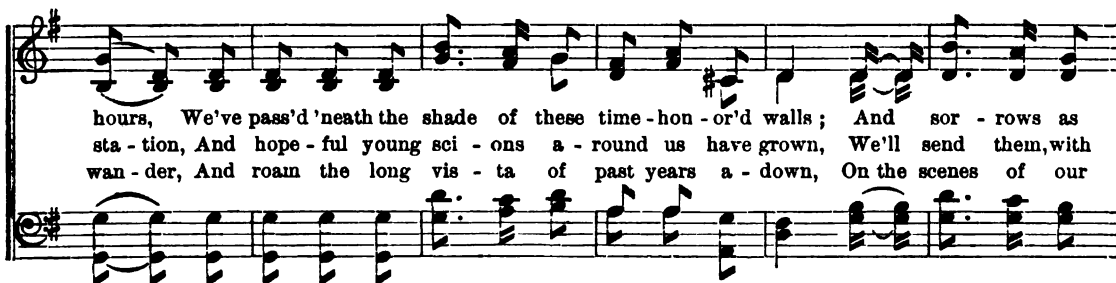
TENOR AND BASS.



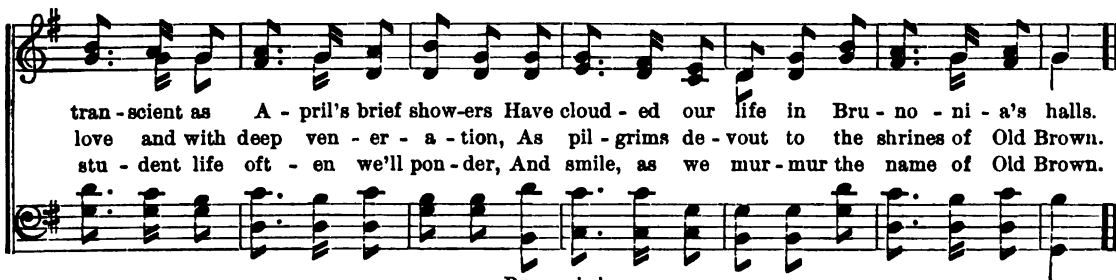
of-f'ring of praise. Our hearts swell with-in us with joy-ful e-mo-tion, As the
 life's storm-y main, We'll oft look be-hind us with grate-ful af-fec-tion, And
 fur-row'd with care, When the blight-ings of age on our heads are de-scend-ing, With



name of Old Brown in loud cho-rus we raise. The hap-pi-est mo-ments of youth's fleeting
 live our bright col-lege days o-ver a-gain. When from youth we have journeyed to manhood's high
 no ear-ly friends all our sor-rows to share; Oh, then as in mem-o-ry back-ward we



hours, We've pass'd 'neath the shade of these time-hon-or'd walls; And sor-rows as
 sta-tion, And hope-ful young sci-ons a-round us have grown, We'll send them, with
 wan-der, And roam the long vis-ta of past years a-down, On the scenes of our



tran-scient as A-pril's brief show-ers Have cloud-ed our life in Bru-no-ni-a's halls.
 love and with deep ven-er-a-tion, As pil-grims de-vout to the shrines of Old Brown.
 stu-dent life oft-en we'll pon-der, And smile, as we mur-mur the name of Old Brown.

By permission.

"ALL HAIL TO THE COLLEGE BEAUTIFUL."

WELLESLEY.

Words by Miss K. L. Bates.

SOPRANOS. *Con moto.*



1. All hail to the Col - lege Beau - ti - ful! All hail to the na - vy blue! All
 2. All hail to the Col - lege Beau - ti - ful! All hail to the brave and bright! She has
 3. All hail to the Col - lege Beau - ti - ful! All hail to the sa - cred walls! Where,




hail to the girls who are gath - 'ring pearls From the shells that are o - pen to
 tak - en her place in the swift-sandaled race Where the strong . . man smiles in his
 sink - ing a - way in the sha - dowy gray, Aye the sun's . . last ra - di - ance



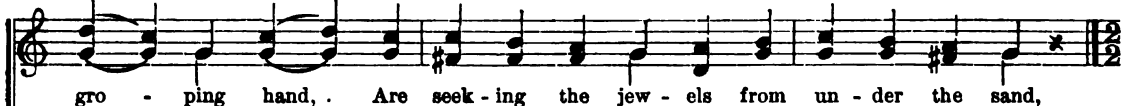
Grazioso.



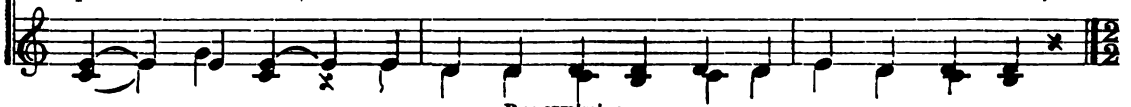
few! . . From the shells . up - cast by the eb - bing Past On the
 might. . Oh, . . shin - ing a - rise . . the lights in her eyes, And her
 falls! . Where first on the lake . . the day-beams a - wake, And the




shores where, faith - ful and true, An earn - est band, with the
 hands are hot for the prize Now fast and far let the
 Spring's white man - a - cles break. But flushed in wak - ing or

gro - ping hand, . Are seek - ing the jew - els from un - der the sand,
 race . . be tried! . She runs in her weak - ness and he in his pride,
 pale . . in rest, . With leaves on her hair or with snows on her breast,

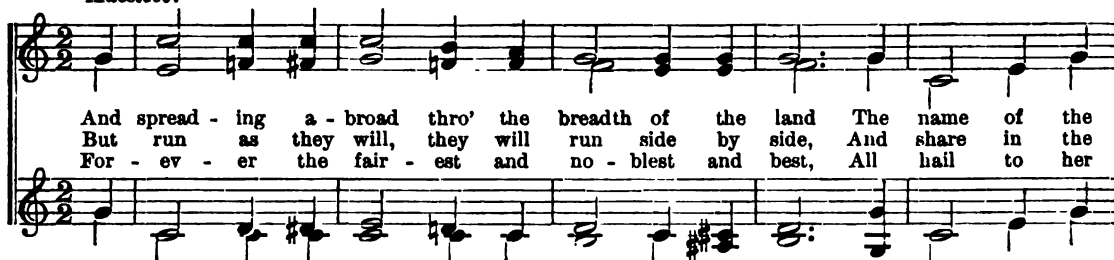


By permission.


(200)

"ALL HAIL TO THE COLLEGE BEAUTIFUL."

Maestoso.



And spread - ing a - broad thro' the breadth of the land The name of the
But run as they will, they will run side by side, And share in the
For - ev - er the fair - est and no - blest and best, All hail to her



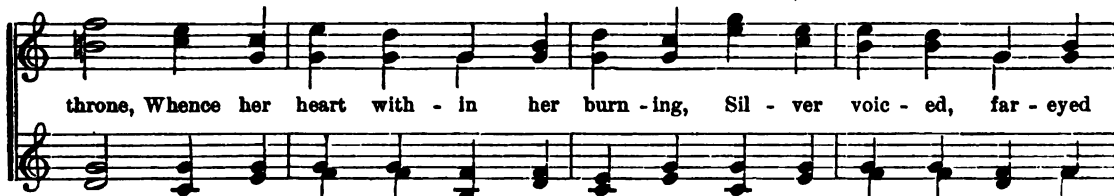
cres. *ff*
na - vy - blue. And spread - ing a - broad thro' the breadth of the land, The name of the
vic - tor's right. But run as they will, they will run side by side, And share in the
sa - cred walls! For - ev - er the fair - est and no - blest and best, All hail to her



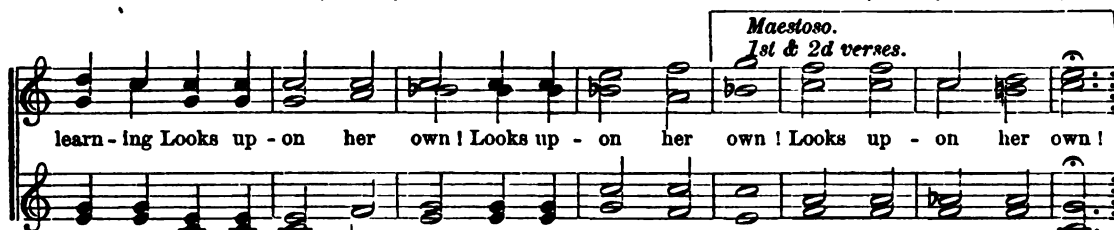
cres.



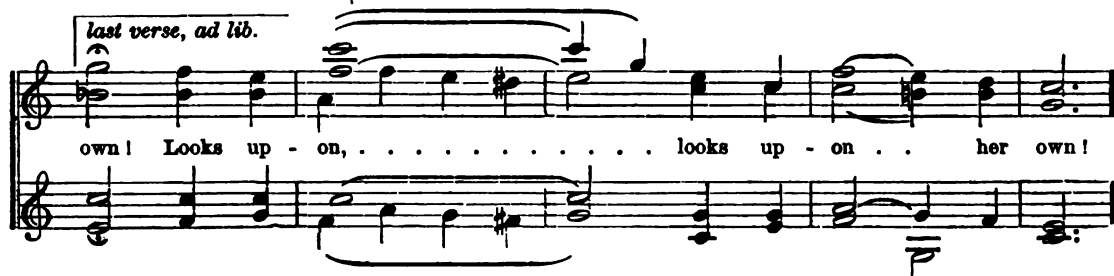
CHORUS. Beau - ti - ful,
na - vy - blue. All hail to the Col - lege, Hail!... All hail to the roy - al
vic - tor's right.
sa - cred walls!



thrones, Whence her heart with - in her burn - ing, Sil - ver voic - ed, far - eyed



Maestoso.
1st & 2d verses.
learn - ing Looks up - on her own! Looks up - on her own! Looks up - on her own!



last verse, ad lib.
own! Looks up - on, looks up - on . . . her own!

COME RAISE THE SONG.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Words by F. L. Knowles.

Music by W. B. Davis.

TENORS,

ff *With spirit.*

1. { Come raise the song for Wes-lei-a-na, Till night and ech-o send it back;
all be boys a-gain to-geth-er; Life's short—then fill with joy its span;
2. { Come throw a-way all thoughts of sor-row, And give the night to mirth and song;
song, boys, for the dear old col-lege, Strike hands and pledge your faith, each man;

BASSES.

{ Come gath-er round the grand old ban-ner, Em-bla-zoned with the red and black. We'll
The house of joys is Al-ma Ma-ter, Then hail, all hail to Wes-ley-an.
If care must come, it comes to-mor-row, To-day our hearts are bold and strong. A
Time ne'er shall shake our deep de-vo-tion, Our death-less love for Wes-ley-an.

CHORUS

pp *lento.*

O i-v'd walls, O sto-ried halls, O shrine of long a-go;..

The al-tar fires our fath-ers lit Shall still more bright-ly glow.

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

(202)

DARTMOUTH, OUR DARTMOUTH!

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

TENORS.

mf



1. Dart - mouth, our Dart - mouth! Thy name is ev - er dear, Thy mem - 'ries
 2. Dart - mouth, our Dart - mouth! Thine is a no - ble site; Hills, wood and
 3. Dart - mouth, our Dart - mouth! Loy - al we are to thee; Thy hon - ors

BASSES.

mf



to us near, Wher - e'er we be. Thou - moth - er, wise and true,
 stream u - nite To grace the scene. Men come with au - tumn's glow,
 ours shall be, Ours to main - tain. Dart - mouth shall be our pride,





Thou - old, yet ev - er new, Thy name does aye re - new Our love to thee.
 Men work thro' win - ter's snow, Men, proud like spring, to show Thy col - or green.
 Dart - mouth, New Hampshire's bride, Dear - er than all be - side, Moth - er of men.



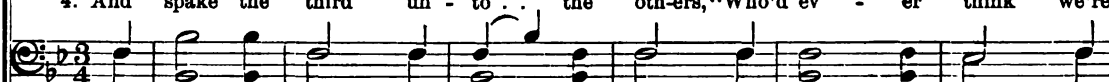

By permission.

THERE WERE THREE BOOKS.

Largo.





1. There were three books stood on . . . a shelf, And thus they spoke, each
 2. Said one new book un - to . . . his mate, "Why, you're an an - tique, but I'm
 3. Then said the sec - ond, "How came you here? To cir - cu - late . . . your
 4. And spake the third un - to . . . the oth - ers, "Who'd ev - er think we're



UNISON. CHORUS. GROANS.

(Spoken.)
 for . . . him - self. Sing! And they all flopped their leaves and cried, "Oh! Oh! Oh!"
 right - up - to - date. Sing!
 cue, . . . my dear!" Sing!
 lov - ing broth - ers?" Sing!

Copyright, 1901, by HINDS & NOBLE.

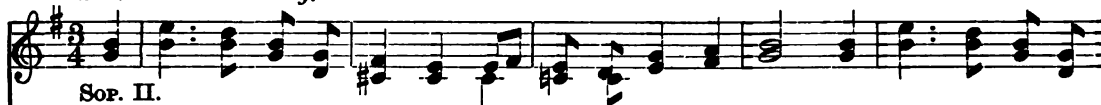
OH! FAIREST ALMA MATER.

(SMITH COLLEGE.)

Words by Henrietta Sperry, '10.

Music by H. D. Sleeper.

SOP. I. *Not too slowly.*



SOP. II.

1. To you, oh! Al - ma Ma - ter, Oh! moth - er great and true, From all your loy - al
2. By man - y a hearth your daughters Their love for you shall tell, Un - til in turn their
3. You gave us dreams un - num - bered, And life we had not known, And now, oh! Al - ma

ALTO I.



ALTO II.



Not too slowly.

Musical notation for Soprano II, Alto I, Alto II, and Piano accompaniment, second system. The Soprano II staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. The Alto I staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. The Alto II staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. The piano part begins with a quarter note G3, followed by a dotted quarter note A3, and then a half note B3. The music continues with various intervals and rests. Dynamic markings include *mf* and *mp*.

chil - dren Comes up the song a - new. Where swings the red sun up - ward, Where
chil - dren Shall learn to love you well. And still the ranks, re - new - ing And
Ma - ter, We give you back your own. For mem - o - ries, for friend - ships, That

Copyright, 1908, by H. D. SLEEPER. Used by permission.

(204)

OH! FAIREST ALMA MATER.

cres. *poco rit.*

sinks he down to rest, Are hearts that backward turning Still find you first and best.
 strong-er year by year, Are one in deep de - vo - tion To you we hold so dear.
 bless each pass-ing day, Our toil un-sought we ren-der, Our debt un - asked we pay.

cres. *poco rit.*

CHORUS. *A little slower.*

And glad - ly sing - ing to you al - ways, Our loy - al hearts with joy shall fill.

A little slower.

cres. molto. *ril.*

Oh! fair - est, fair - est Al - ma Ma - ter, You hold and claim us still.

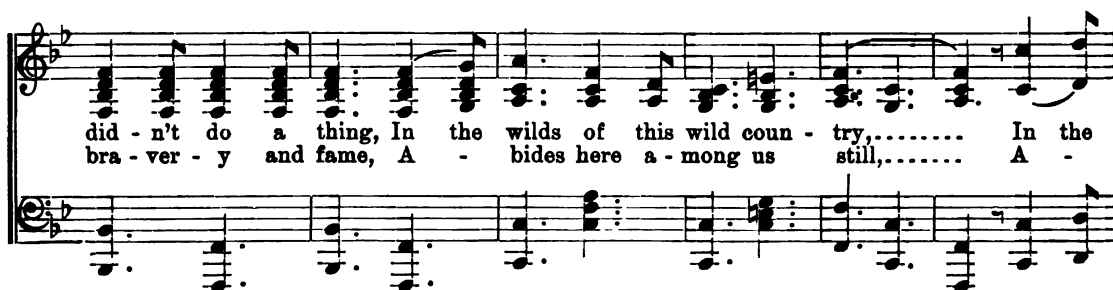
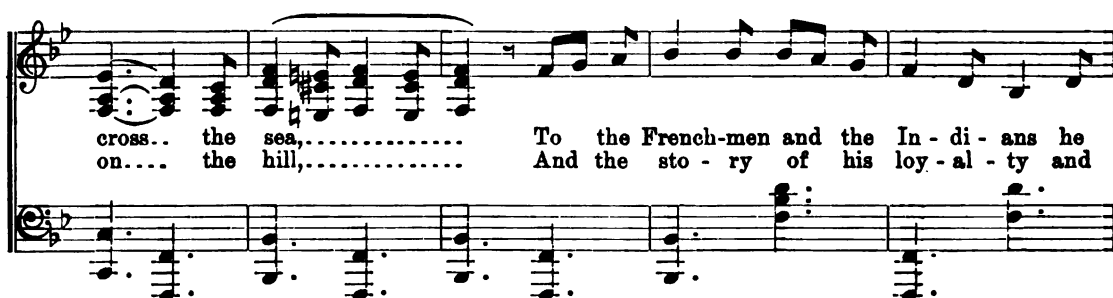
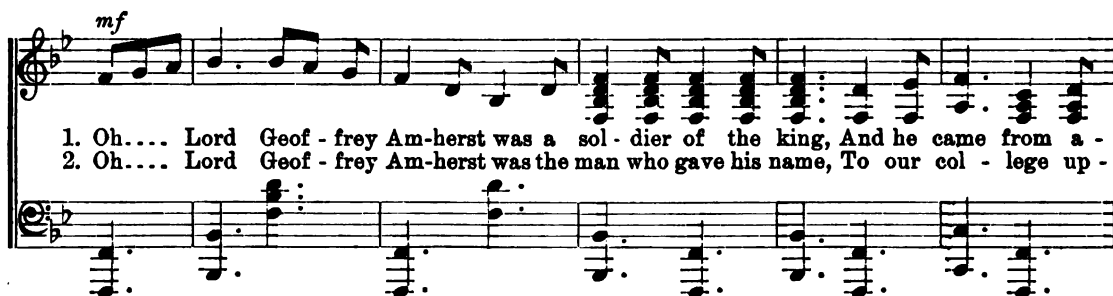
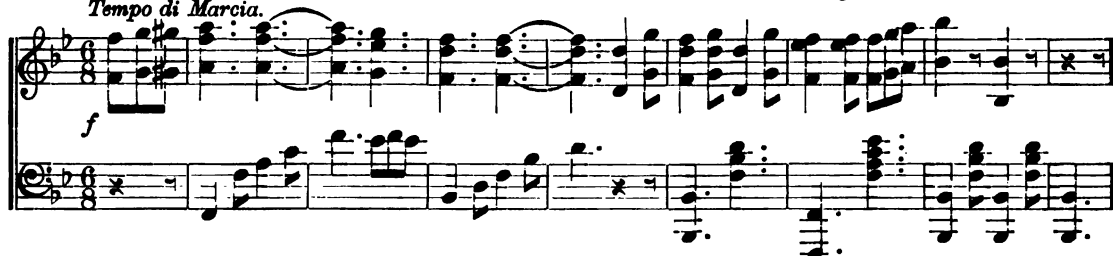
cres. molto. *ril.*

cres. molto. *ril.*

LORD GEOFFREY AMHERST.

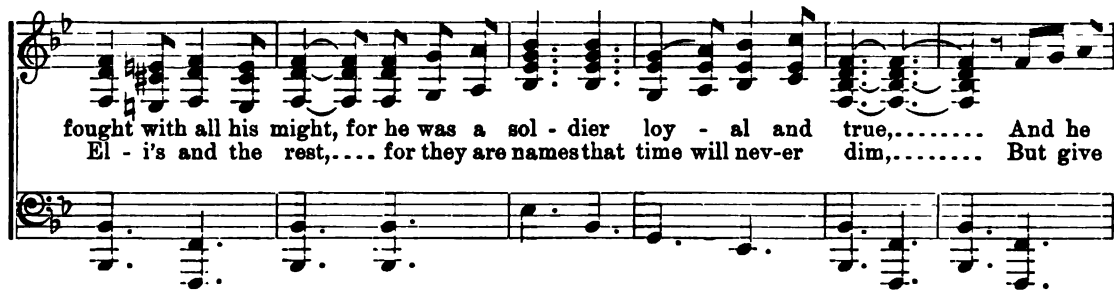
Words and Music by J. S. Hamilton.

Tempo di Marcia.

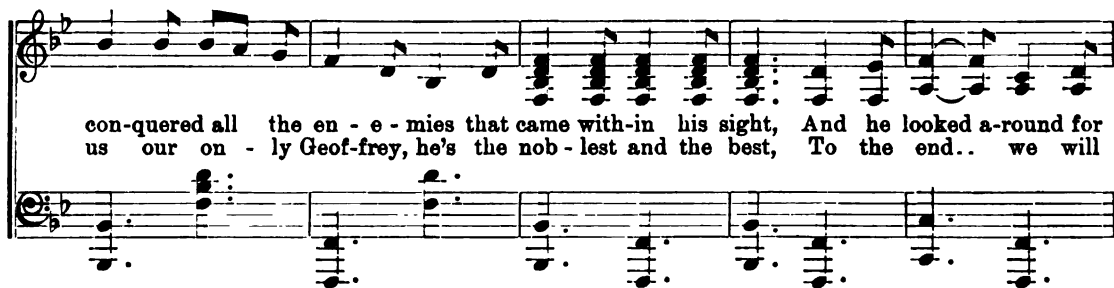


Published in sheet music form. Copyright, 1907, by J. S. HAMILTON. Used by special permission.
(206)

LORD GEOFFREY AMHERST.



fought with all his might, for he was a sol - dier loy - al and true,..... And he
El - i's and the rest,.... for they are names that time will nev - er dim,..... But give

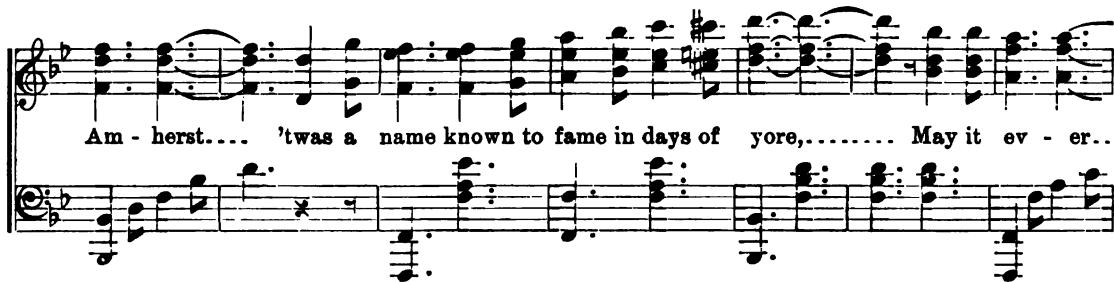


con - quered all the en - e - mies that came with - in his sight, And he looked a - round for
us our on - ly Geof - frey, he's the nob - lest and the best, To the end.. we will

CHORUS.



more when he was through..... } Oh,.... Am - herst..... brave
stand.. fast for him..... }



Am - herst.... 'twas a name known to fame in days of yore,..... May it ev - er..



..... be glo - rious.... 'till the sun shall climb the heav'ns no more.....

THE ROYAL PURPLE.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

Words by F. W. Memmott and F. D. Goodwin. Music by B. T. Bartlett.
Arranged by R. W. Atkinson.

Tempo di Marcia. p

1. If you ask us why our moth - er Took the Pur - ple for her choice, And
2. They may drive us back by inch - es, — We strive to get the ball; We
3. They may lead us ev - 'ry in - ning, — We keep them hard at work; And
4. While in life's stern game we're striving, Our pluck can nev - er fail; That

why each loy - al broth - er At its beau - ty should re - joice; . . 'Tis be -
hold our own by clinch - es, Their gains are al - ways small. . Their
with lit - tle chance of win - ning, We not a mo - ment shirk. . They
firm - ness still sur - viv - ing, We're nev - er known to quail. . Then we

cause this col - or choos - ing, Wise mon - archs wear with pride, And
rush - es may be clev - er, Their in - ter - fer - ence fine; There
may be bat - ting strong - ly, Their field - ing may be great; You
show a spir - it roy - al, As in the ninth our nine, There's

Words and melody used by permission of B. T. BARTLETT, owner of the copyright.

Copyright, 1901, by HINDS & NOBLE.

THE ROYAL PURPLE.

rit.

when our boys seem los - ing, The Pur - ple turns the tide.
 comes their last en - deav - or,— We're on our "Five Yard Line."
 rea - son mat - ters wrong - ly The ninth will make all straight.
 still a "Stone Wall" loy - al, When we're on our "Five Yard Line."

CHORUS. SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.

Some vaunt the crim - son, some the blue, the blue, And some their hon - est
 TENORS AND BASSES.

green, their green, We're to the re - gal col - or true, yes true; Of

p
 Berkshire's peer-less Queen; . . Tho' ri - vals fain would scorn it, And min-gle it with
 our Queen,

f
 white. . . It's our grand old Roy - al Pur - ple, And we tri-umph in it's might.
f

ALMA MATER.—VASSAR.

QUARTET.
SOPRANOS.

Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.

mf

1. Vas - sar, we sing thy prais - es, . . Thy beau - ty, thy power, thy fame; .
 2. From the far - off Pa - cif - ic, . . Flor - i - da and Ja - pan, . .
 3. Who than our Prex. more not - ed? . . Who than our fac. more wise? .
 4. For him who can af - ford it, . . Har - vard in wealth may roll; .
 5. Here's a long life to Vas - sar! . . Wave we her flag un - furled; .

mf

ALTOS.

mf

Each loy - al heart now rais - es . . A cheer to thy end - less name. .
 Heed not ex - ams. ter - rif - ic, . . Gath - er all ye who can. . .
 Than our a - lums more quot - ed, . . For wit and en - ter - prise? .
 Yale in the field may lord it, . . Prince - ton may kick the goal. . .
 Noth - ing can e'er sur - pass her, . . Queen of the col - lege world. .

f CHORUS.

f

Drink we our Al - ma Ma - ter, . . Hur - rah for the Rose and the Gray. . .

f

Drink we our Al - ma Ma - ter, . . Hur - rah for the Rose and the Gray. . .

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

(210)

ALMA MATER.—CORNELL.

Words by C. K. Uguhart.

QUARTET.

1. Far a - bove Cay - u - ga's wa - ters, With its waves of blue, Stands our no - ble
2. Far a - bove the bu - sy ham-ming Of the bust - ling town, Reared a-against the

The musical score for the quartet section consists of four staves. The top two staves are for vocal parts (Soprano and Alto), and the bottom two are for piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is in a major key and features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment with vocal lines that enter and exit in a staggered fashion.

CHORUS.

Al - ma Ma - ter, Glo - ri - ous to view. Lift the cho - rus, speed it on - ward,
arch of heav - en, Looks she proud-ly down.

The musical score for the chorus section consists of four staves. The top two staves are for vocal parts (Soprano and Alto), and the bottom two are for piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is in a major key and features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment with vocal lines that enter and exit in a staggered fashion.

Loud her prais-es tell; Hail to thee! our Al - ma Ma - ter, Hail, all hail, Cor - nell!

The musical score for the final section consists of four staves. The top two staves are for vocal parts (Soprano and Alto), and the bottom two are for piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is in a major key and features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment with vocal lines that enter and exit in a staggered fashion.

Melody used by permission of OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, owners of the copyright.

BENNY HAVENS, OH!

WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.

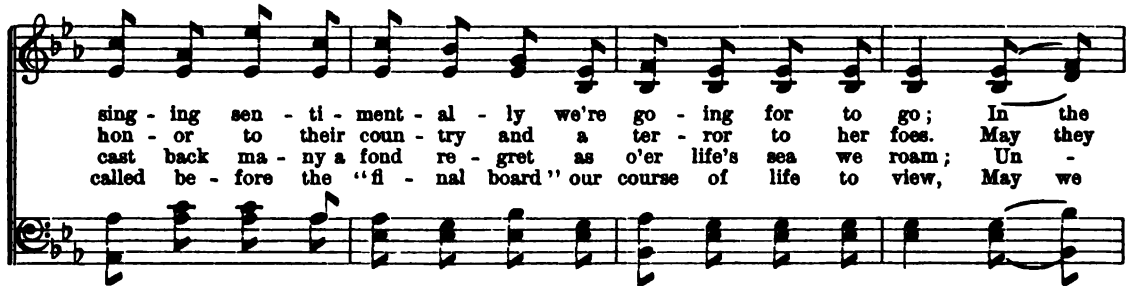
Moderato.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

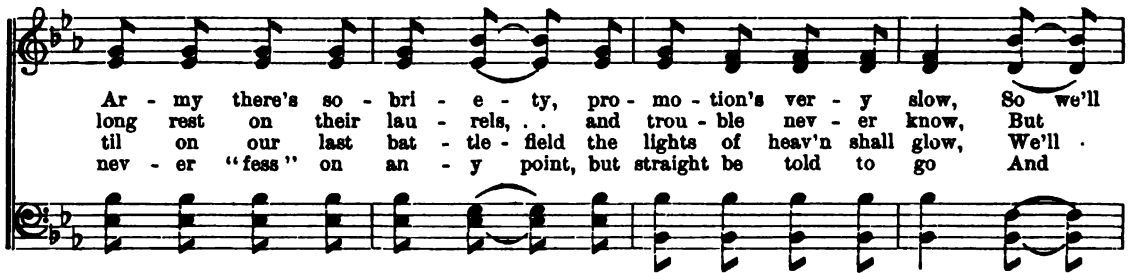


1. Come, fill your glass - es, fel - lows, . and stand up in a row, To
 2. Come, fill up to our Gen - er - als, God bless the brave he - roes, An
 3. To our kind old Al - ma Ma - ter, . . our rock-bound High - land home, We'll
 4. When you and I and Ben - ny, . . and all the oth - ers too, Are

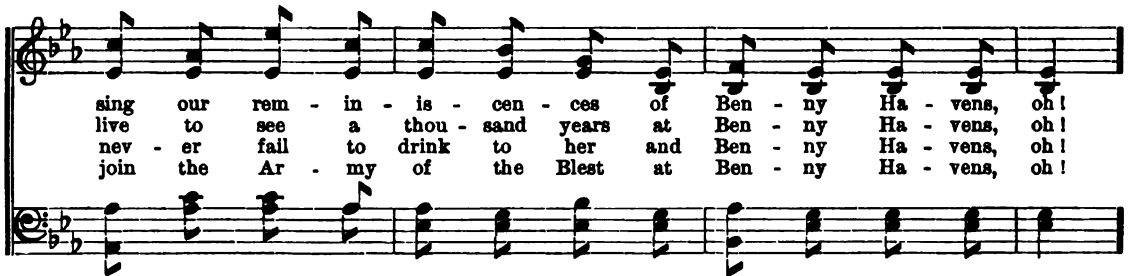
TENOR AND BASS.



sing - ing sen - ti - ment - al - ly we're go - ing for to go; In the
 hon - or to their coun - try and a ter - ror to her foes. May they
 cast back ma - ny a fond re - gret as o'er life's sea we roam; Un -
 called be - fore the "fi - nal board" our course of life to view, May we

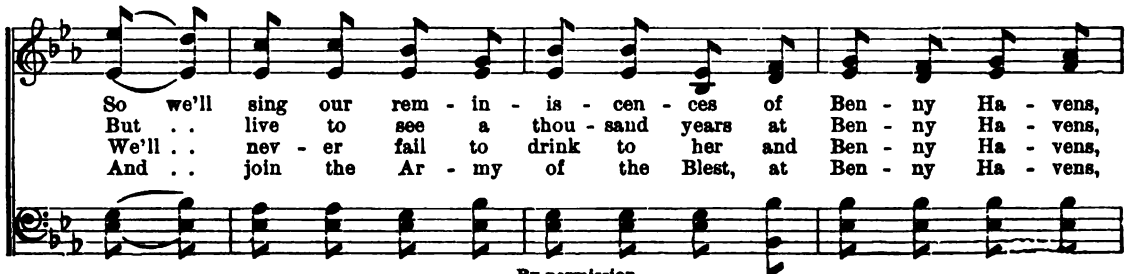


Ar - my there's so - bri - e - ty, pro - mo - tion's ver - y slow, So we'll
 long rest on their lau - rels, . . and trou - ble nev - er know, But
 til on our last bat - tle field the lights of heav'n shall glow, We'll
 nev - er "fess" on an - y point, but straight be told to go And



sing our rem - in - is - cen - ces of Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh!
 live to see a thou - sand years at Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh!
 nev - er fail to drink to her and Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh!
 join the Ar - my of the Blest at Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh!

CHORUS.



So we'll sing our rem - in - is - cen - ces of Ben - ny Ha - vens,
 But . . live to see a thou - sand years at Ben - ny Ha - vens,
 We'll . . nev - er fail to drink to her and Ben - ny Ha - vens,
 And . . join the Ar - my of the Blest, at Ben - ny Ha - vens,

By permission.
 (212)

BENNY HAVENS, OH!



oh! So we'll sing our rem - in - is - cen - ces of Ben - ny Ha - vens,
 oh! But . . . live to see a thou - sand years at Ben - ny Ha - vens,
 oh! We'll . . . nev - er fail to drink to her and Ben - ny Ha - vens,
 oh! And . . . join the Ar - my of the Blest at Ben - ny Ha - vens,

oh! oh! . . . Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! . . . oh! Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! We'll
 oh! oh! . . . Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! . . . oh! Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! But
 oh! oh! . . . Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! . . . oh! Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! We'll
 oh! oh! . . . Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! . . . oh! Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! And

sing our rem - in - is - cen - ces, of Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh!
 live to see a thou - sand years at Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh!
 nev - er fail to drink to her and Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh!
 join the A - my of the Blest at Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh!

OH, SYRACUSE.

Words by H. S. Lee.
 SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Arranged.



mf
 1. Oh, Sy-ra-cuse! may thy golden star Ev - er as - cend to the heav'n's blue a - far;
 2. Oh, Sy-ra-cuse! thro' our col - lege days, Ev - er to thee, we will sing all our praise;
 3. Oh, Sy-ra-cuse! Al - ma Ma - ter dear, Hon - or is thine and thy sons all re - vere;

TENOR AND BASS.
mf
 Guid-ing us on to our des - ti - ny; Dear Sy - ra - cuse! our hearts beat for thee.
 And in our hearts with a glad re - frain, Oh, Sy - ra - cuse! we praise thee a - gain.
 Thy mem - o - ry and thy spread of fame, Oh, Sy - ra - cuse, no - ble is thy name.

By permission.

OLD NASSAU.

PRINCETON.

Words by H. P. Peck.

Carl Langlotz.

Arranged for Male Voices by Ernest Carter.

Animoso.

TENORS.

mf

1. Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry voice, Bid ev - 'ry care with - draw; Let
2. Let mu - sic rule the fleet - ing hour,—Her man - tle round us draw; And
3. No flow - 'ry chap - let would we twine, To with - er and de - cay; The

BASSES.

mf

all with one ac - cord re - joice, In praise of old Nas - sau.
thrill each heart with all her pow'r, In praise of old Nas - sau.
gems that spar - kle in her crown Shall nev - er pass a - way.

CHORUS. *piu presto.*

f

In praise of old Nas - sau, my boys, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Her

ritard.

ff

sons will give, while they shall live, Three cheers for old Nas - sau!..

4 And when these walls in dust are laid,
With reverence and awe,
Another throng shall breathe our song,
In praise of old Nassau. — Cho.

5 Till then with joy our songs we'll bring,
And while a breath we draw,
We'll all unite to shout and sing,
Long life to old Nassau. — Cho.

Used by permission of ERNEST CARTER, owner of the copyright.

HAIL, PENNSYLVANIA!

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Words by Edgar M. Dilley.

Air, "Russian National Anthem."

UNISON.

1. Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a! No - ble and strong; To thee with
 2. Ma - jes - ty as a crown Rests on thy brow; Pride, Hon - or,
 3. Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a! Guide of our youth; Lead thou thy

Maestoso.

loy - al hearts, We raise our song. Swell - ing to Heav - en loud,
 Glo - ry, Love, Be - fore thee bow. Ne'er can thy spir - it die,
 chil - dren on To light and truth; Thee, when death sum - mons us,

Our prais - es ring; Hall! Penn - syl - va - ni - a, Of thee we sing!
 Thy walls de - cay; Hall! Penn - syl - va - ni - a, For thee we pray!
 Oth - ers shall praise, Hall! Penn - syl - va - ni - a, Thro' end - less days!

From Pennsylvania Songs.

THE SCARLET AND GRAY FOREVER.

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.

Words and music by Charles W. Gayman.

CHORUS IN UNISON.

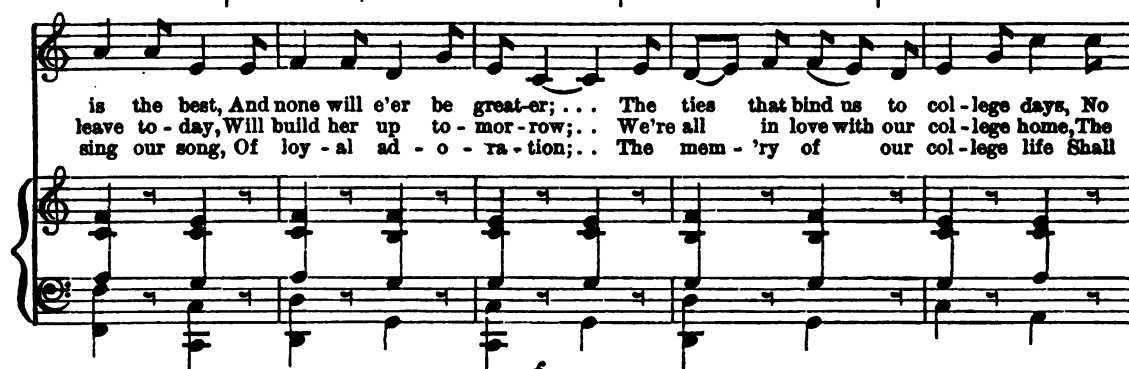
Lively.



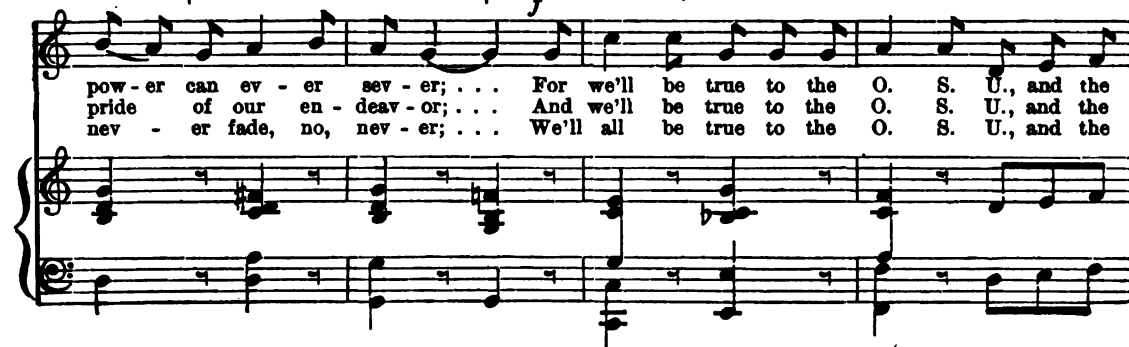
1. We love to sing of
2. Tune ev - 'ry heart to
3. When we have left these



O. S. U., Our no - ble Al - ma Ma - ter; . . . In all the west, she
sing for joy, And ban - ish ev - 'ry sor - row; . . . The boys and girls who
dear old halls, Up - on our grad - u - a - tion, . . . An - oth - er throng shall



is the best, And none will e'er be great-er; . . . The ties that bind us to col - lege days, No
leave to - day, Will build her up to - mor - row; . . . We're all in love with our col - lege home, The
sing our song, Of loy - al ad - o - ra - tion; . . . The mem - 'ry of our col - lege life Shall



pow - er can ev - er sev - er; . . . For we'll be true to the O. S. U., and the
pride of our en - deav - or; . . . And we'll be true to the O. S. U., and the
nev - er fade, no, nev - er; . . . We'll all be true to the O. S. U., and the

Used by permission of CHARLES W. GAYMAN, owner of the copyright.

THE SCARLET AND GRAY FOREVER.



Scar - let and Gray for - ev - er...

TECHNOLOGY.

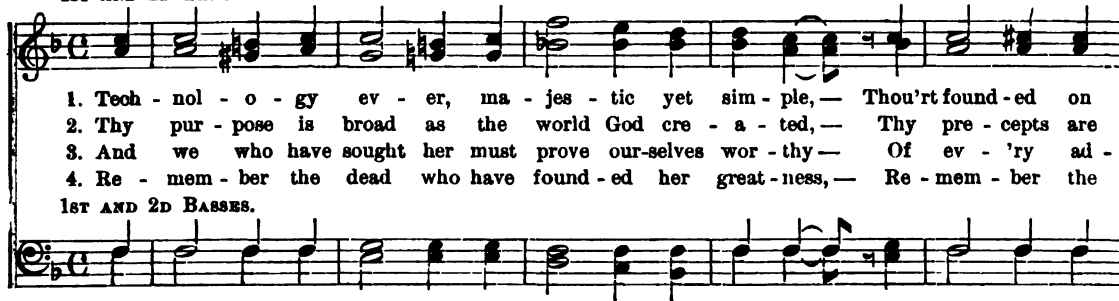
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

Words by Clarence Renshaw.

Music by Lloyd B. Haworth.

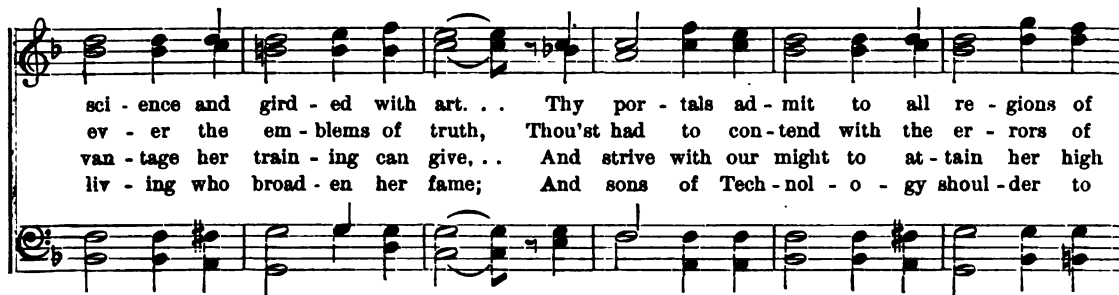
Not too slowly.

1ST AND 2D TENORS.

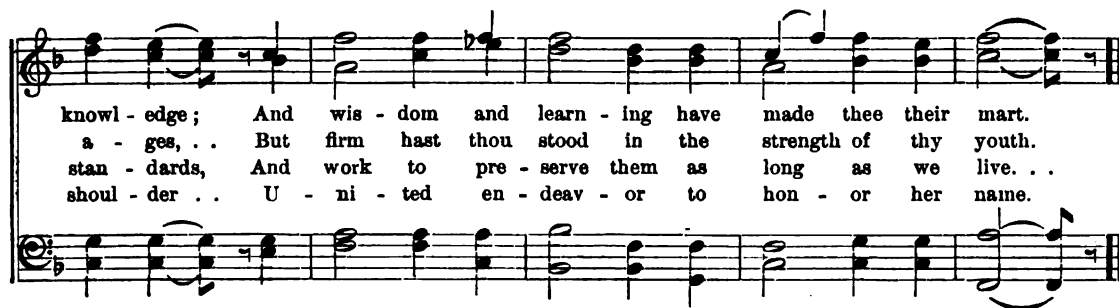


1. Tech - nol - o - gy ev - er, ma - jes - tic yet sim - ple, — Thou'rt found - ed on
 2. Thy pur - pose is broad as the world God cre - a - ted, — Thy pre - cepts are
 3. And we who have sought her must prove our-selves wor - thy — Of ev - 'ry ad -
 4. Re - mem - ber the dead who have found - ed her great - ness, — Re - mem - ber the

1ST AND 2D BASSES.



sci - ence and gird - ed with art. . . Thy por - tals ad - mit to all re - gions of
 ev - er the em - blems of truth, Thou'st had to con - tend with the er - rors of
 van - tage her train - ing can give, . . And strive with our might to at - tain her high
 liv - ing who broad - en her fame; And sons of Tech - nol - o - gy shoul - der to



knowl - edge; And wis - dom and learn - ing have made thee their mart.
 a - ges, . . But firm hast thou stood in the strength of thy youth.
 stan - dards, And work to pre - serve them as long as we live. . .
 shoul - der . . U - ni - ted en - deav - or to hon - or her name.

Used by permission of LLOYD B. HAWORTH, owner of copyright.

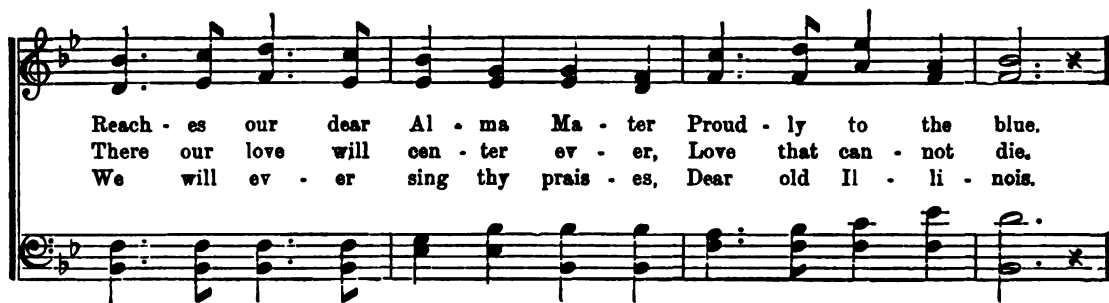
ALMA MATER.—ILLINOIS.

(FOR MIXED VOICES.)

Arranged by George Rosey.



1. Ris - ing midst the gold - en corn - field, Grand - ly to the view,
2. Where the bound - less roll - ing prai - rie Joins the earth and sky,
3. For our love, O Al - ma Ma - ter, Time can ne'er de - stroy;



Reach - es our dear Al - ma Ma - ter Proud - ly to the blue.
There our love will cen - ter ev - er, Love that can - not die.
We will ev - er sing thy prais - es, Dear old Il - li - nois.

CHORUS.



Swell the cho - rus ev - er loud - er, Full of cheer and joy;



Hail to thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter, Dear old Il - li - nois.

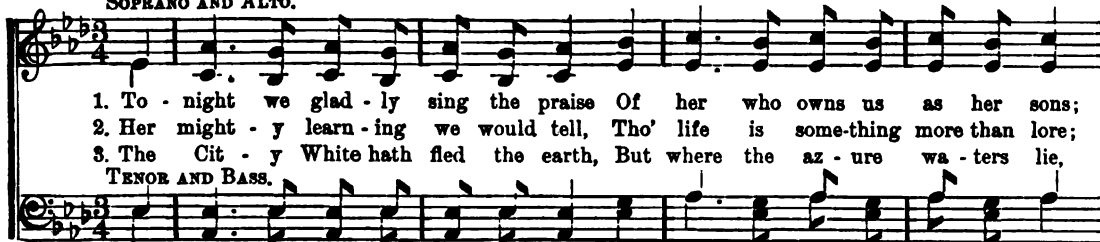
Copyright, 1904, by HENDE, NOBLE & ELDREDGE.

ALMA MATER.—UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

Words by Edwin H. Lewis.

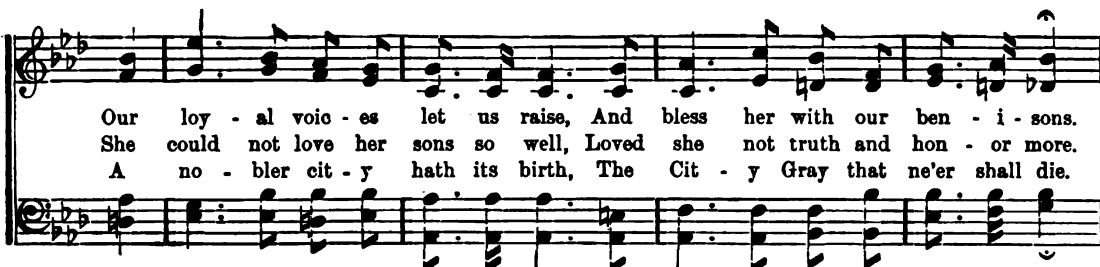
Arranged by Paul Mandeville.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

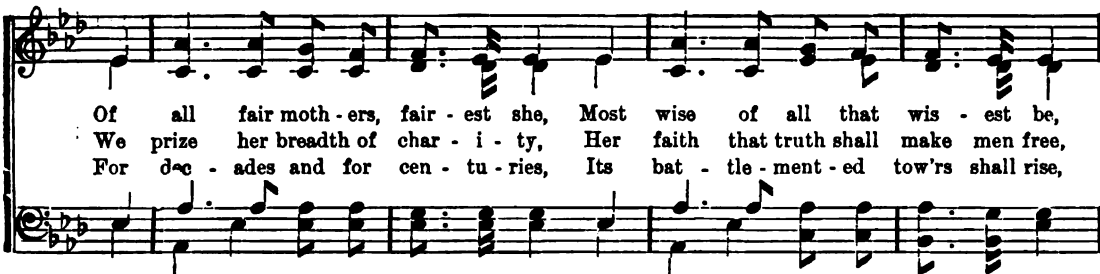


1. To - night we glad - ly sing the praise Of her who owns us as her sons;
2. Her might - y learn - ing we would tell, Tho' life is some-thing more than lore;
3. The Cit - y White hath fled the earth, But where the az - ure wa - ters lie,

TENOR AND BASS.



Our loy - al voic - es let us raise, And bless her with our ben - i - sons.
She could not love her sons so well, Loved she not truth and hon - or more.
A no - bler cit - y hath its birth, The Cit - y Gray that ne'er shall die.



Of all fair moth - ers, fair - est she, Most wise of all that wis - est be,
We prize her breadth of char - i - ty, Her faith that truth shall make men free,
For dec - ades and for cen - tu - ries, Its bat - tle - ment - ed tow'rs shall rise,



Most true of all the true, say we, Is our dear Al - ma Ma - ter.
That right shall live e - ter - nal - ly, We praise our Al - ma Ma - ter.
Be - neath the hope-filled west - ern skies, 'Tis our dear Al - ma Ma - ter.


Arrangement copyrighted, 1898, by PAUL MANDEVILLE, Chicago. Used by permission.

CHEER FOR THE PURPLE.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

Ernest H. Eversz.



SOPRANO AND ALTO.




f

1. { Nor'-west-ern, star of bright-est ra-diance, Thy glo - ry shall il - lume our way! }
 { Im-mor - tal name, thou shalt in-spire us, And be our watchword in life's } fray!
 2. { On grid-iron'd field or on the di'-mond, At tug - of - war or on the track, } lack.
 { Nor'-west-ern ath-letes, do your no - blest! No praise or hon - or shall you }
 3. { A-lum - ni, proud of Al - ma Ma - ter, We'll cher - ish still Nor'- west-ern's name, } aim.
 { To add new lus - ter to her glo - ry, This, this a - lone shall be our }

TENOR AND BASS.


Cheer for the pur - ple ban - ner roy - al! Cheer for the N of pur - est white!
 See yon - der pur - ple ban - ner roy - al! See, too, the N of pur - est white!
 Bright waves the pur - ple ban - ner roy - al! Bright gleams the N of pur - est white!






Nor'-west-ern men, be ev - er loy - al, We win what - ev - er be the fight!
 Nor'-west-ern men, so staunch and loy - al, Vic - t'ry soon shall crown your might!
 Nor'-west-ern hearts are ev - er loy - al, Her ex - al - ta - tion our de - light!



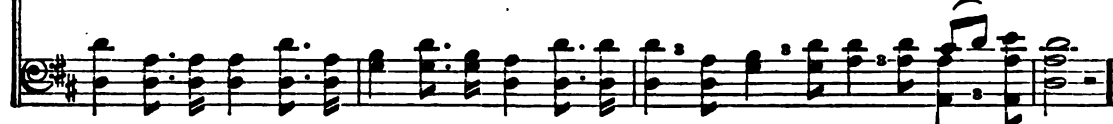
CHORUS.



Cheer for the pur - ple, the pur - ple, the pur - ple! Cheer for the pur - ple, the N of pur - est white;

Cheer for the pur - ple, the pur - ple, the pur - ple. Nor'-west-ern men, — vic - to - rious in the fight!



By permission.

(220)

THE YELLOW AND BLUE.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

Words by Charles Gayley.

Music by Balfe.


With animation. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)

TENORS.

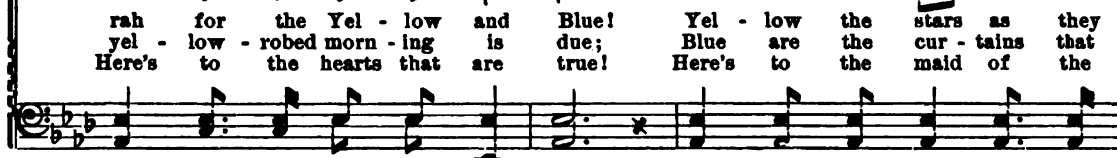



1. Sing to the col - ors that float in the light; Hur -
 2. Blue are the bil - lows that bow to the sun When
 3. Here's to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear; . .

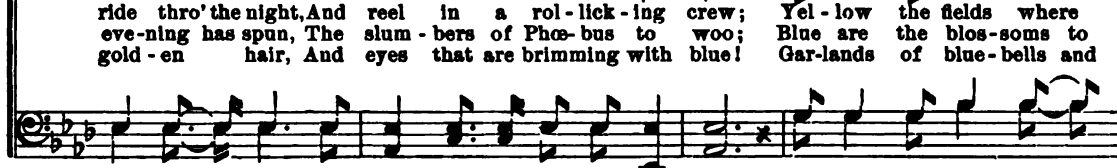
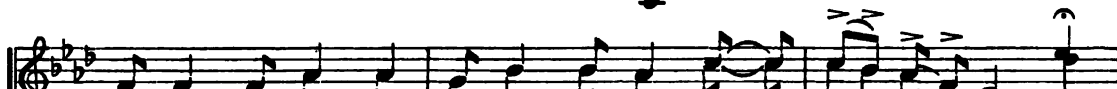
BASSES.

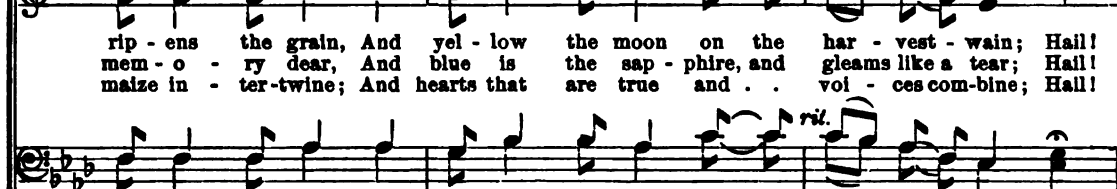

rah for the Yel - low and Blue! Yel - low the stars as they
 yel - low - robed morn - ing is due; Blue are the cur - tains that
 Here's to the hearts that are true! Here's to the maid of the

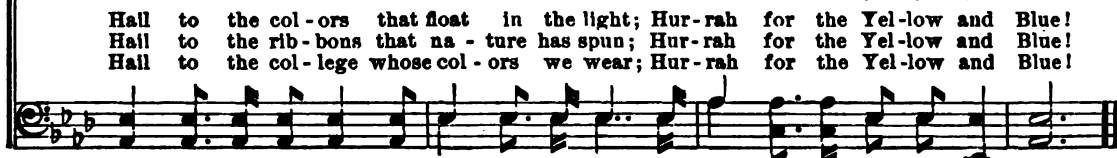
ride thro' the night, And reel in a rol - lick - ing crew; Yel - low the fields where
 eve - ning has spun, The slum - bers of Phoebus to woo; Blue are the blos - soms to
 gold - en hair, And eyes that are brimming with blue! Gar - lands of blue - bells and

rip - ens the grain, And yel - low the moon on the har - vest - wain; Hall!
 mem - o - ry dear, And blue is the sap - phire, and gleams like a tear; Hall!
 maize in - ter - twine; And hearts that are true and . . voi - ces com - bine; Hall!

Hall to the col - ors that float in the light; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!
 Hall to the rib - bons that na - ture has spun; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!
 Hall to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!



Copyright, 1889, by CHARLES GAYLEY, F. N. SCOTT, and A. A. STANLEY.

ALMA MATER.—UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

Words by W. T. Arndt.

TENORS.

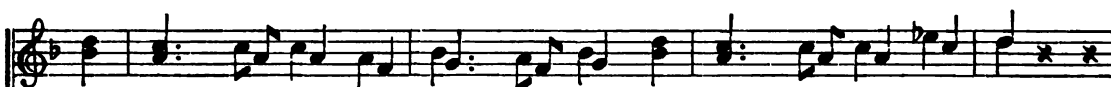
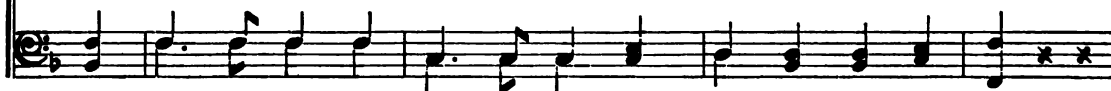


1. En - throned be - tween two spark - ling lakes Our Al - ma Ma - ter lies;
2. These halls where once our fa - thers trod, Still ech - o to the tread
3. The friend - ships formed with - in these walls So bright and fresh to - day,

BASSES.



And knowl - edge to the thirst - y world, From wis - dom's fount sup - plies.
Of men who heard their coun - try's call, And for their coun - try bled;
Though years may come and years may go, Will nev - er fade a - way.



She knows no col - or, race, or sect, But stand - eth in the van
And if a - gain the na - tion calls, On land or on the sea,
E'en though the storm - clouds roll - ing on Shall cov - er up the skies,



Of those who claim in Free - dom's name That ev - 'ry man's a man.
Wher - ev - er hot - test is the strife, Wis - con - sin's sons shall be.
The dark - ness drear will be dis - pelled When - e'er these vis - ions rise.



- 4 And when in after years we roam
Far from these vine-clad hills,
We'll bless the one that thoughts of them
From mem'ry's past recalls.
Then let our hearts responsive be,
And ready be our hand;
Our watch-cry for Wisconsin,
For our God and native land.

By permission.

(222)

WE CHEER FOR THE "U OF M."

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA.

Andante.
TENORS.

Music by C. J. Zintheo.

1. { Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry voice, Let all with one ac - cord re-joice;
 { Let mu - sic rule the fleet-ing hour, And thrill our hearts with
 2. { Old Yale may boast of hoar - y walls, And Prince-ton claim most clas - sic halls;
 { For Har-vard's no - ted men of pride, Tra - di - tions old and
 3. { Then ral - ly round her flag to - night, We all her no - ble sons in - vite;
 { Her praise and glo - ry to pro-claim, And sing for Min - ne - - - .

BASSES.

all its pow'r. To Ski - u - mah we're sing - ing, The glad re - frain is
 no - tice wide. We care not one i - o - ta For we love Min - ne -
 so - ta's fame. When we no long - er tar - ry, An - oth - er throng will

ring - ing, Her sons and maids to - geth - er Give praise to Al - ma Ma - ter. To
 so - ta, The larg - est West - ern col - lege, The pride of North Star knowl-edge. Ma -
 car - ry Our songs of no - blest feel - ing, Re - frains will e'er be peel - ing. With


her we're true for - ev - er, And with our best en-deav-or We cheer for "U of M."
 roon and gold her ban - ner, Her sons will ev - er hon - or And cheer for "U of M."
 ban - ished care and sad - ness, They'll sing with joy and gladness Three cheers for "U of M."

By permission.


(223)

HAIL TO DENVER U.

Words and music by I. E. Cutler.




1. Come, let's join in song to - geth - er, Shout in glad re - frain;
2. Col - lege stu - dents, friends, and com - rades, All - to - geth - er we
3. Cheer the ban - nar red and gold - en, En - sign that we love;
4. Here's to her whose name we'll cher - ish Ev - er in our song;




Our be - lov - ed Al - ma Ma - ter, Praise we once a - gain.
Sing in cho - rus loud and glo - rious, Den - ver 'Var - si - ty.
It has led us, and shall lead us As we on - ward move.
Hon - or, love, and heart's de - vo - tion, All to her be - long.




CHORUS.



Col - o - ra - do's sons and daugh - ters, E'er to her be true;



She's the pride of Col - o - ra - do, Hail to Den - ver U.!




HAIL, STANFORD, HAIL!

LELAND STANFORD, Jr. UNIVERSITY.

Words by A. W. Smith.


Arranged by R. W. Atkinson.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.



1. Where the roll - ing foot - hills rise Up t'wards moun - tains high - er,
2. Ten - der vis - tas ev - er new Through the arch - es meet the eyes,
3. When the moon - light bath'd ar - cade Stands in eve - ning calms, . . .

TENOR AND BASS.



Where at eve the Coast Range lies, In the sun - set fire, . . . Flush - ing deep and
Where the red roofs rim the blue Of the sun-steeped skies. . . Fleck'd with cloud - lets
When the light wind half a - fraid Whis - pers in the palms, Far off swell - ing,



pal - ing; Here we raise our voi - ces hail - ing Thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter.
sail - ing; Here we raise our voi - ces hail - ing Thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter.
fail - ing; Stu - dent voi - ces glad are hail - ing Thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter.



REFRAIN.



From the foot - hills to the bay, It shall ring, As we sing, It shall ring and



float al - way; Hail, Stan - ford, hail! Hail, Stan - ford, hail!



Copyright, 1902, by HINDS & NOBLE.

(235)

THE GOLDEN BEAR.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Words by C. M. Gayley.

Arranged by James Kendrick.

Allegro. TENORS.

1. Oh, have you seen the heav - ens blue, heav - ens blue, When just
 2. And oh, that Bear's a gold - en sight, gold - en sight, A -
 3. He has a ve - ry pa - tient air, pa - tient air, He . .
 4. Oh, have you seen our ban - ner blue, ban - ner blue? The . .

BASSES.

sev - en stars are danc - ing through, danc - ing thro', Right o - ver - head, a jo - vial
 circ - ling round the pole all night, pole all night, And once you've seen him you're all
 grows a Pad - e - rew - ski hair, Paderewski hair, He's cen - ter rush in th' heav'ns, I
 Gold - en Bear is on it, too, on it, too, A Cal - i - for - nian through and
 Right o - ver - head, a
 And once you've seen him
 He's cen - ter rush in
 A Cal - i - for - nian

jo - vial crew?
 you're all right.
 th' heav'ns, I swear,
 through and through,

crew? . . . They're join - ing hands to make the Bear. Right o - ver -
 right - You've seen our Cal - i - for - nia Bear. And once you've
 swear, . . . Our si - lent, stur - dy Gold - en Bear. He's cen - ter -
 through, . . . Our to - tem he, the Gold - en Bear. A Cal - i -

jo - vial crew?
 you're all right.
 th' heav'ns, I swear,
 through and through,

Right o - ver - head, a jo - vial crew?
 And once you've seen him you're all right,
 He's cen - ter - rush in th' heav'ns, I swear,
 A Cal - i - for - nian through and through,

head, a jo - vial crew? . . . They're join - ing hands to make th Bear.
 seen him you're all right, . . . You've seen our Cal - i - for - nia Bear.
 rush in th' heav'ns, I swear, . . . Our si - lent, stur - dy Gold - en Bear.
 for - nian through and through, . . . Our to - tem he, the Gold - en Bear.

Right o - ver - head, a jo - vial crew?
 And once you've seen him you're all right,
 He's cen - ter - rush in th' heav'ns, I swear,
 A Cal - i - for - nian through and through,

Copyright, 1902, by HINDS & NOBLE.

Mus 560 .11
Songs of Harvard
Loeb Music Library
ATT2305



3 2044 040 916 173

CONSERVED
Mar. 2004 S9B
HARVARD COLLEGE
1 TDD & DV

Digitized by Google

